The Progressive Music Series

Book Three

Silver, Burdett and Company

THE
PROGRESSIVE MUSIC SERIES

FOR BASAL USE
IN PRIMARY, INTERMEDIATE, AND GRAMMAR GRADES

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BOOK THREE

FOR EXAMINATION
COMPLIMENTS OF
SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY

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THE PROGRESSIVE MUSIC SERIES

BOOK ONE, 144 pages, for second and third grades
BOOK TWO, 176 pages, for fourth and fifth grades
BOOK THREE, 208 pages, for sixth and seventh grades
BOOK FOUR, 224 pages, for eighth grade
TEACHER'S MANUAL, with accompaniments for Book One and Primary Song Book
BOOK OF ACCOMPANIMENTS, for Books Two and Three

PRIMARY SONG BOOK FOR SIGHT READING

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PREFACE

THE Progressive Music Series, in material and plan, aims to realize the ideals of leading authorities in music and pedagogy.

The music material comprises the best that could be found in the libraries of America and Europe, together with a large number of original songs, written by many of the foremost living composers, whose interest and coöperation were secured through personal interviews; and characteristic folk songs obtained from sources hitherto unavailable. All the music material has been subjected to careful critical study both in regard to its musical worth and to its adaptability to school use. Equal care has been exercised in the selection of the words of the songs.

Three periods of development in the child's school life are recognized by present-day educators: the sensory period, the associative period, and the adolescent period. Book Three is designed to cover the work of the latter part of the associative period of the child's development, that is, the work of the sixth and seventh school years. This period is essentially the time for drill and the time for developing sight reading power. Basing the music study on the tonal and rhythmic concepts gained in the sensory period, the fundamental musical problems are presented in a logical sequence for formal drill. In developing these problems four steps are involved: (1) A review of a familiar song which embodies the problem. (2) A clear statement of the problem to the pupils. (3) Thorough drill on the problem, isolated from the context. (4) Application of the known problem in reading new songs in which it occurs. The chapters of Book Three form, with Book Two, a consecutive series of lessons which, beginning with the simplest tonal and rhythmic relations, progress to the study of all the musical problems essential for the mastery of music suitable for school use.

Book Three is in four parts. Part One is for the first half of grade six, Part Two for the second half of grade six, and Part Three for the first half of grade seven. Part Four contains patriotic and devotional songs for general use in both grades. Communities differ as to the time of the appearance of the changing voices of boys. In most places this evidence of adolescence is sufficiently marked to demand consideration early in the eighth grade, occasionally in the latter half of the eighth grade, and sometimes it is noticeable in the seventh grade. To meet these variable conditions Book Three is so planned that, while ordinarily it will serve as the textbook through grade six and the first half of grade seven, it may be condensed into an outline of one year, or, because of the large amount of material, it may serve for two full years.

Piano parts for most of the songs of Books Two and Three will be found in The Book of Accompaniments, which gives explicit directions for conducting the music work in the grades for which the books are designed. It also provides optional outlines to meet the conditions cited above.

The courtesy of the following authors and publishers in allowing the use of copyrighted poems is hereby acknowledged:

Anna M. Pratt for "A Morning Song." Alfred James Waterhouse for "When I Go Out on My Wheel." William S. Lord for "Dream and Snowflake" from "The Rock-a-bye Book" (Fleming H. Revell Co.). Wallace Rice for "By the Rain." Laurence Alma-Tadema for "The Owl" and "Near Autumn." Frank Walcott Hutt and Eaton & Maine for "October Song." Longmans, Green & Co. for "Good Night, Pretty Stars" from "Old-Fashioned Rhymes and Poems," edited by Mrs. Roadnight. Annie Willis McCullough and *The Metropolitan* for "The Green World." May Elizabeth White and *The Advance* for "My Bedtime." Eunice Ward and *The Woman's Home Companion* for "So Ignorant." *The Youth's Companion* for "Harvest Slumber Song" by William Wilfred Campbell, and "The Listening Woods" by Ida Whipple Benham; and *The Youth's Companion* and the authors for "A Hymn for a Child" by Laura E. Richards, "Tree-top Mornings" by Ethelwyn Wetherald, "Daffydowndilly" by Mary Wilder Pease, and "A Child's Fancy" by Miriam S. Clark. The Century Company for "A Suggestion for a Happy New Year" by Mary Mapes Dodge. Mrs. Leonard B. Marshall for "Fairy Revelry" by Edward Payson Jackson from "The Halcyon Song-Book." Houghton Mifflin Company for "At the Window" by Maurice Thompson. "Friends" and "Before I Open Drowsy Eyes" by Abbie Farwell Brown, "The Dandelions" by Helen Gray Cone, and "Lullaby" by Frank Dempster Sherman are also used by permission of and by special arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company, authorized publishers of their works.

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THE PROGRESSIVE MUSIC SERIES

BOOK THREE

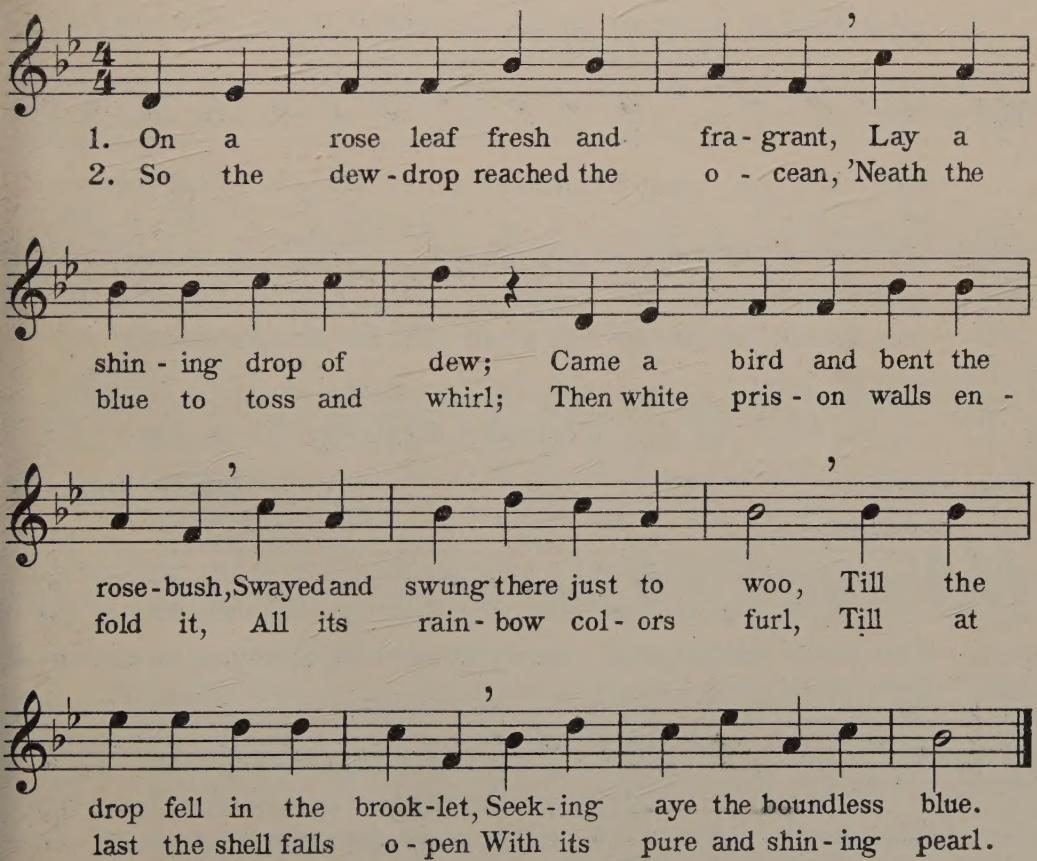
PART ONE

Chapter I: Melodies Reviewing Topics of Book Two

The Pearl

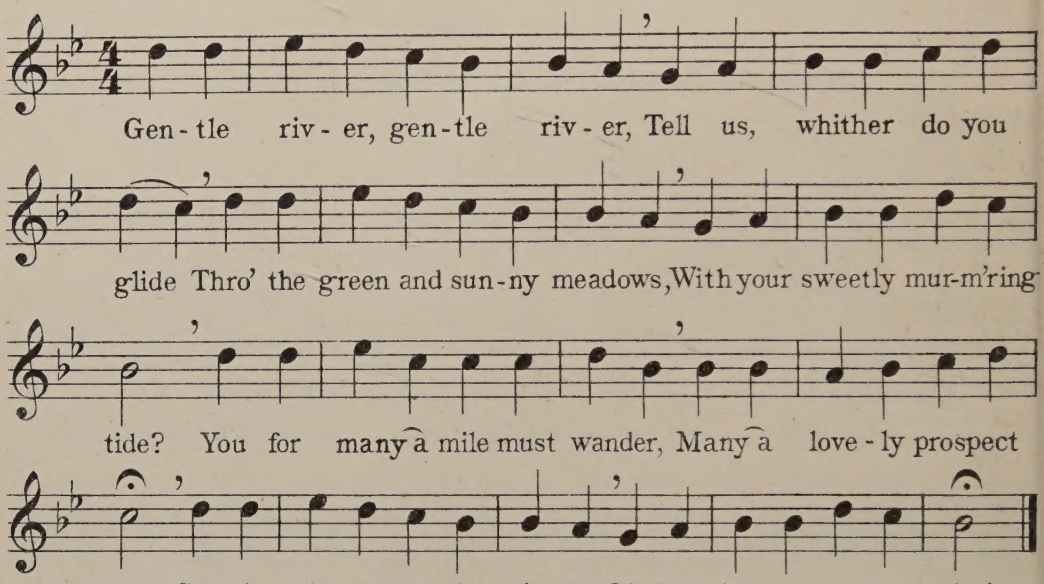
M. Louise Baum
From the French

Franz Joseph Haydn


1. On a rose leaf fresh and fra - grant, Lay a
2. So the dew - drop reached the o - cean, 'Neath the
shin - ing drop of dew; Came a bird and bent the
blue to toss and whirl; Then white pris - on walls en -
rose - bush, Swayed and swung there just to woo, Till the
fold it, All its rain - bow col - ors furl, Till at
drop fell in the brook - let, Seek - ing aye the boundless blue.
last the shell falls o - pen With its pure and shin - ing pearl.

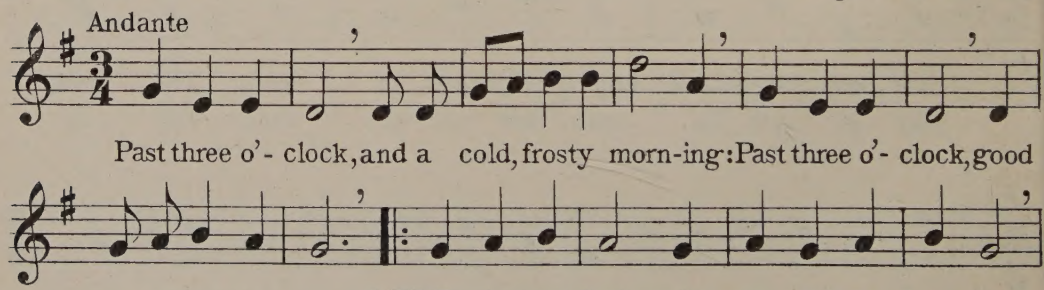
To the River

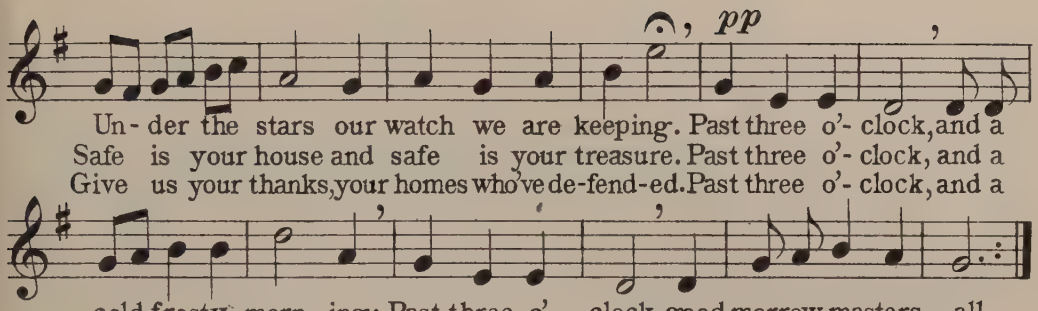
Susan Jewett — Ludwig van Beethoven


Gen - tle riv - er, gen - tle riv - er, Tell us, whither do you
glide Thro' the green and sun - ny meadows, With your sweetly mur-m'ring
tide? You for many a mile must wander, Many a love - ly prospect
see; Gen-tle riv-er, gen-tle riv-er, Oh, how hap-py you must be!

Past Three O'clock

James Fortescue — English Folk Song


Andante
Past three o' - clock, and a cold, frosty morn-ing: Past three o' - clock, good
morrow masters all.
1. While in your beds you're peace-ful - ly sleep - ing,
2. We go the round, you rest at your lei - sure;
3. When morning breaks, and slum-ber is end - ed,

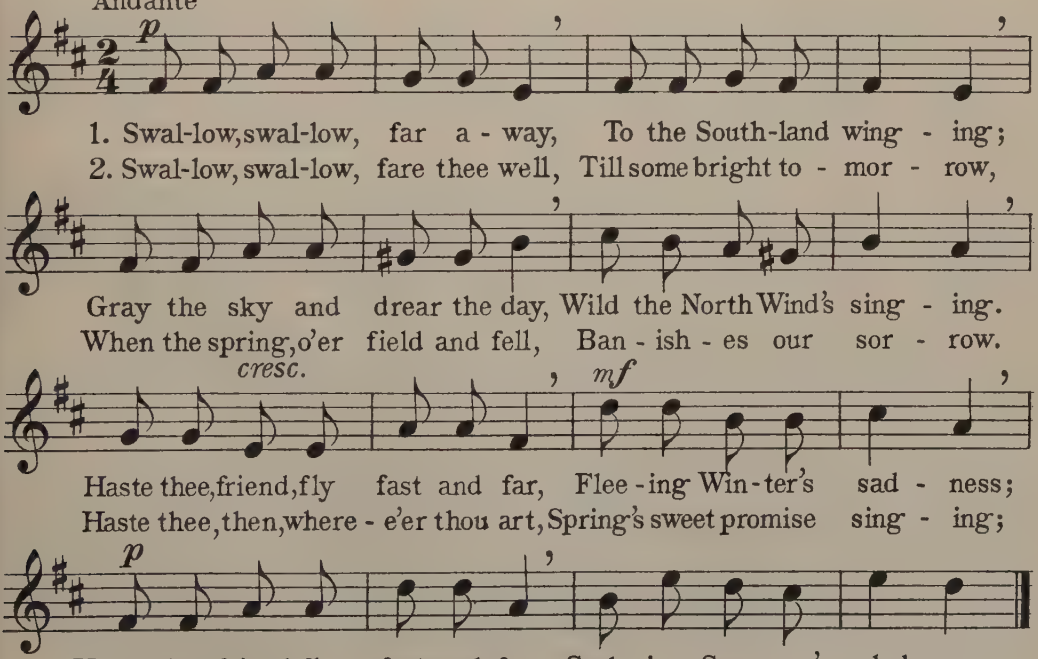

pp
Un - der the stars our watch we are keeping. Past three o'- clock, and a
Safe is your house and safe is your treasure. Past three o'- clock, and a
Give us your thanks, your homes who've de-fend-ed. Past three o'- clock, and a
cold frosty morn - ing: Past three o' - clock, good morrow masters all.

Swallow, Swallow

Alice E. Sollitt — Franz Joseph Haydn

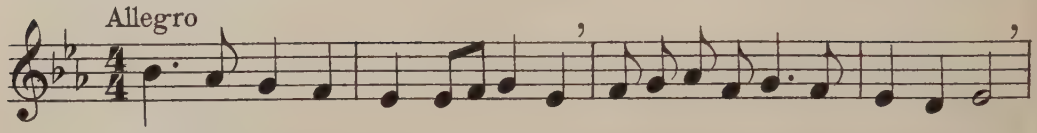
From the French

Andante

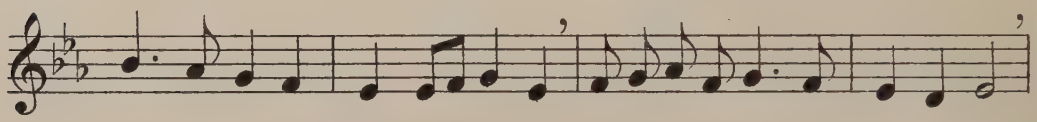

p
1. Swal-low, swal-low, far a - way, To the South-land wing - ing;
2. Swal-low, swal-low, fare thee well, Till some bright to - mor - row,
Gray the sky and drear the day, Wild the North Wind's sing - ing.
When the spring, o'er field and fell, Ban - ish - es our sor - row.
cresc.
mf
Haste thee, friend, fly fast and far, Flee - ing Win - ter's sad - ness;
Haste thee, then, where - e'er thou art, Spring's sweet promise sing - ing;
p
Haste thee, friend, fly fast and far, Seek - ing Sum-mer's glad - ness.
Haste thee, then, where - e'er thou art, Sum-mer's glad - ness bring - ing.

Autumn Holiday

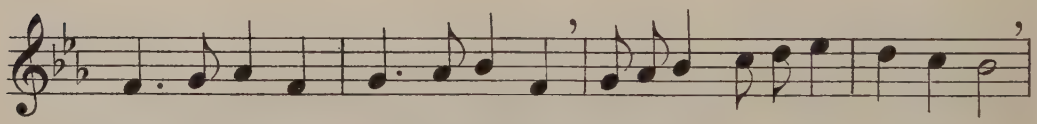
Abbie Farwell Brown — Welsh Melody



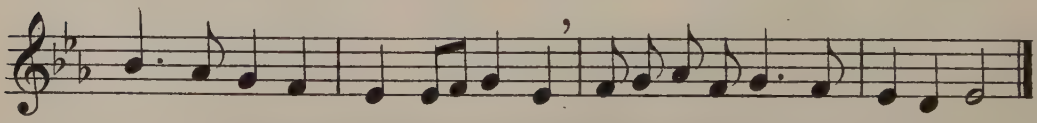
1. Come, my comrades, hear the cho-rus, Fa la la la la la la la la;
2. Come, my comrades, taste your lei-sure, Fa la la la la la la la la.
3. Up a-long the coun-try high-ways, Fa la la la la la la la la;
4. Care and woe we leave be-hind us, Fa la la la la la la la la,



Hap-py hours are spread be-fore us, Fa la la la la la la la la.
Lo, this day was made for pleasure, Fa la la la la la la la la.
Down the lit-tle lanes and by-ways, Fa la la la la la la la la;
As the mer-ry strains re-mind us, Fa la la la la la la la la.



Come and trip it in the meadows, Fa la la la la la la la la,
Trees are glow-ing, fields are golden, Fa la la la la la la la la,
O-ver hill and in-to val-ley, Fa la la la la la la la la,
Come, my comrades, sing the cho-rus, Fa la la la la la la la la,

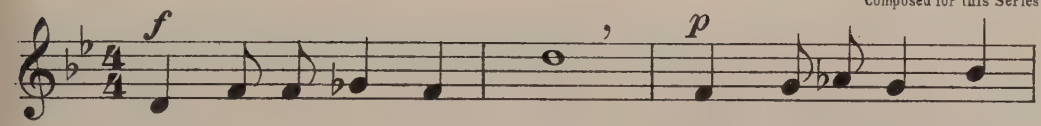


Ere the evening spreads her shadows, Fa la la la la la la la la.
Sing the song of a-ges ol-den, Fa la la la la la la la la.
Here we race and there we dal-ly, Fa la la la la la la la la.
Ma-ny hearts have sung be-fore us, Fa la la la la la la la la.

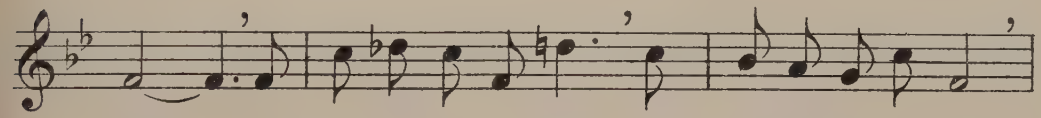
Where Go the Winds

Martha Hanley

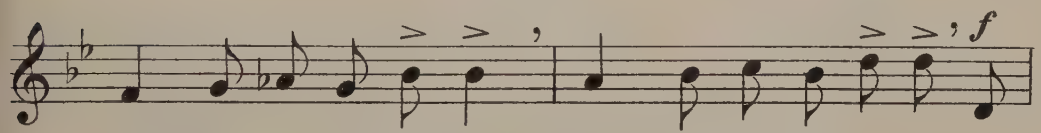
Adolf Weidig
Composed for this Series



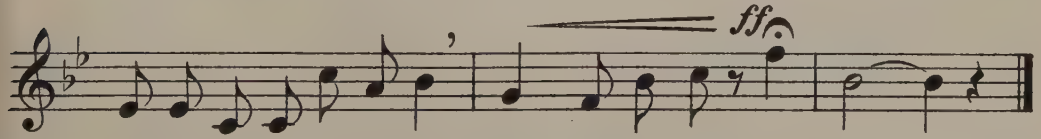
1. Where did the north wind go? Where did the north wind
2. Where did the east wind go? Where did the east wind
3. Where did the south wind go? Where did the south wind
4. Where did the west wind go? Where did the west wind



go? ___ A - way and far a - way To toss the kites at play;
go? ___ In haste to dash the rain A - gainst the win - dow-pane;
go? ___ It sof - tly, gen - tly sped To kiss the ro - ses red;
go? ___ To gen - tly rock the nest Of lit - tle birds at rest;



That's where it went, O - ho! That's where it went, O - ho! O -
That's where it went, O - ho! That's where it went, O - ho! O -
That's where it went, O - ho! That's where it went, O - ho! O -
That's where it went, O - ho! That's where it went, O - ho! O -

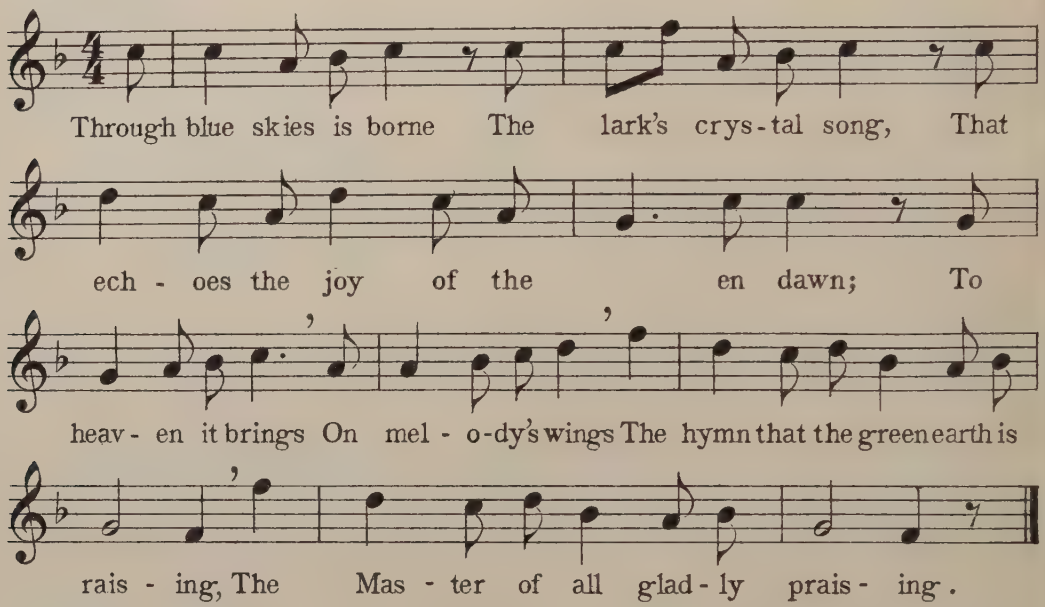


ho! yeo - ho, O - ho, yeo - ho, That's where it went, O - ho! ___
ho! yeo - ho, O - ho, yeo - ho, That's where it went, O - ho! ___
ho! yeo - ho, O - ho, yeo - ho, That's where it went, O - ho! ___
ho! yeo - ho, O - ho, yeo - ho, That's where it went, O - ho! ___

The Song of the Lark

Frederick H. Martens
From the German

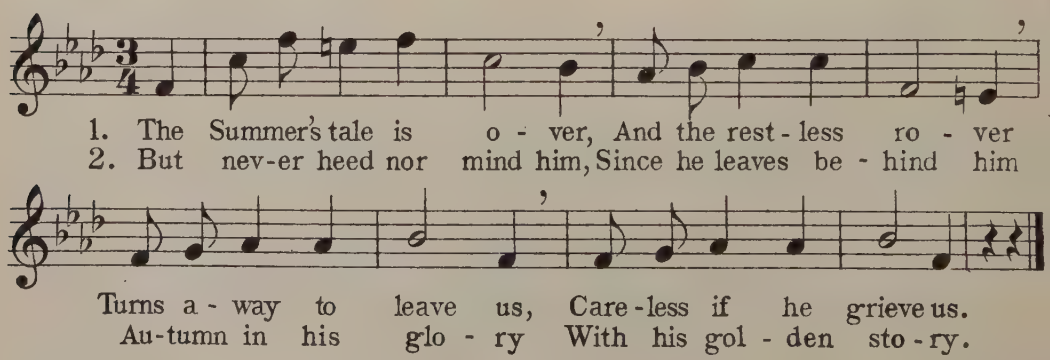
Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy


Through blue skies is borne The lark's crys-tal song, That
ech - oes the joy of the en dawn; To
heav - en it brings On mel - o-dy's wings The hymn that the green earth is
rais - ing, The Mas - ter of all glad - ly prais - ing.

Welcome to Autumn

Pauline Frances Camp

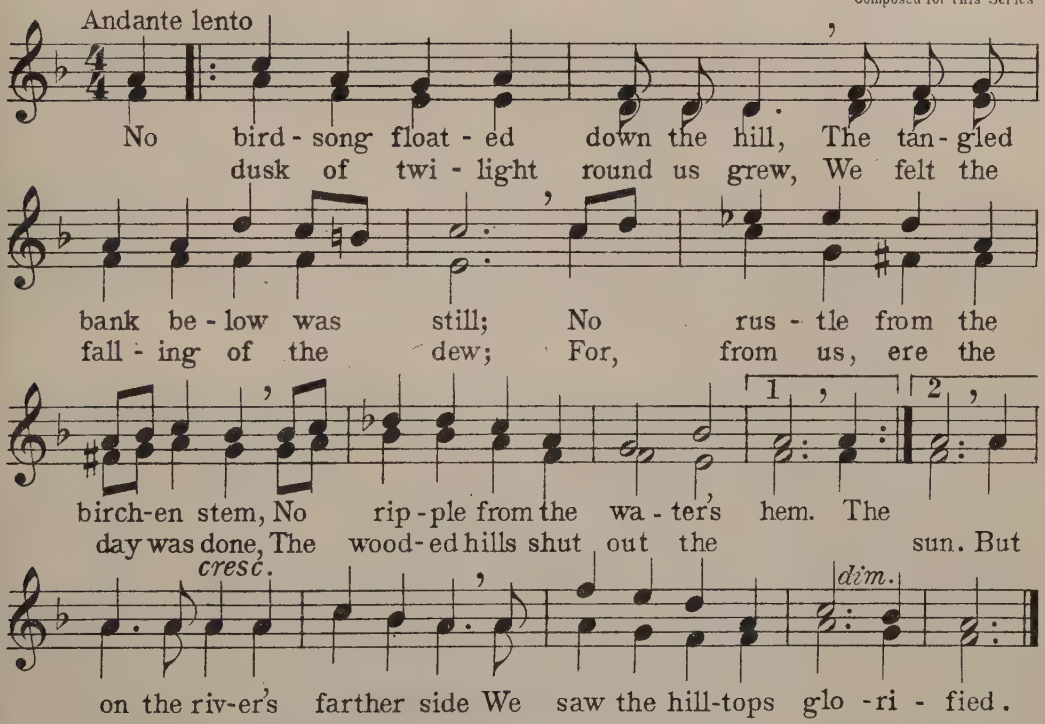
Peter I. Tschaikowsky


1. The Summer's tale is o - ver, And the rest - less ro - ver
2. But nev-er heed nor mind him, Since he leaves be - hind him
Turns a - way to leave us, Care - less if he grieve us.
Au-tumn in his glo - ry With his gol - den sto - ry.

The River Path

John Greenleaf Whittier

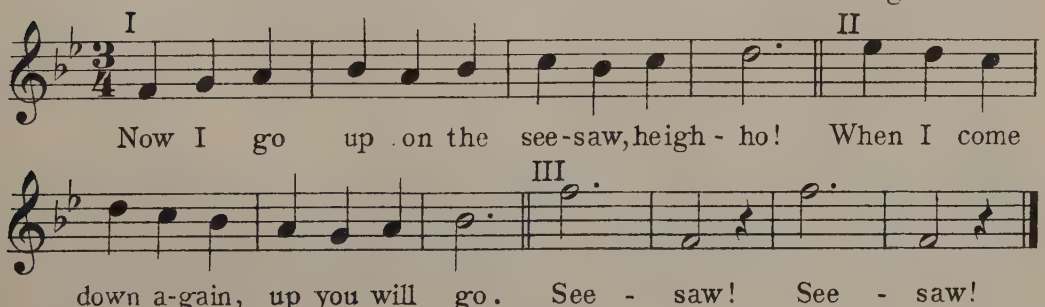
George W. Chadwick
Composed for this Series


Andante lento
No bird-song float-ed down the hill, The tan-gled
dusk of twi-light round us grew, We felt the
bank be-low was still; No rus-tle from the
fall-ing of the dew; For, from us, ere the
birch-en stem, No rip-ple from the wa-ter's hem. The
day was done, The wood-ed hills shut out the sun. But
cresc.
dim.
1
2
on the riv-er's farther side We saw the hill-tops glo-ri-fied.

Seesaw

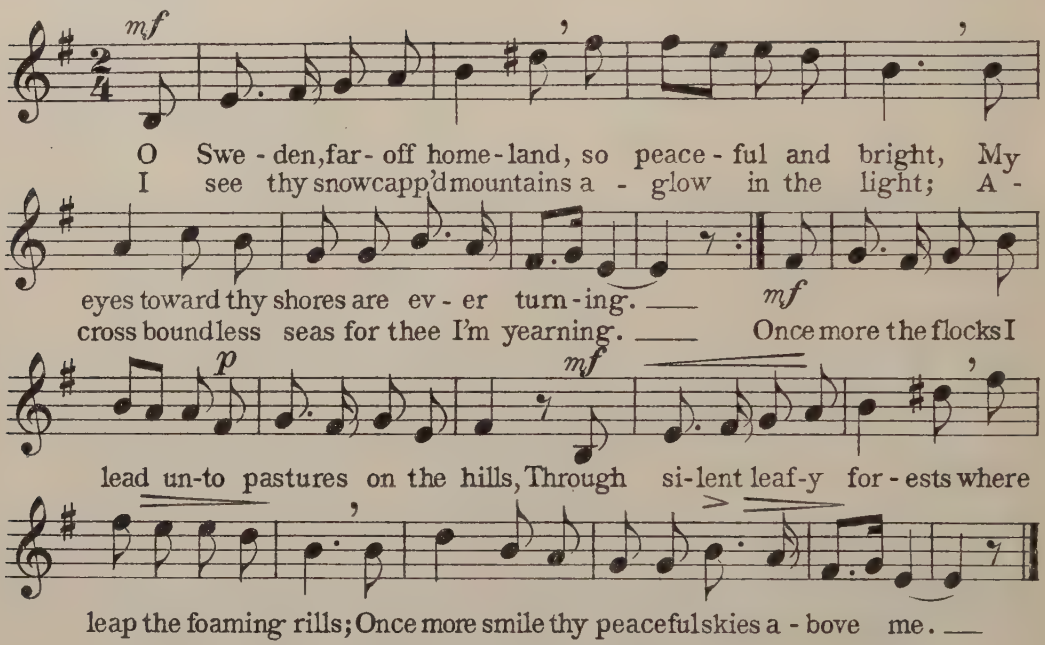
THREE-PART ROUND

Old English Round



Distant Sweden

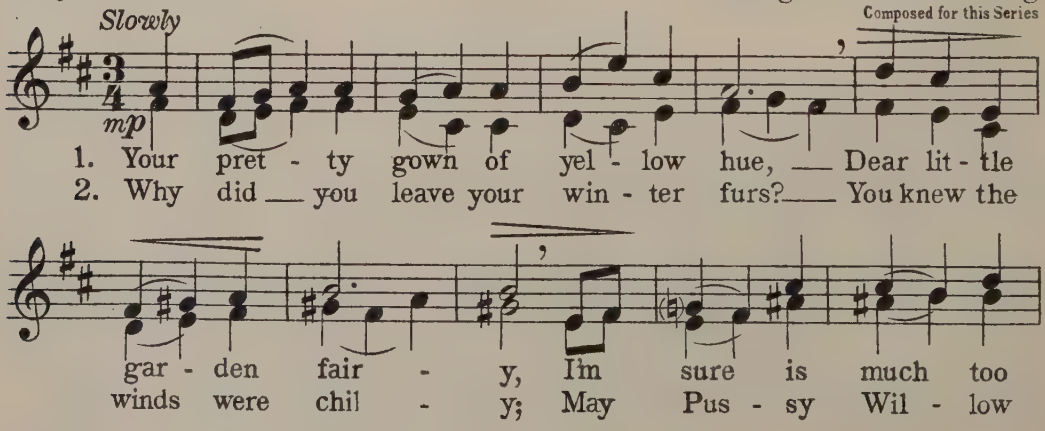
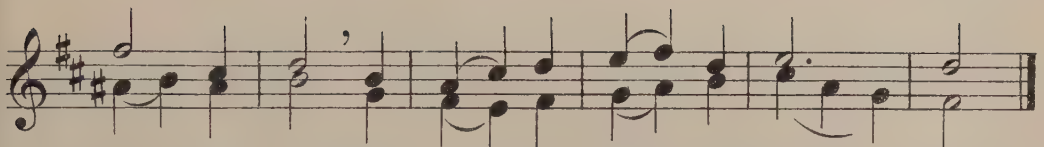
Louise M. Bray — Swedish Folk Song


mf
O Swe - den, far - off home - land, so peace - ful and bright, My
I see thy snowcapp'd mountains a - glow in the light; A -
eyes toward thy shores are ev - er turn - ing.
mf
cross boundless seas for thee I'm yearning.
Once more the flocks I
p
mf
lead un-to pastures on the hills, Through si-lent leaf-y for - ests where
leap the foaming rills; Once more smile thy peaceful skies a - bove me.

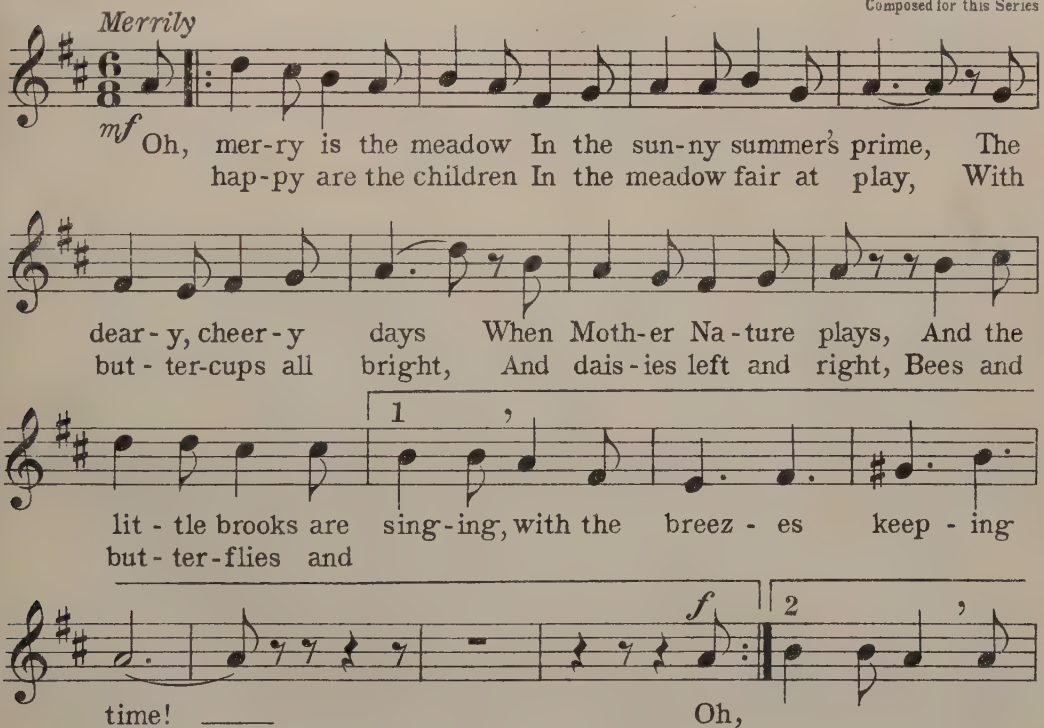
Daffydowndilly

Mary Wilder Pease — Margaret Ruthven Lang

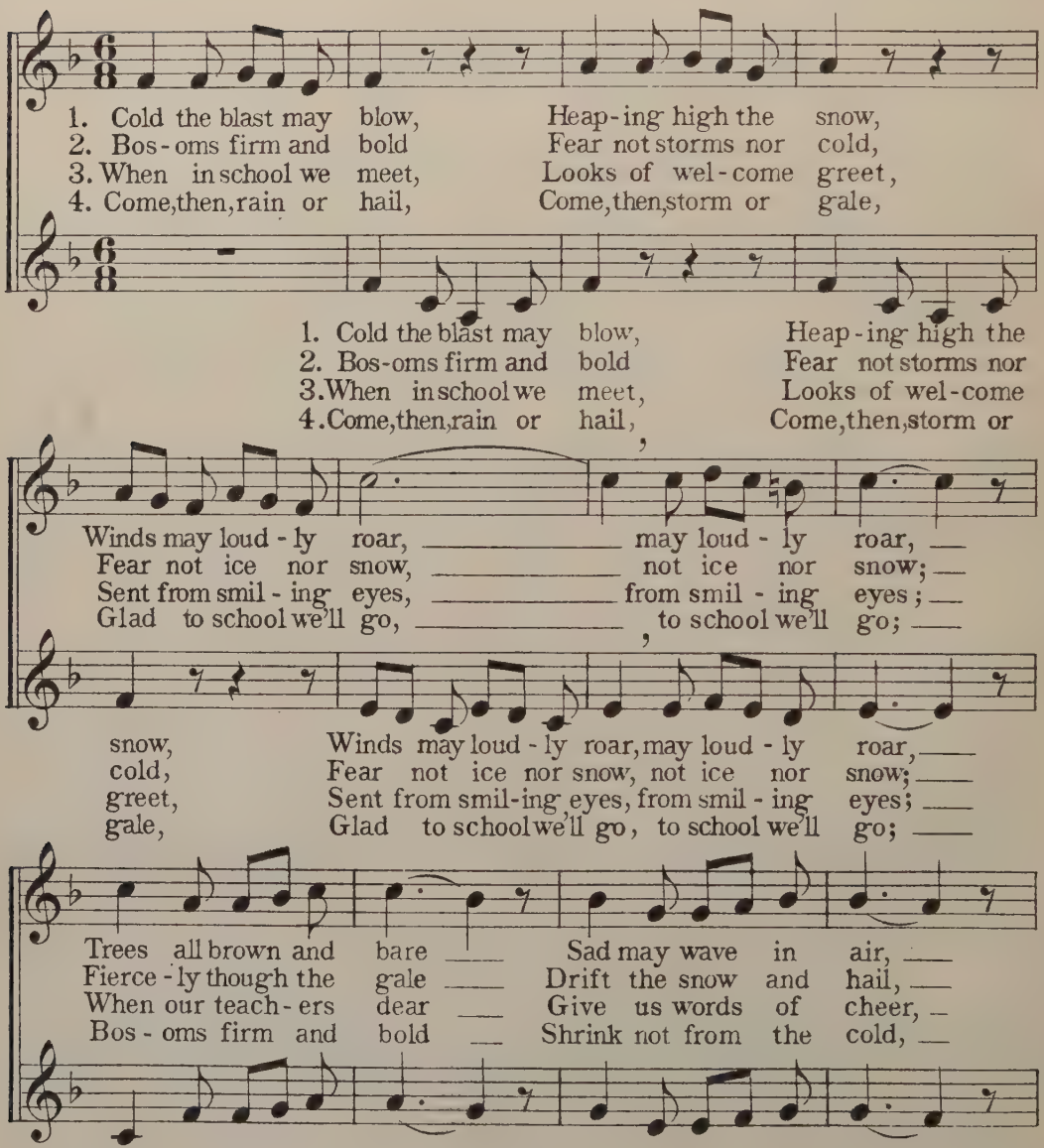
Composed for this Series

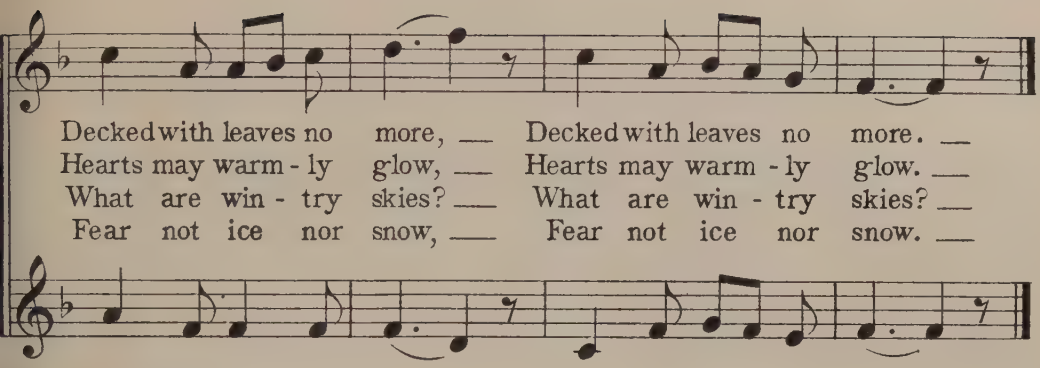

Slowly
mp
1. Your pret - ty gown of yel - low hue, Dear lit - tle
2. Why did you leave your win - ter furs? You knew the
gar - den fair - y, I'm sure is much too
winds were chil - y; May Pus - sy Wil - low

The Meadow

Minnie Leona Upton — Howard Brockway
Composed for this Series


Merrily
mf
Oh, mer-ry is the meadow In the sun-ny summer's prime, The
hap-py are the children In the meadow fair at play, With
dear-y, cheer-y days When Moth-er Na-ture plays, And the
but-ter-cups all bright, And dais-ies left and right, Bees and
1
lit-tle brooks are sing-ing, with the breez-es keep-ing
but-ter-flies and
f
2
time!
Oh,
bob-o-links, a-
bove the flowers gay, A-bove the flow-ers gay!

Cold the Blast May Blow

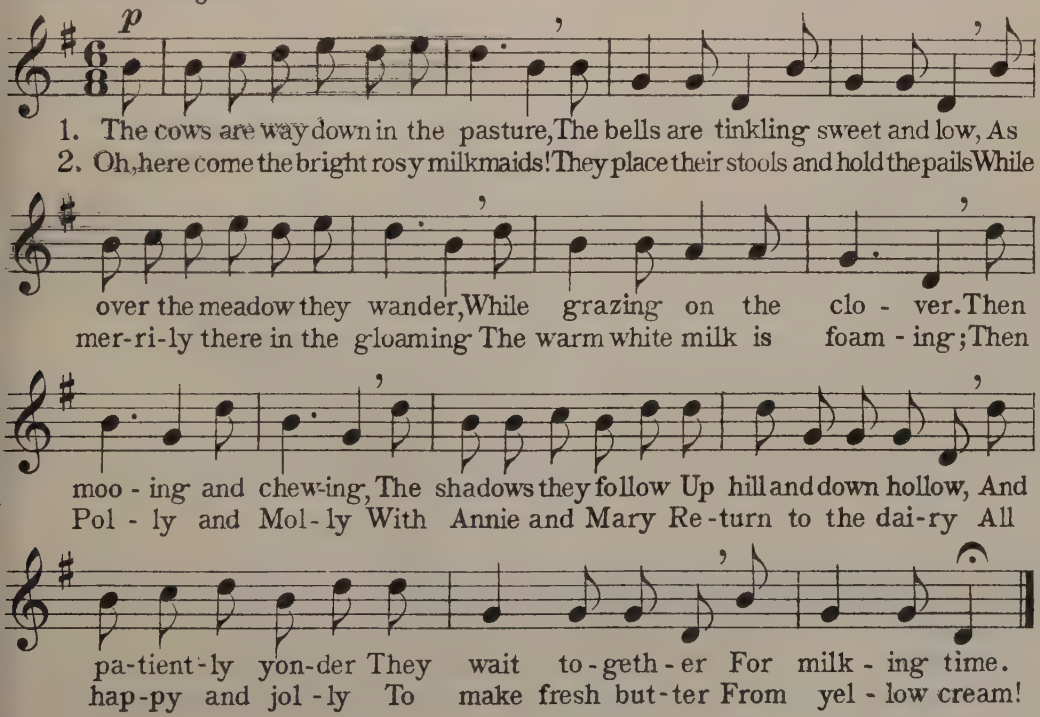
Lowell Mason

1. Cold the blast may blow, Heap-ing high the snow,
2. Bos-oms firm and bold Fear not storms nor cold,
3. When in school we meet, Looks of wel-come greet,
4. Come, then, rain or hail, Come, then, storm or gale,
1. Cold the blast may blow, Heap-ing high the
2. Bos-oms firm and bold Fear not storms nor
3. When in school we meet, Looks of wel-come
4. Come, then, rain or hail, Come, then, storm or
Winds may loud-ly roar, may loud-ly roar,
Fear not ice nor snow, not ice nor snow;
Sent from smil-ing eyes, from smil-ing eyes;
Glad to school we'll go, to school we'll go;
snow, Winds may loud-ly roar, may loud-ly roar,
cold, Fear not ice nor snow, not ice nor snow;
greet, Sent from smil-ing eyes, from smil-ing eyes;
gale, Glad to school we'll go, to school we'll go;
Trees all brown and bare Sad may wave in air,
Fierce-ly though the gale Drift the snow and hail,
When our teach-ers dear Give us words of cheer,
Bos-oms firm and bold Shrink not from the cold,


Decked with leaves no more, — Decked with leaves no more. —
Hearts may warm - ly glow, — Hearts may warm - ly glow. —
What are win - try skies? — What are win - try skies? —
Fear not ice nor snow, — Fear not ice nor snow. —

Milking Time

Margaret Aliona Dole — Norwegian Folk Song

From the Norwegian

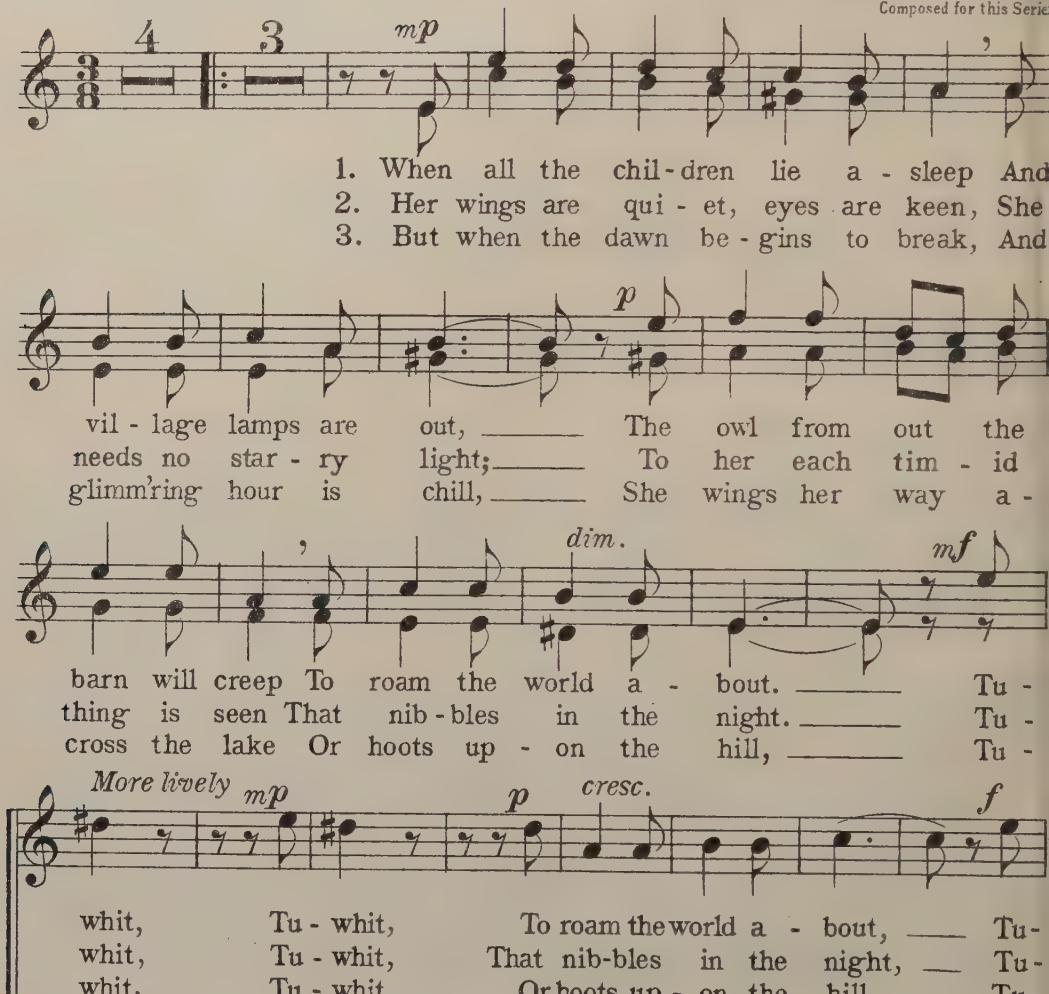

p
1. The cows are way down in the pasture, The bells are tinkling sweet and low, As
2. Oh, here come the bright rosy milkmaids! They place their stools and hold the pails While
over the meadow they wander, While grazing on the clo - ver. Then
mer-ri-ly there in the gloaming The warm white milk is foam - ing; Then
moo - ing and chew-ing, The shadows they follow Up hill and down hollow, And
Pol - ly and Mol - ly With Annie and Mary Re - turn to the dai-ry All
pa-tient-ly yon-der They wait to - geth - er For milk - ing time.
hap-py and jol - ly To make fresh but - ter From yel - low cream!

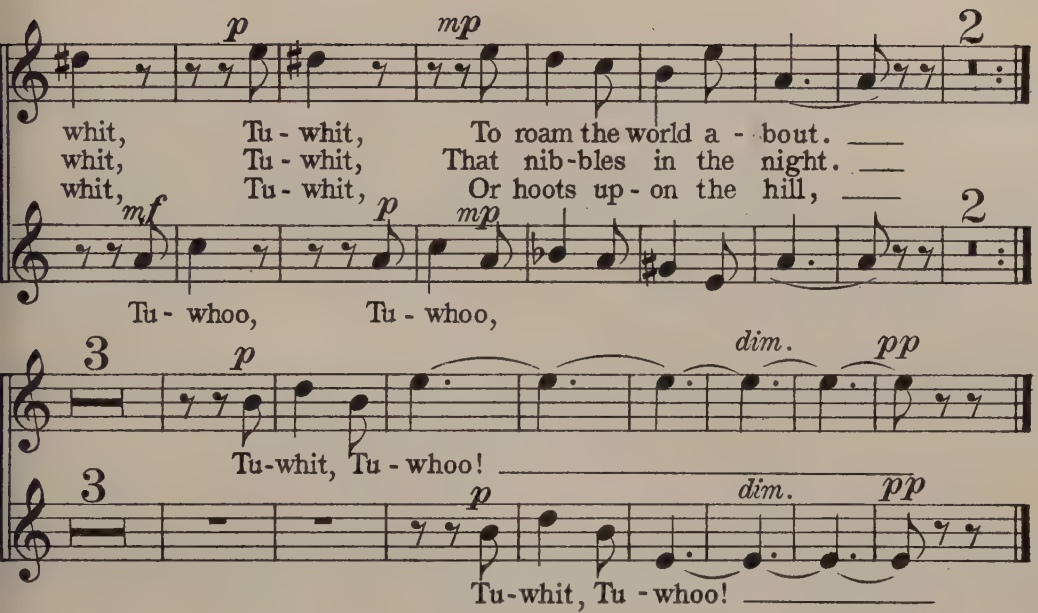
The Owl

Laurence Alma-Tadema

Granville Bantock

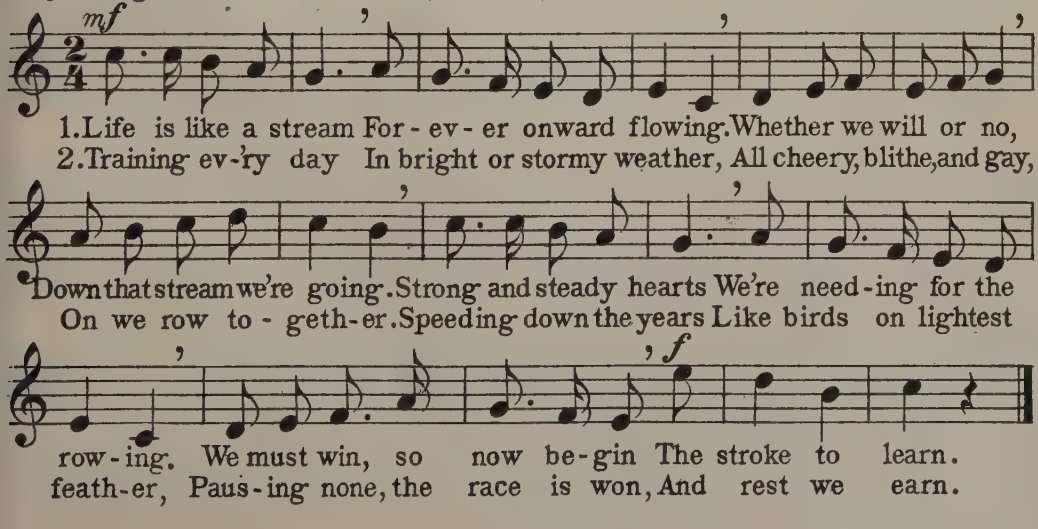
Composed for this Series


4
3
8
3
mp
1. When all the chil - dren lie a - sleep And
2. Her wings are qui - et, eyes are keen, She
3. But when the dawn be - gins to break, And
p
vil - lage lamps are out, The owl from out the
needs no star - ry light; To her each tim - id
glimm'ring hour is chill, She wings her way a -
dim.
mf
barn will creep To roam the world a - bout. Tu -
thing is seen That nib - bles in the night. Tu -
cross the lake Or hoots up - on the hill, Tu -
More lively
mp
p
cresc.
f
whit, Tu - whit, To roam the world a - bout, Tu -
whit, Tu - whit, That nib-bles in the night, Tu -
whit, Tu - whit, Or hoots up - on the hill, Tu -
mf
cresc.
Tu - whoo, Tu - whoo!



The Race

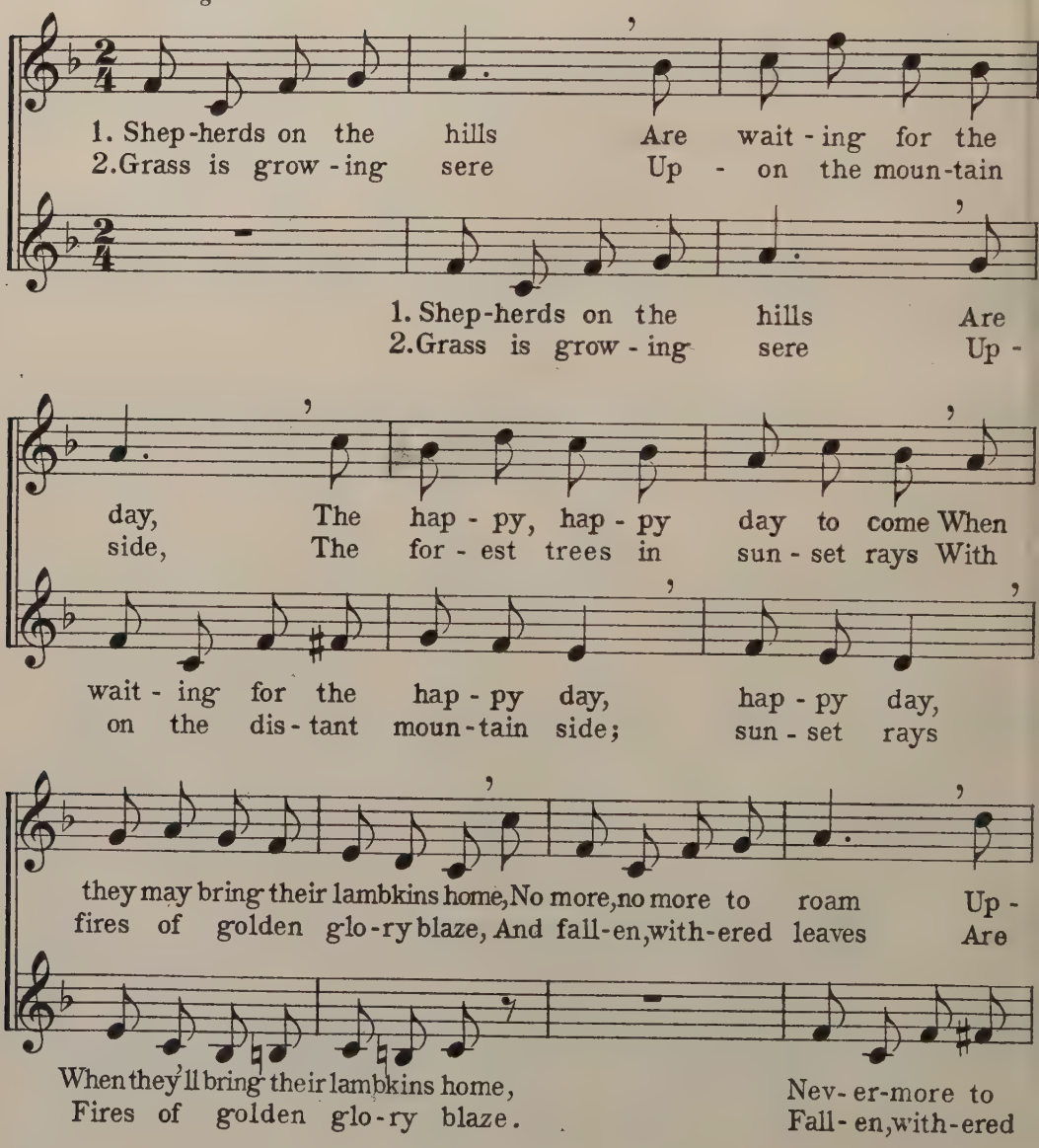
May Morgan — A. Danhauser

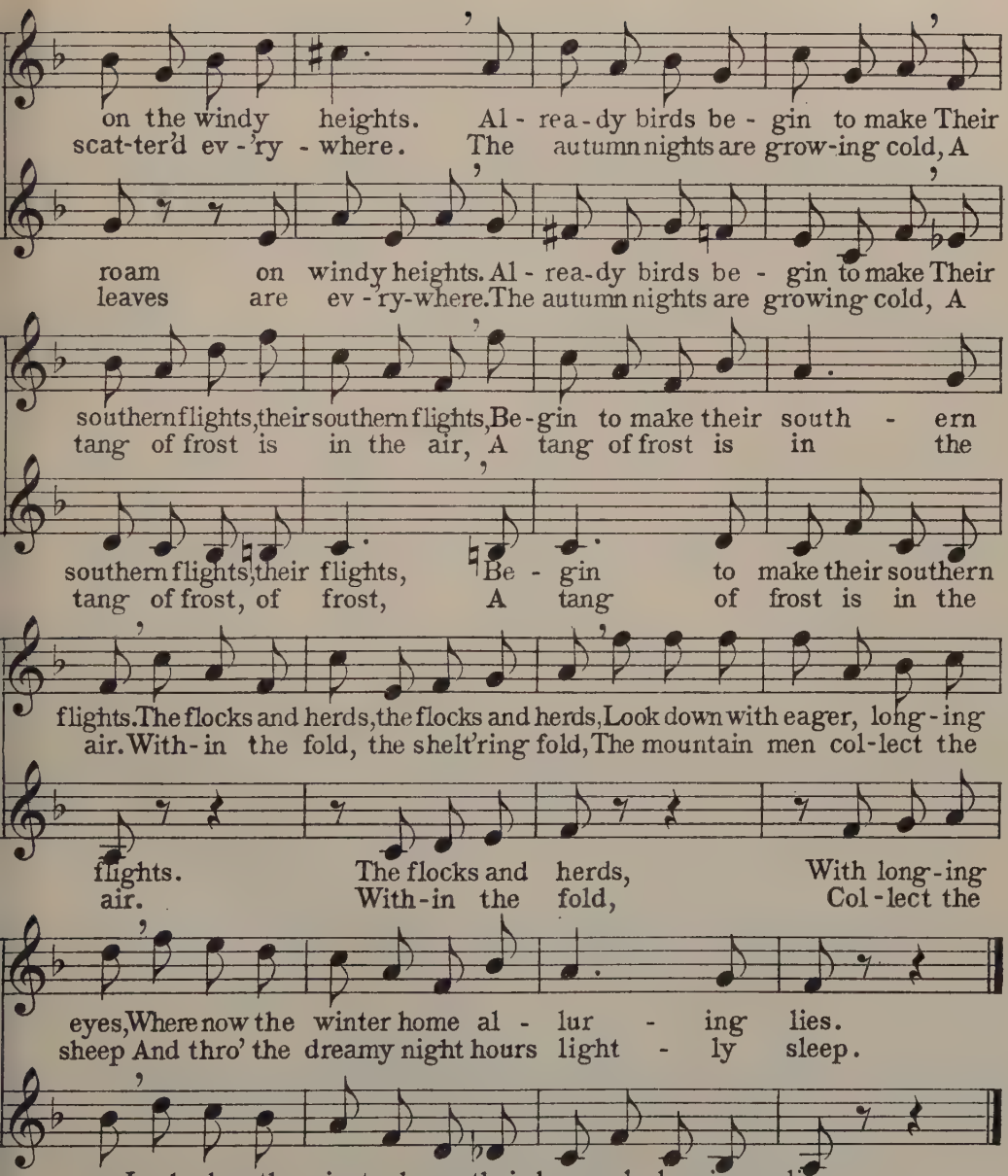

mf
1.Life is like a stream For - ev - er onward flowing.Whether we will or no,
2.Training ev-'ry day In bright or stormy weather, All cheery, blithe, and gay,
Down that stream we're going. Strong and steady hearts We're need-ing for the
On we row to - geth-er. Speeding down the years Like birds on lightest
f
row - ing. We must win, so now be - gin The stroke to learn.
feath-er, Paus-ing none, the race is won, And rest we earn.

Shepherds on the Hills

Nathan Haskell Dole
From the Norwegian

Th. Madser


1. Shep-herds on the hills Are wait - ing for the
2.Grass is grow - ing sere Up - on the moun-tain
1. Shep-herds on the hills Are
2.Grass is grow - ing sere Up -
day, The hap - py, hap - py day to come When
side, The for - est trees in sun - set rays With
wait - ing for the hap - py day, hap - py day,
on the dis - tant moun-tain side; sun - set rays
they may bring their lambkins home, No more, no more to roam Up -
fires of golden glo-ry blaze, And fall-en, with-ered leaves Are
When they'll bring their lambkins home,
Fires of golden glo-ry blaze.
Nev- er-more to
Fall- en, with-ered

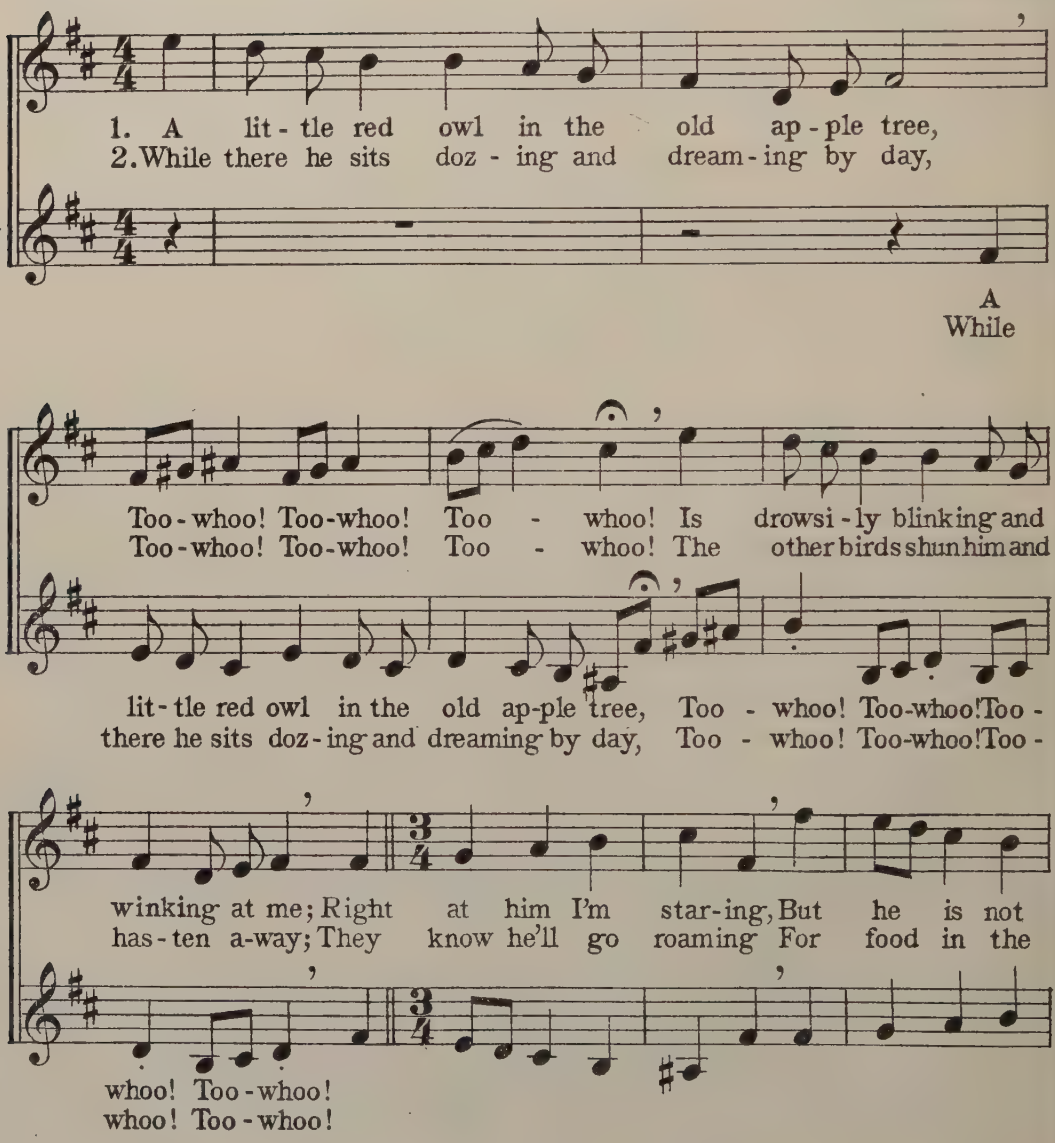

on the windy heights. Al - rea - dy birds be - gin to make Their
scat-ter'd ev - 'ry - where. The autumn nights are grow-ing cold, A
roam on windy heights. Al - rea-dy birds be - gin to make Their
leaves are ev - ry-where. The autumn nights are growing cold, A
southern flights, their southern flights, Be-gin to make their south - ern
tang of frost is in the air, A tang of frost is in the
southern flights, their flights, Be - gin to make their southern
tang of frost, of frost, A tang of frost is in the
flights. The flocks and herds, the flocks and herds, Look down with eager, long - ing
air. With - in the fold, the shelt'ring fold, The mountain men col-lect the
flights. The flocks and herds, With long - ing
air. With - in the fold, Col - lect the
eyes, Where now the winter home al - lur - ing lies.
sheep And thro' the dreamy night hours light - ly sleep.
eyes, Look where the win-ter home, their home al - lur - ing lies.
sheep, And thro' the dreamy night hours lightly, lightly sleep.

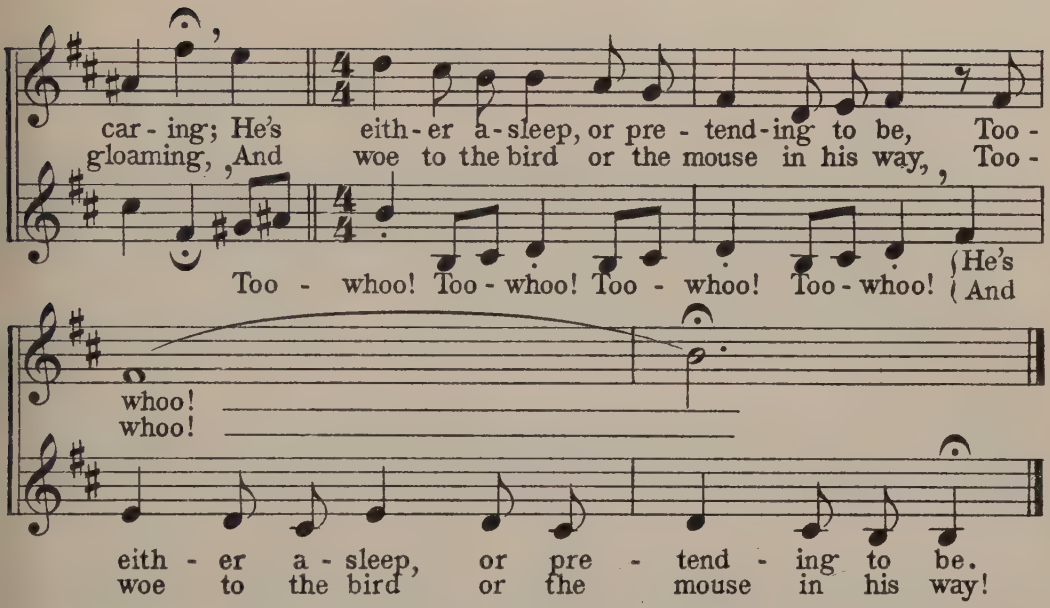
Chapter II: Melodies in the Melodic Minor Scale

The Little Red Owl

May Morgan

W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series

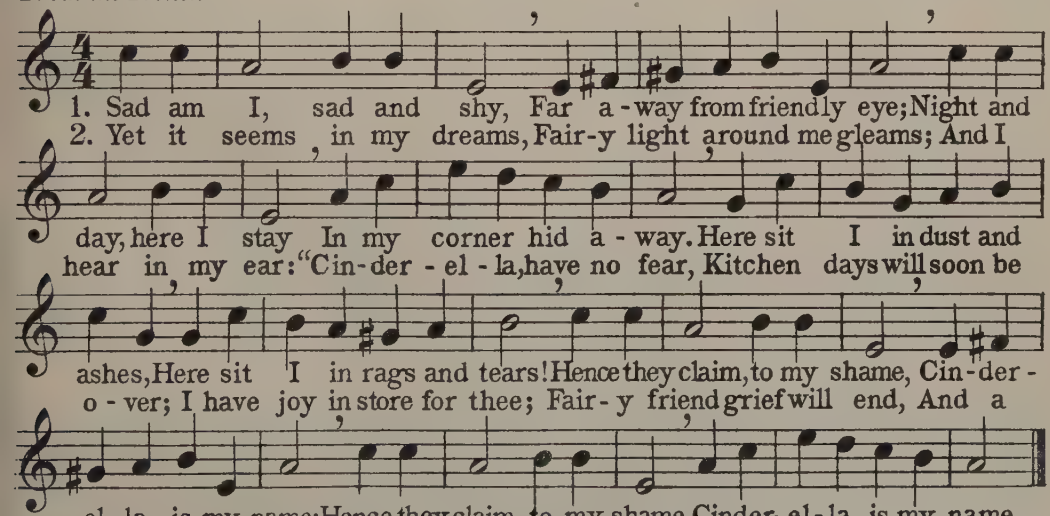

1. A lit - tle red owl in the old ap - ple tree,
2. While there he sits doz - ing and dream - ing by day,
A
While
Too - whoo! Too-whoo! Too - whoo! Is drowsi - ly blinking and
Too - whoo! Too-whoo! Too - whoo! The other birds shun him and
lit - tle red owl in the old ap-ple tree, Too - whoo! Too-whoo! Too -
there he sits doz - ing and dreaming by day, Too - whoo! Too-whoo! Too -
winking at me; Right at him I'm star-ing, But he is not
has - ten a-way; They know he'll go roaming For food in the
whoo! Too - whoo!
whoo! Too - whoo!


car - ing; He's eith - er a - sleep, or pre - tend - ing to be, Too -
gloaming, And woe to the bird or the mouse in his way, Too -
Too - whoo! Too - whoo! Too - whoo! Too - whoo! He's And
whoo!
whoo!
eith - er a - sleep, or pre - tend - ing to be.
woe to the bird or the mouse in his way!

Cinderella

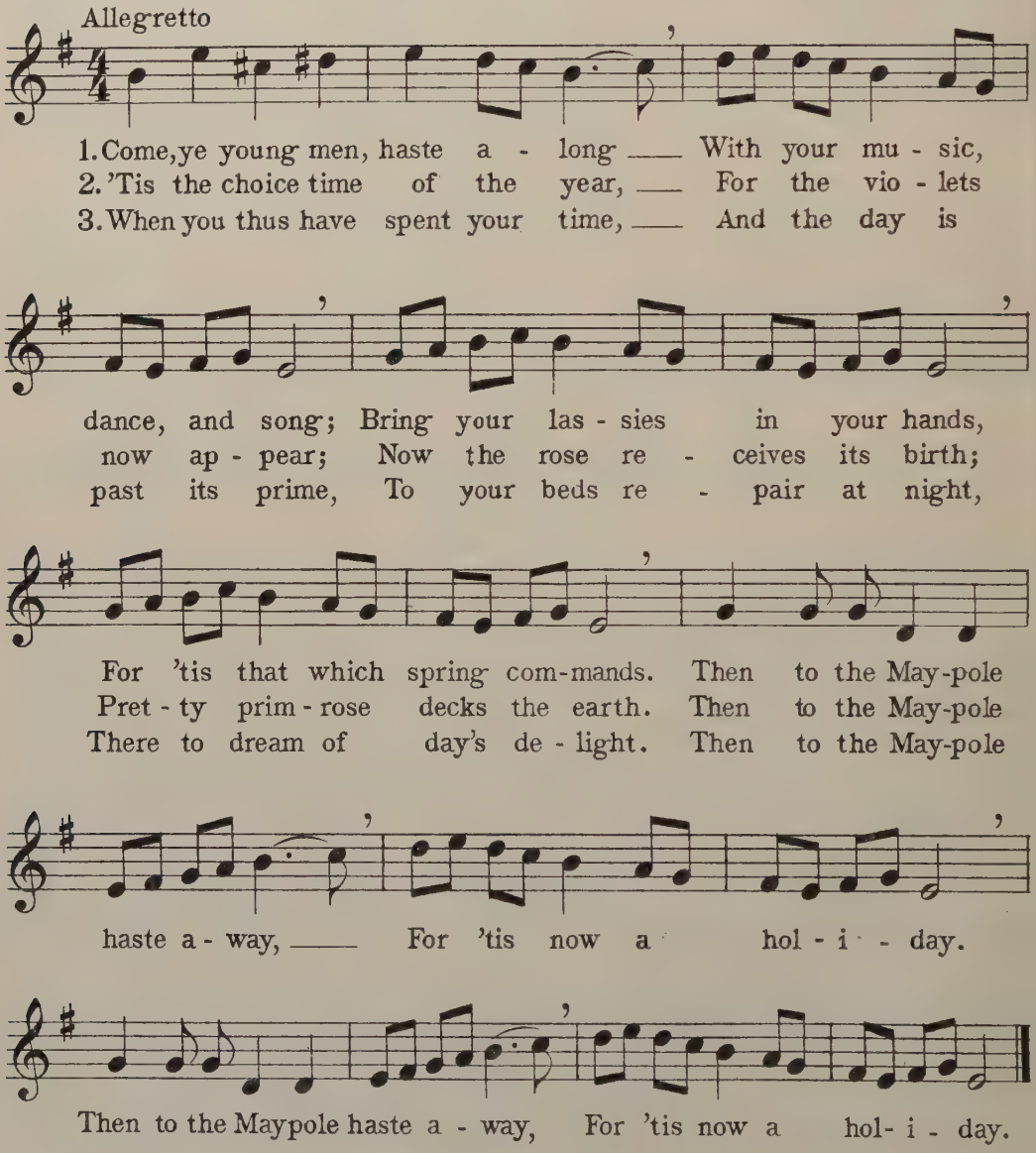
Alice E. Sollitt — French Folk Song

From the French


1. Sad am I, sad and shy, Far a - way from friend - ly eye; Night and
2. Yet it seems in my dreams, Fair - y light around me gleams; And I
day, here I stay In my corner hid a - way. Here sit I in dust and
hear in my ear: "Cin - der - el - la, have no fear, Kitchen days will soon be
ashes, Here sit I in rags and tears! Hence they claim, to my shame, Cin - der -
o - ver; I have joy in store for thee; Fair - y friend grief will end, And a
el - la is my name; Hence they claim, to my shame, Cinder - el - la is my name."
prince to you will send; Fair - y friend grief will end And a prince to you will send."

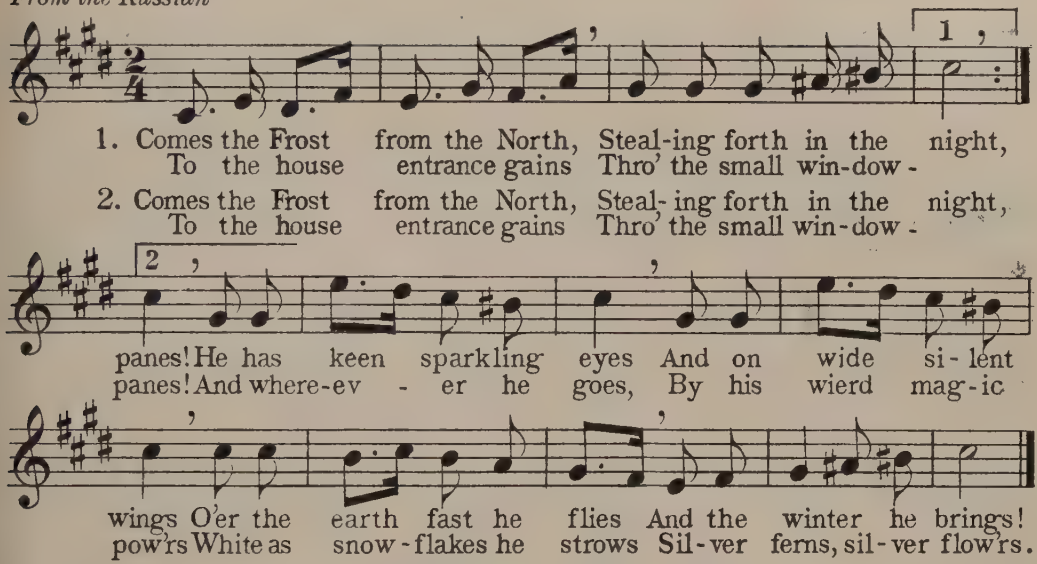
The Maypole

Traditional — English Folk Song


Allegretto
1. Come, ye young men, haste a - long — With your mu - sic,
2. 'Tis the choice time of the year, — For the vio - lets
3. When you thus have spent your time, — And the day is
dance, and song; Bring your las - sies in your hands,
now ap - pear; Now the rose re - ceives its birth;
past its prime, To your beds re - pair at night,
For 'tis that which spring com-mands. Then to the May-pole
Pret - ty prim - rose decks the earth. Then to the May-pole
There to dream of day's de - light. Then to the May-pole
haste a - way, — For 'tis now a hol - i - day.
Then to the Maypole haste a - way, For 'tis now a hol- i - day.

The Frost

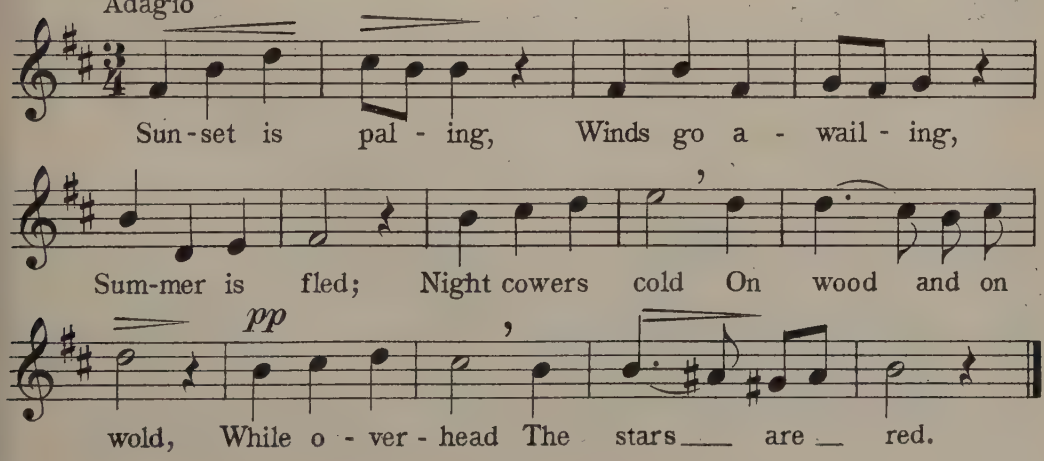
Nathan Haskell Dole
From the Russian

Russian Folk Song

1. Comes the Frost from the North, Steal-ing forth in the night,
To the house entrance gains Thro' the small win-dow-
2. Comes the Frost from the North, Steal-ing forth in the night,
To the house entrance gains Thro' the small win-dow-
panes! He has keen sparkling eyes And on wide si-lent
panes! And where-ev-er he goes, By his wierd mag-ic
wings O'er the earth fast he flies And the winter he brings!
pow'rs White as snow-flakes he strows Sil-ver ferns, sil-ver flow'rs.

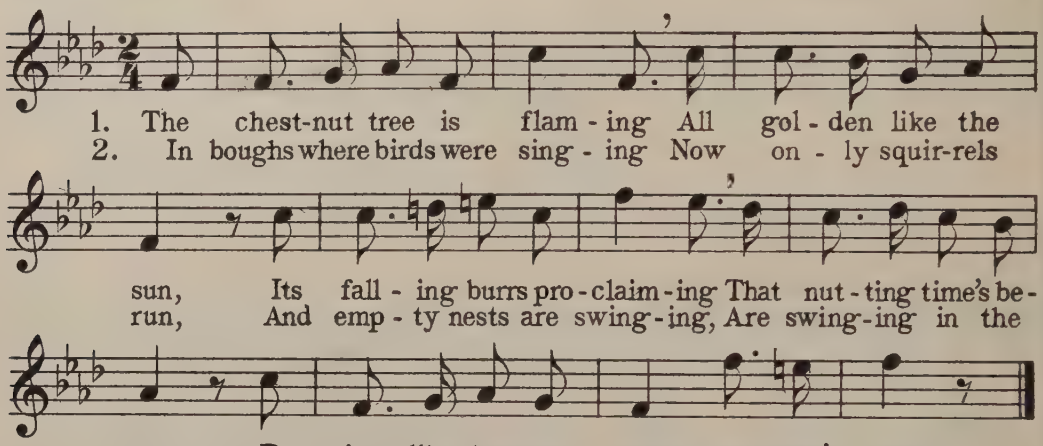
In Autumn

M. Louise Baum
Adagio

Attributed to Stradella

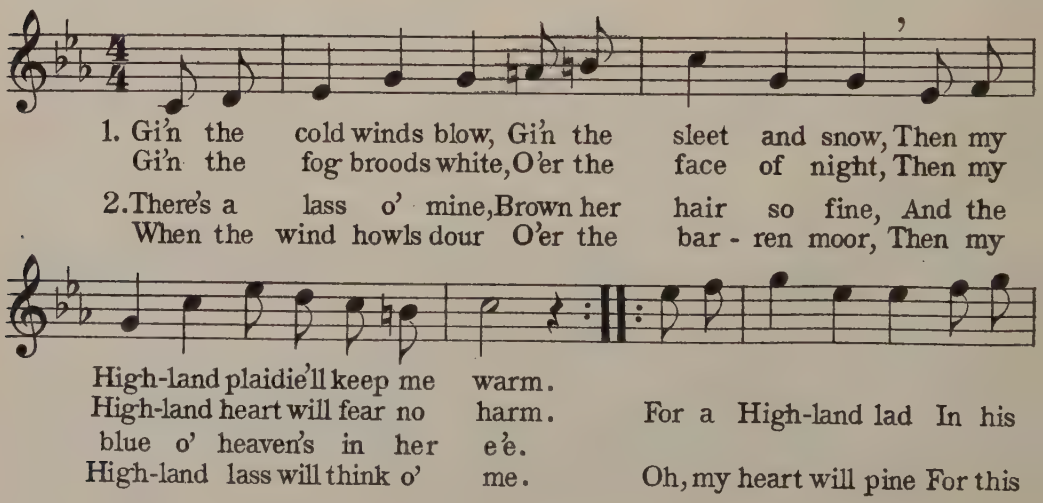

Sun-set is pal-ing, Winds go a-wail-ing,
Sum-mer is fled; Night cowers cold On wood and on
pp
wold, While o-ver-head The stars are red.

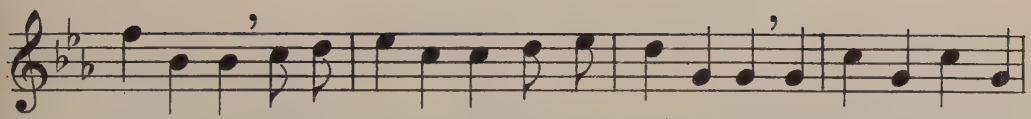
Summer's Done

May Morgan — Norwegian Folk Song

1. The chest-nut tree is flam - ing All gol - den like the
2. In boughs where birds were sing - ing Now on - ly squir-rels
sun, Its fall - ing burrs pro - claim - ing That nut - ting time's be -
run, And emp - ty nests are swing - ing, Are swing - ing in the
gun. By signs like these we know sum - mer's done.
sun. By signs like these we know sum - mer's done.

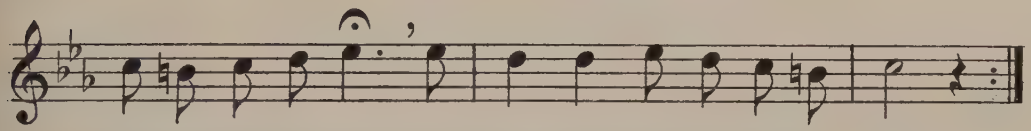
My Bonny Pipes

Alice C. D. Riley — Scotch Folk Song


1. Gi'n the cold winds blow, Gi'n the sleet and snow, Then my
Gi'n the fog broods white, O'er the face of night, Then my
2. There's a lass o' mine, Brown her hair so fine, And the
When the wind howls dour O'er the bar - ren moor, Then my
High-land plaidie'll keep me warm.
High-land heart will fear no harm.
blue o' heaven's in her e'e.
High-land lass will think o' me.
For a High-land lad In his
Oh, my heart will pine For this



Highland plaid, With his bag-pipe dear, Knows no tho't of fear. Then blow, then blow, my lass o' mine, Till my love I hold In my plaidie's fold! Then blow, then blow, my



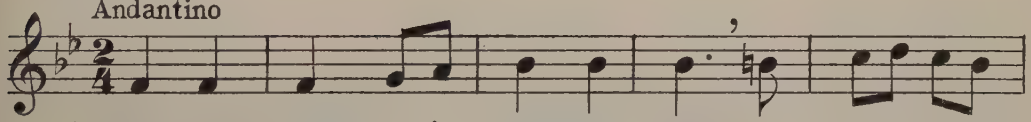
bon-ny pipes, then blow! My High-land heart will fear no harm.
bon-ny pipes, then blow! My High-land lass will think o' me.

The Maid and the Brook

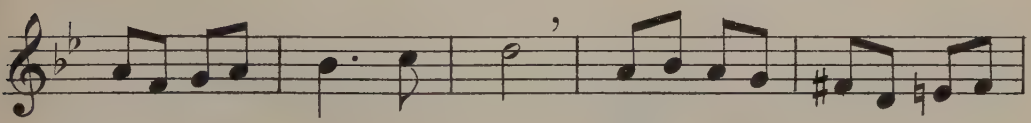
Frederick H. Martens — Russian Folk Song

From the German

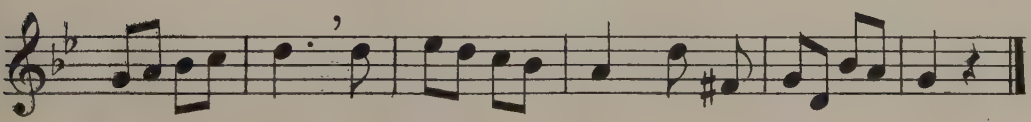
Andantino



1. Where the brook thro' green wold flows, Its rip - ples
2. Sil - ver brook, ah, when you roam, A migh - ty



rill - ing while it goes, There each day my
riv - er past my home, Tell all those whom

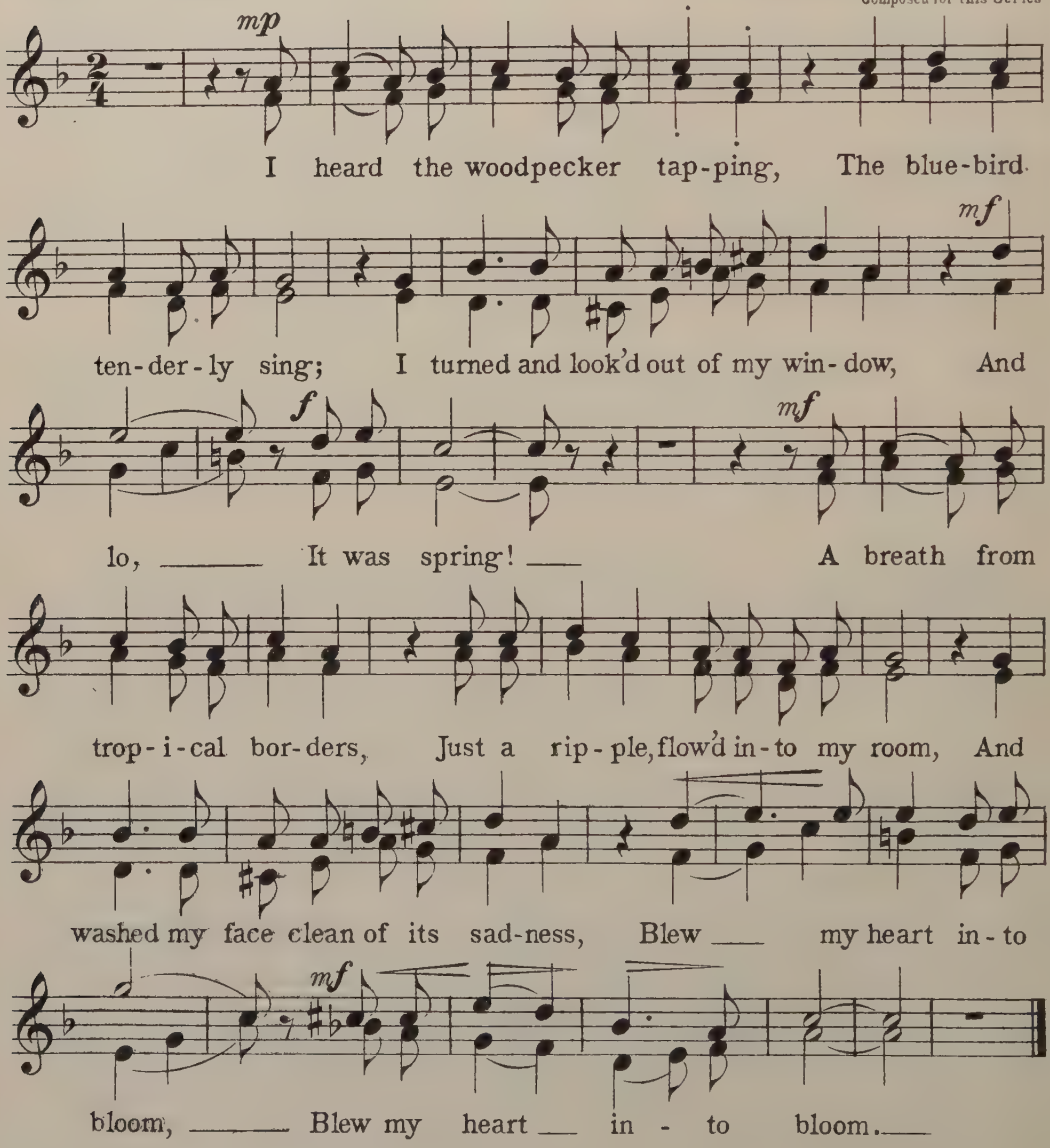


foot-steps stray; I think of loved ones now far a - way.
I hold dear That in my thoughts they are ev - er near.

At the Window

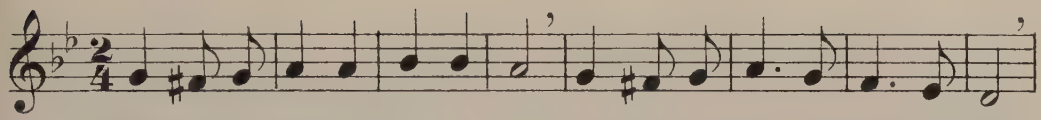
Maurice Thompson

Frank van der Stucken
Composed for this Series

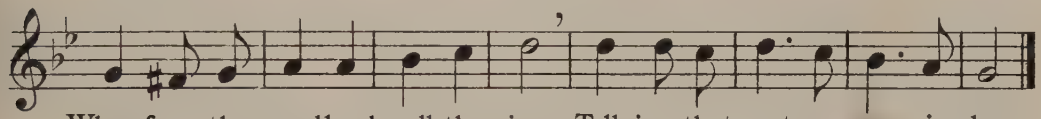

mp
I heard the woodpecker tap-ping, The blue-bird
mf
ten-der-ly sing; I turned and look'd out of my win-dow, And
f
lo, It was spring! A breath from
mf
trop-i-cal bor-ders, Just a rip-ple, flow'd in-to my room, And
washed my face clean of its sad-ness, Blew my heart in-to
mf
bloom, Blew my heart in - to bloom.

Happy Days

Virginia Baker — French Folk Song

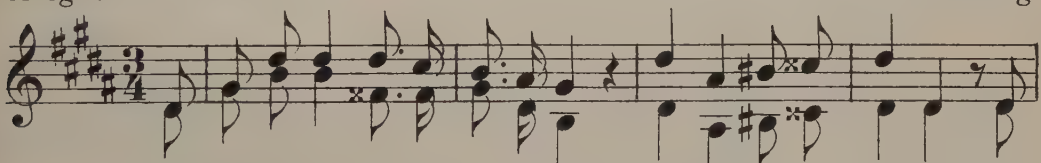


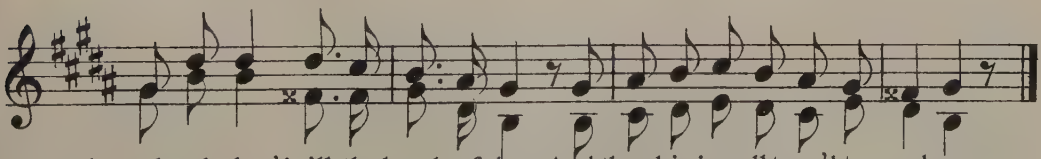
1. Sing, let us sing of hap-py days, Days when the air is crisp and clear;
2. Sing, let us sing of for-est dales Where ripened chestnuts pat-ter down;
3. Sing, let us sing of si-lent nights When all the stars like jew-els gleam;



When, from the woodland, call the jays, Tell-ing that autumn now is here.
Sing of the trees in glens and vales, Splendid in crim-son, gold, and brown.
Joined hand in hand the white frost sprites Dance 'neath the pale moon's silver beam.

The Star

Margaret Aliona Dole — Danish Folk Song

1. One night a star left the Milky Way, Leaping forth in gladness; He
2. The morning light stole his fading glow: Homeward he was creeping. The
3. He answer'd them, slowly turning pale: "Laugh not at my sor-row! When

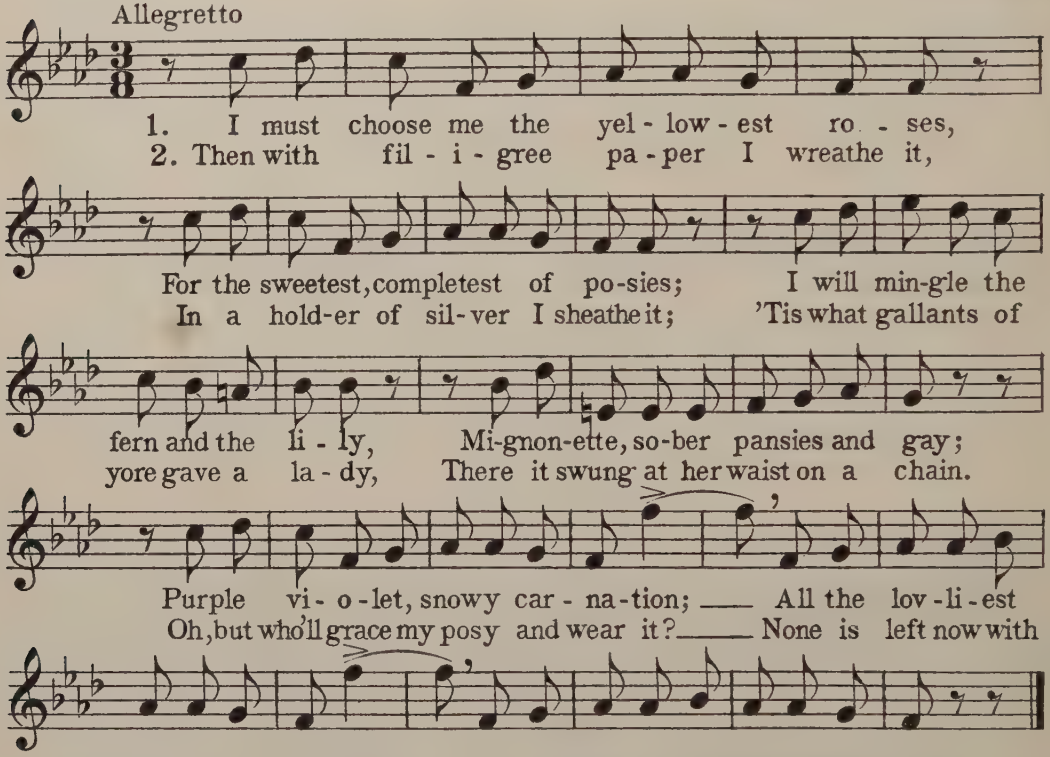


danced and play'd till the break of day, And then his joy all turn'd to sad-ness.
sunbeams mock'd him: "Why don't you go Where all the other stars are sleeping?"
evening comes then your light will fail, And I shall shine again to-mor-row!"

Chapter III: The Eighth-Note Beat

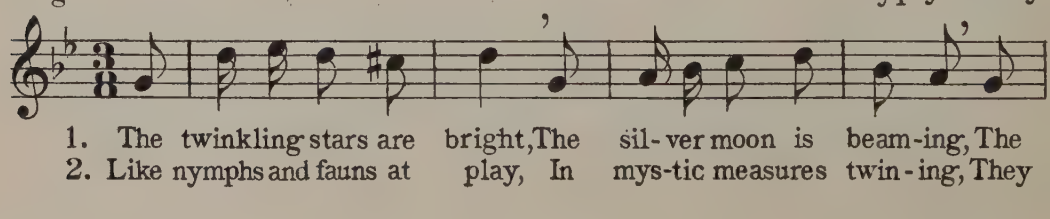
The Remembrance Bouquet

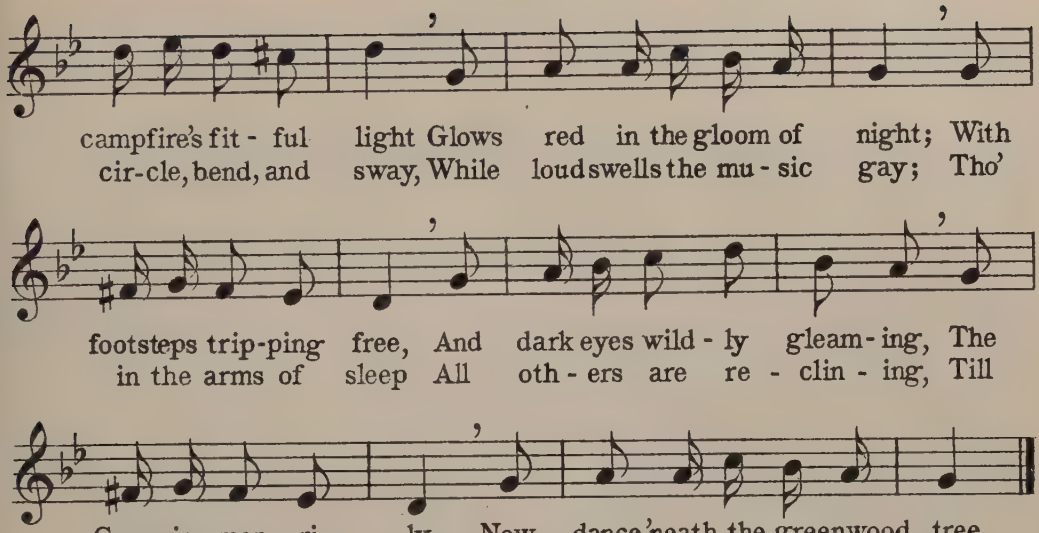
M. Louise Baum — Neapolitan Folk Song


Allegretto
1. I must choose me the yel - low - est ro - ses,
2. Then with fil - i - gree pa - per I wreathe it,
For the sweetest, completest of po-sies; I will min-gle the
In a hold-er of sil-ver I sheathe it; 'Tis what gallants of
fern and the li - ly, Mi-gnon-ette, so-ber pansies and gay;
yore gave a la - dy, There it swung at her waist on a chain.
Purple vi - o - let, snowy car - na - tion; All the lov - li - est
Oh, but who'll grace my posy and wear it? None is left now with
flow'rs in cre - a - tion Go to make a remembrance bou - quet.
whom I may share it, And my flow'rs have but blossom'd in vain.

The Gypsy Dance

Virginia Baker — Gypsy Melody

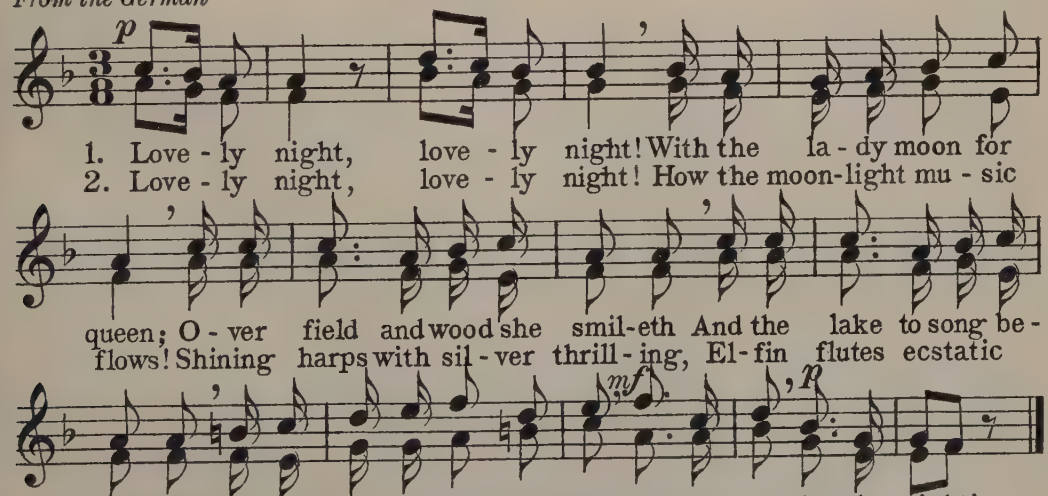

1. The twinkling stars are bright, The sil-ver moon is beam-ing, The
2. Like nymphs and fauns at play, In mys-tic measures twin-ing, They


campfire's fit - ful light Glows red in the gloom of night; With
cir-cle, bend, and sway, While loud swells the mu - sic gay; Tho'
footsteps trip-ping free, And dark eyes wild - ly gleam - ing, The
in the arms of sleep All oth - ers are re - clin - ing, Till
Gyp-sies mer - ri - ly Now dance 'neath the greenwood tree.
dawn be - gins to peep The Gyp - sies their rev - els keep.

Lovely Night

Mary Stanhope
From the German

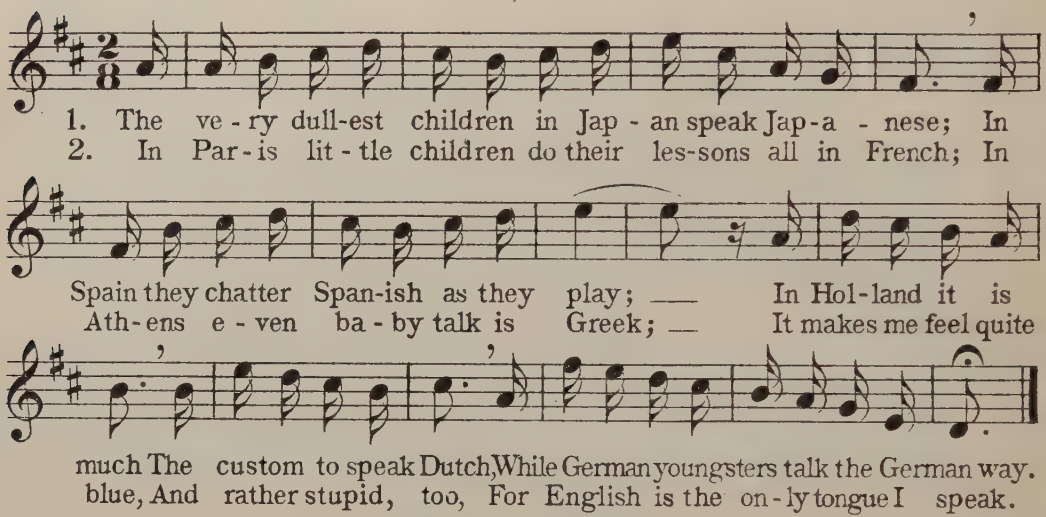
Ludwig van Beethoven


p
1. Love - ly night, love - ly night! With the la - dy moon for
2. Love - ly night, love - ly night! How the moon-light mu - sic
queen; O - ver field and wood she smil-eth And the lake to song be -
flows! Shining harps with sil - ver thrill - ing, El - fin flutes ecstatic
mf
p
guil-eth With her sil-ver light se-rene! Love-ly night, love-ly night!
trill - ing Lull the heart to sweet re-pose. Love-ly night, love-ly night!

So Ignorant

Eunice Ward

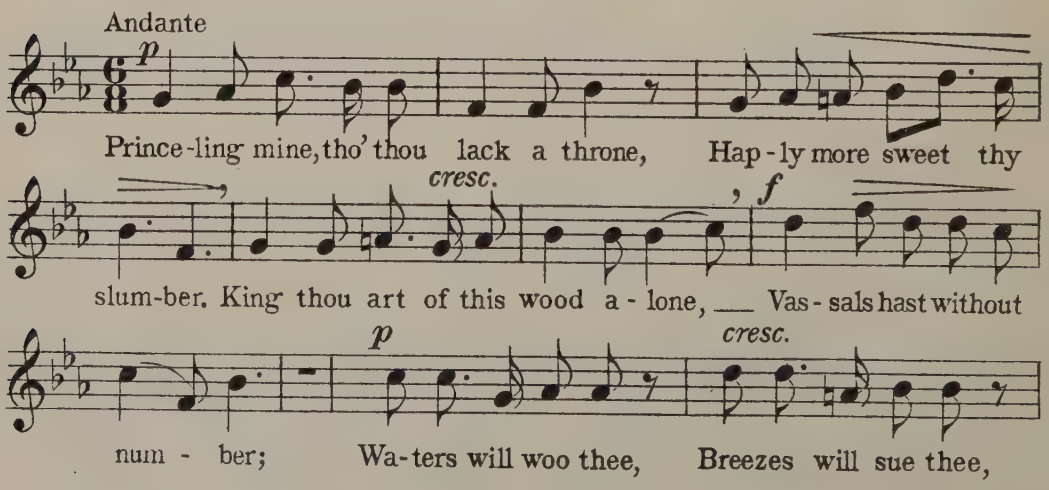
Horatio Parker
Composed for this Series

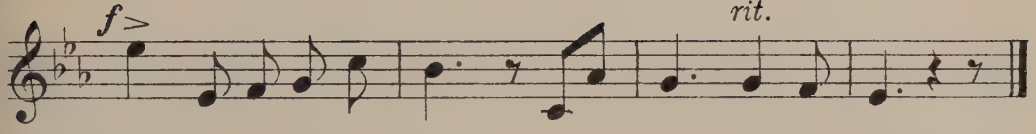

1. The ve - ry dull-est children in Jap - an speak Jap-a - nese; In
2. In Par-is lit - tle children do their les-sons all in French; In
Spain they chatter Span-ish as they play; — In Hol-land it is
Ath-ens e - ven ba - by talk is Greek; — It makes me feel quite
much The custom to speak Dutch, While German youngsters talk the German way.
blue, And rather stupid, too, For English is the on - ly tongue I speak.

Prince Baby

Louise Stickney
From the Swedish

G.C. Boivie

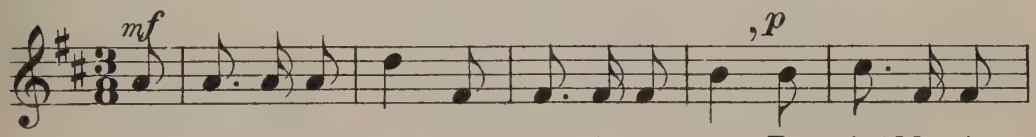

Andante
p
Prince-ling mine, tho' thou lack a throne, Hap - ly more sweet thy
cresc.
f
slum-ber. King thou art of this wood a - lone, — Vas - sals hast without
p
cresc.
num - ber; Wa-ters will woo thee, Breezes will sue thee,



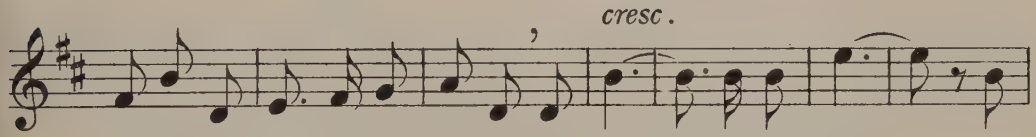
Larks will car-ol thy praise, And peace bless thy days.

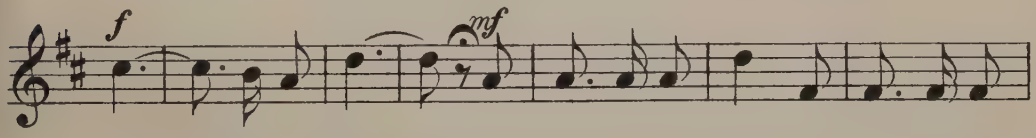
Dancing Song in May

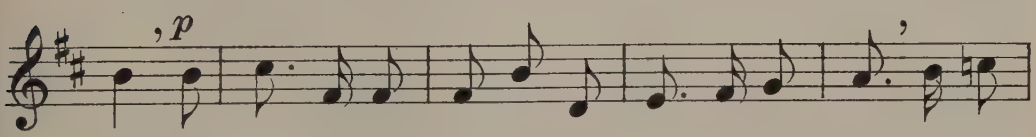
Hoffman von Fallersleben — Robert Franz



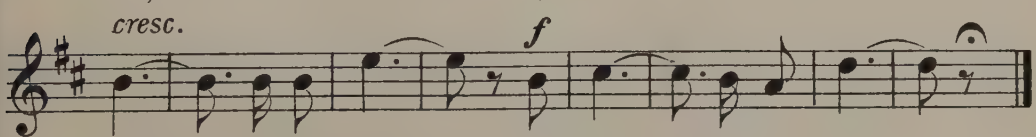
Come out to the green, For spring it has come; The glad May is



roaming, The hawthorn is blooming; Come out — and be gay, — For

mer - ry is May. — Come danc-ing with joy, In life's happy



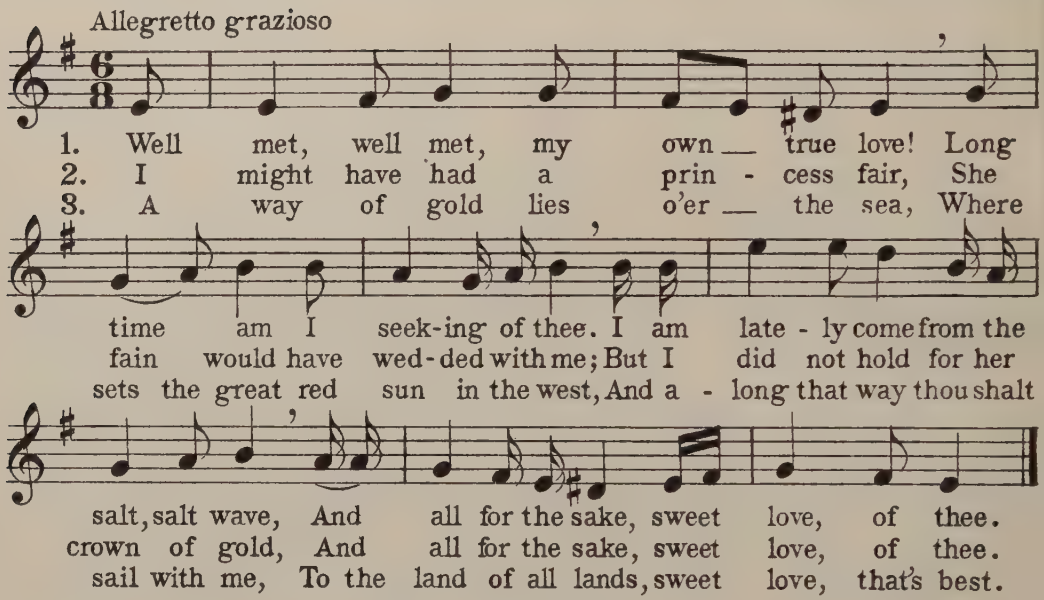
morn; No clouds dim the heav-en, The earth is new - born, is new-



born — in the May; — Be glad — and be gay. —

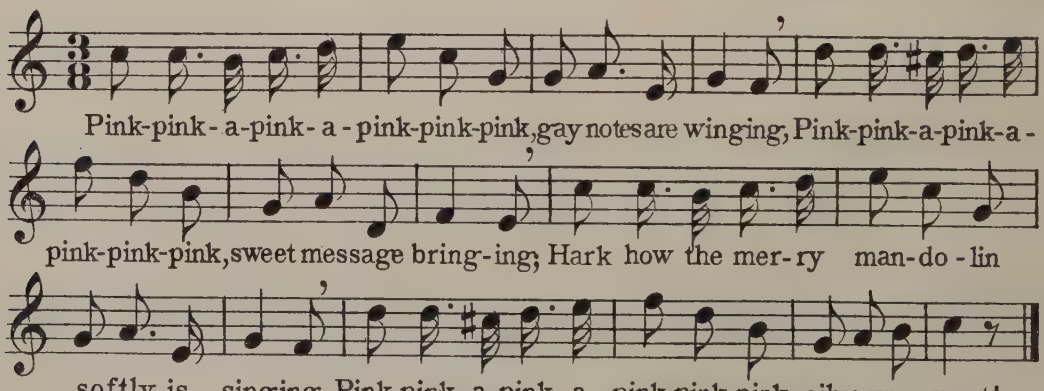
Well Met, Well Met

Traditional — English Folk Song


Allegretto grazioso
1. Well met, well met, my own true love! Long
2. I might have had a prin - cess fair, She
3. A way of gold lies o'er the sea, Where
time am I seek-ing of thee. I am late - ly come from the
fain would have wed-ded with me; But I did not hold for her
sets the great red sun in the west, And a - long that way thou shalt
salt, salt wave, And all for the sake, sweet love, of thee.
crown of gold, And all for the sake, sweet love, of thee.
sail with me, To the land of all lands, sweet love, that's best.

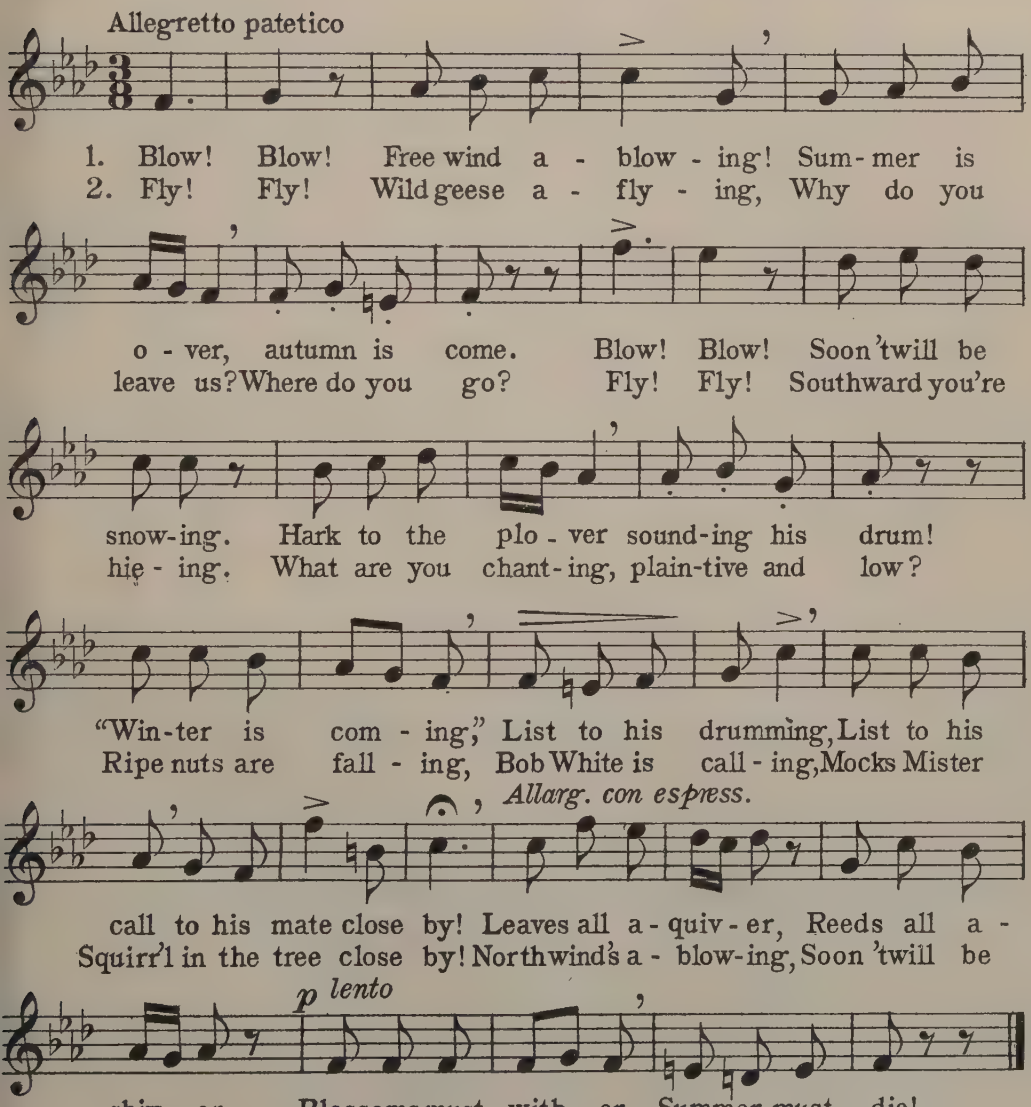
Mandolin Song

Abbie Farwell Brown — Spanish Folk Song


Pink-pink - a-pink - a - pink-pink-pink, gay notes are winging, Pink-pink-a-pink-a -
pink-pink-pink, sweet message bring-ing; Hark how the mer-ry man-do - lin
softly is singing, Pink-pink- a-pink - a - pink-pink-pink, silvery sweet!

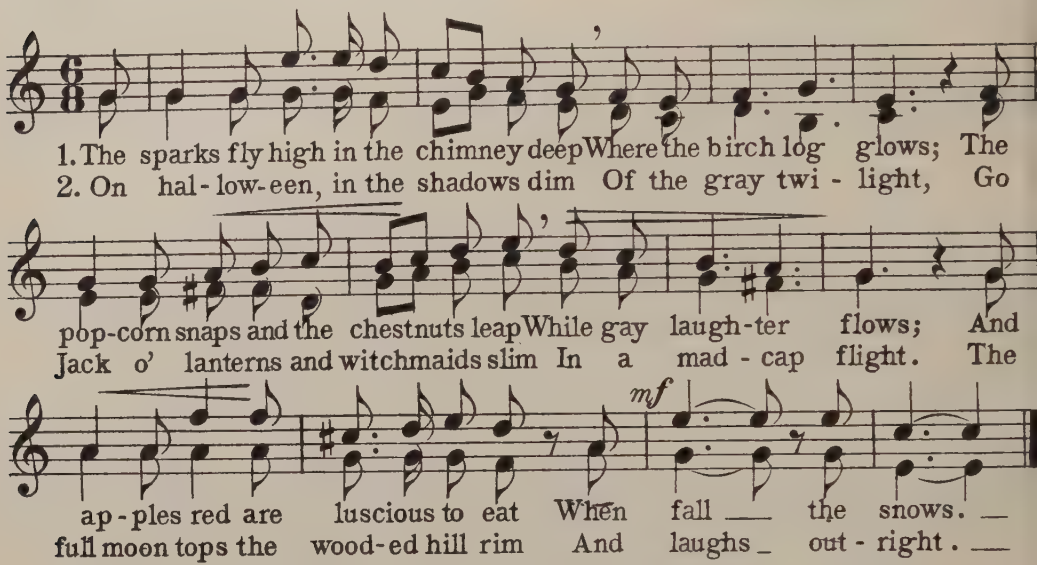
The Passing of Summer

Alice C. D. Riley — Neapolitan Folk Song


Allegretto patetico
1. Blow! Blow! Free wind a - blow - ing! Sum - mer is
2. Fly! Fly! Wild geese a - fly - ing, Why do you
o - ver, autumn is come. Blow! Blow! Soon 'twill be
leave us? Where do you go? Fly! Fly! Southward you're
snow-ing. Hark to the plo - ver sound-ing his drum!
hie - ing. What are you chant-ing, plain-tive and low?
"Win-ter is com - ing;" List to his drumming, List to his
Ripe nuts are fall - ing, Bob White is call - ing, Mocks Mister
Allarg. con espress.
call to his mate close by! Leaves all a - quiv - er, Reeds all a -
Squirr'l in the tree close by! Northwind's a - blow-ing, Soon 'twill be
p lento
shiv - er, Blossoms must with - er, Summer must die!
snow - ing, Summer is go - ing, Summer must die!

Halloween

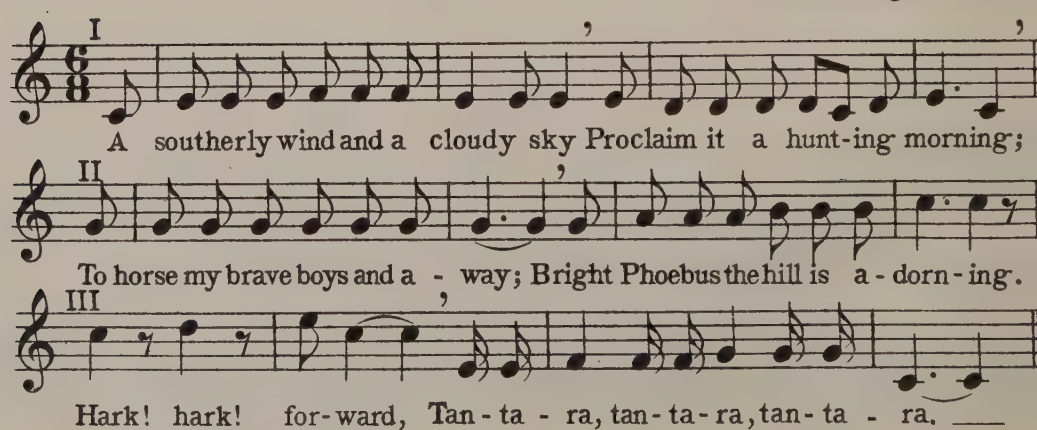
Ethel B. Howard — Catharina van Rennes


1. The sparks fly high in the chimney deep Where the birch log glows; The
2. On hal-low-een, in the shadows dim Of the gray twi-light, Go
pop-corn snaps and the chestnuts leap While gay laugh-ter flows; And
Jack o' lanterns and witchmaids slim In a mad-cap flight. The
mf
ap-ples red are luscious to eat When fall the snows.
full moon tops the wood-ed hill rim And laughs out-right.

The Huntsmen

THREE-PART ROUND

Old English Round

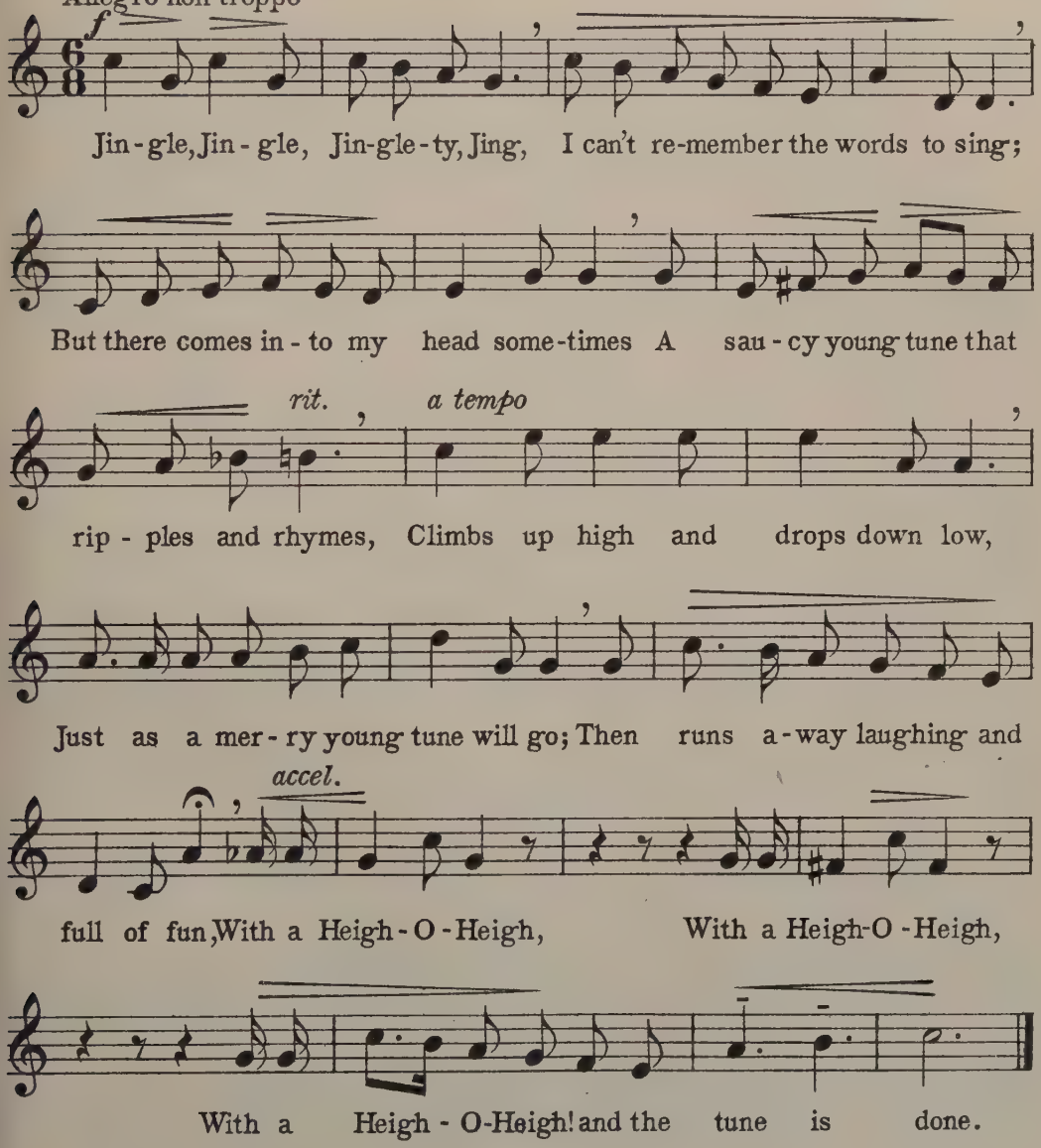

I
A southerly wind and a cloudy sky Proclaim it a hunt-ing morning;
II
To horse my brave boys and a-way; Bright Phoebus the hill is a-dorn-ing.
III
Hark! hark! for-ward, Tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra.

Jingle, Jingle, Jinglety, Jing

Lee Burns

Harvey B. Gaul
Composed for this Series

Allegro non troppo

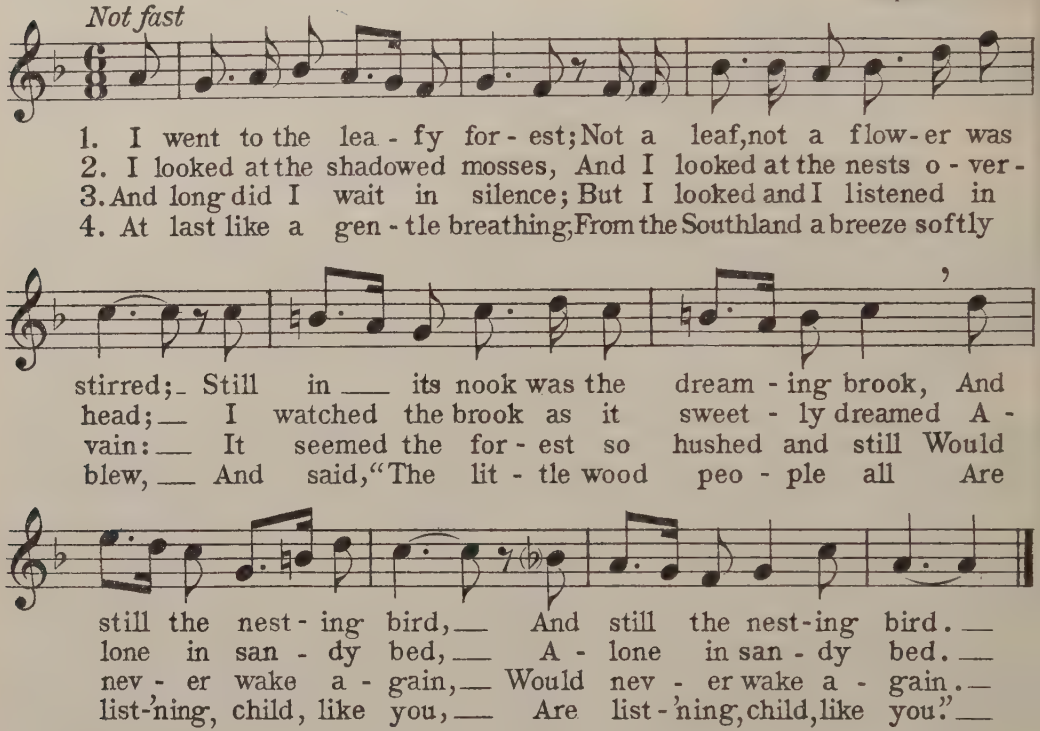

f
Jin-gle, Jin-gle, Jin-gle-ty, Jing, I can't re-member the words to sing;
But there comes in-to my head some-times A sau-cy young tune that
rit.
a tempo
rip-ples and rhymes, Climbs up high and drops down low,
Just as a mer-ry young tune will go; Then runs a-way laughing and
accel.
full of fun, With a Heigh-O-Heigh, With a Heigh-O-Heigh,
With a Heigh-O-Heigh! and the tune is done.

The Listening Woods

Ida Whipple Benham

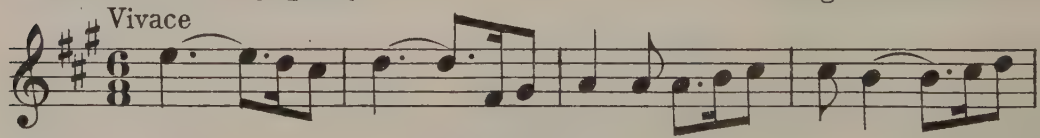
Rudolph Ganz
Composed for this Series

Not fast


1. I went to the lea - fy for - est; Not a leaf, not a flow - er was
2. I looked at the shadowed mosses, And I looked at the nests o - ver -
3. And long did I wait in silence; But I looked and I listened in
4. At last like a gen - tle breathing; From the Southland a breeze softly
stirred; Still in its nook was the dream - ing brook, And
head; I watched the brook as it sweet - ly dreamed A -
vain: It seemed the for - est so hushed and still Would
blew, And said, "The lit - tle wood peo - ple all Are
still the nest - ing bird, And still the nest - ing bird.
lone in san - dy bed, A - lone in san - dy bed.
nev - er wake a - gain, Would nev - er wake a - gain.
list - 'ning, child, like you, Are list - 'ning, child, like you."

Theme

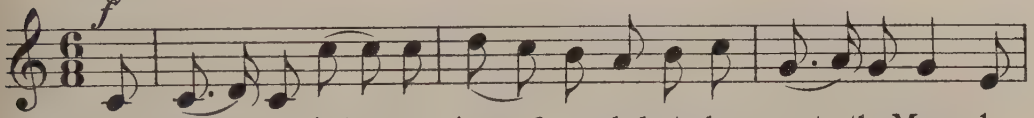
From *The Seventh Symphony*

Ludwig van Beethoven

Come, Lassies and Lads

From *The Westminster Drollery, 1672* — English Folk Song

Allegretto

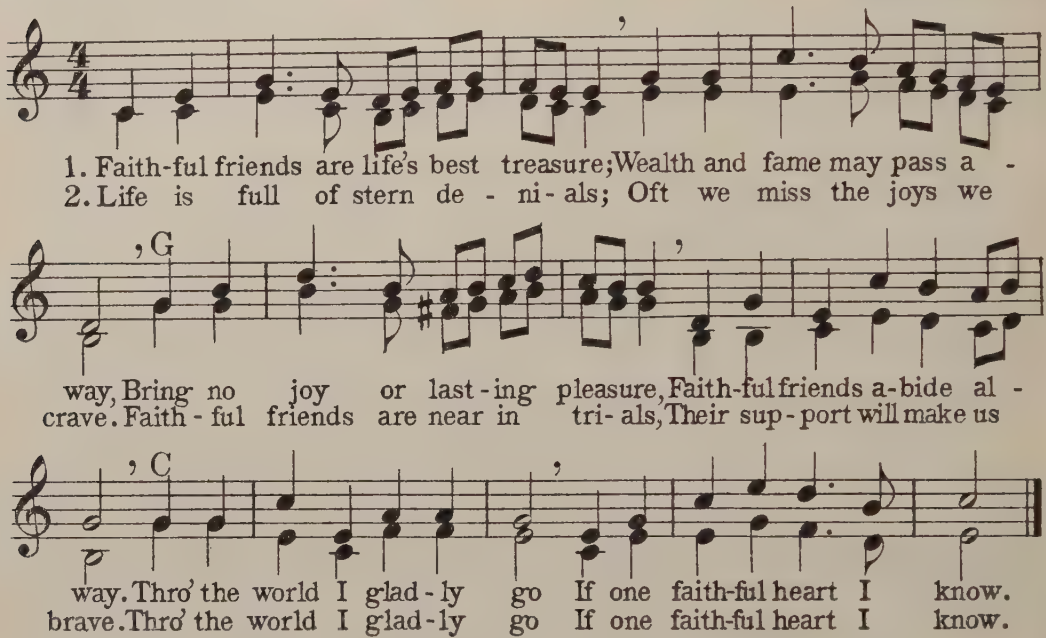
f



1. Come, lassies and lads, get leave of your dads, And a-way to the Maypole hie; For ev-'ry fair has a sweetheart there, And the fiddler's standing by. For Wil-lie shall dance with Jane, And Johnny has got his Joan, To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, Trip it up and down.
2. "You're out," says Dick; "Not I," says Nick; "'Twas the fid-dler play'd it wrong"; "'Tis true," says Hugh and so says Sue And so says ev-'ry one. The fid-dler then be-gan To play the tune a-gain, And ev-'ry girl did trip it, trip it, Trip it to the men.
3. "Good night," says Harry; "Good night," says Mary; "Good night," says Poll to John; "Good night," says Sue to her sweetheart Hugh; "Good night," says ev-'ry one. Some walked and some did run, Some loi-tered on the way, And bound themselves by promises twelve To meet next hol-i-day.

Faithful Friends

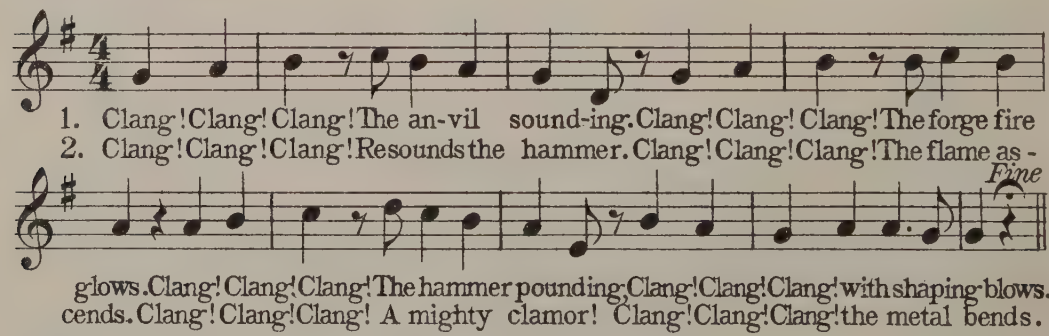
Margaret Aliona Dole — Joseph Gersbach

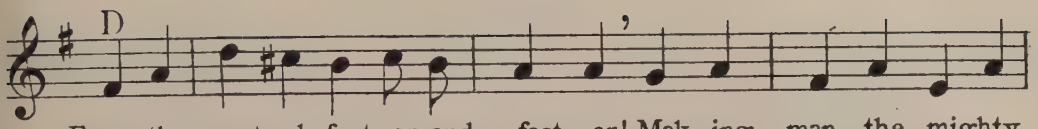

1. Faith-ful friends are life's best treasure; Wealth and fame may pass a -
2. Life is full of stern de - ni - als; Oft we miss the joys we
way, Bring no joy or last - ing pleasure, Faith-ful friends a-bide al -
crave. Faith - ful friends are near in tri - als, Their sup - port will make us
way. Thro' the world I glad - ly go If one faith-ful heart I know.
brave. Thro' the world I glad - ly go If one faith-ful heart I know.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

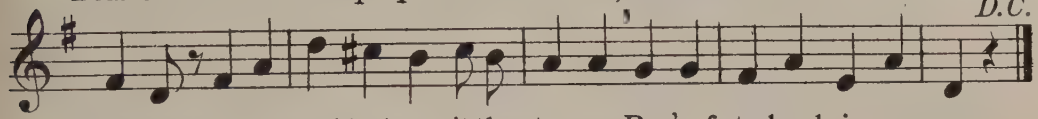
Abbie Farwell Brown — Allyre Bureau

From the French


1. Clang! Clang! Clang! The an-vil sound-ing. Clang! Clang! Clang! The forge fire
2. Clang! Clang! Clang! Resounds the hammer. Clang! Clang! Clang! The flame as -
Fine
glows. Clang! Clang! Clang! The hammer pounding, Clang! Clang! Clang! with shaping blows.
cends. Clang! Clang! Clang! A mighty clamor! Clang! Clang! Clang! the metal bends.



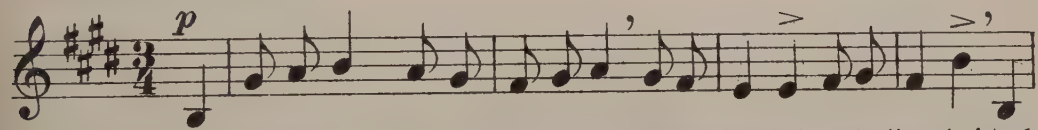
Forge the met - al fast - er and fast - er! Mak - ing man the mighty
Beat the sword to hap - pi - er us - es, Haste the end of war's a -



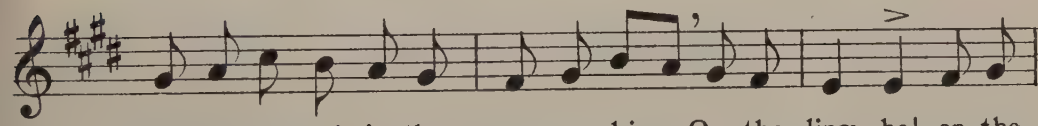
master; Round the world to brace it the stronger, Pow'r of steel and i - ron goes.
buses; Forge the plow, the ship, and the railroad, Peaceful bonds that make all friends.

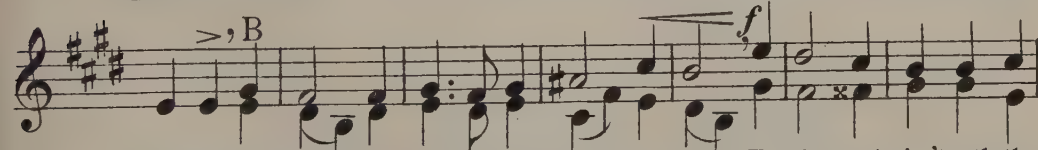
On the Ling, Ho!

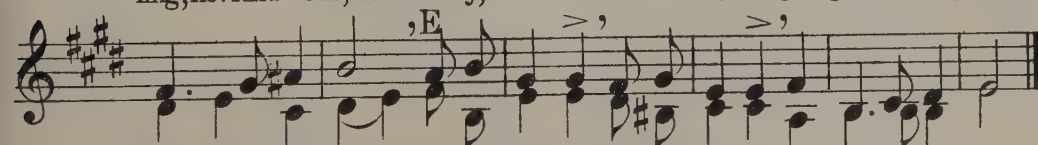
Björnstjerne Björnson — Halfdan Kjerulf



1. Sly reynard lay by the dusky pine On the ling, ho! on the ling, ho! And
2. Sly reynard leaped from the dusky pine On the ling, ho! on the ling, ho! And



bun-ny sport-ed in the sum-mer shine, On the ling, ho! on the
snapped up bun-ny in the sum-mer shine, On the ling, ho! on the

ling, ho! And Oh, 'tis merry, when moon is high, To frisk and trip 'neath the
ling, ho! And Oh, 'tis merry, to feast at ease, To spring and scamper, when



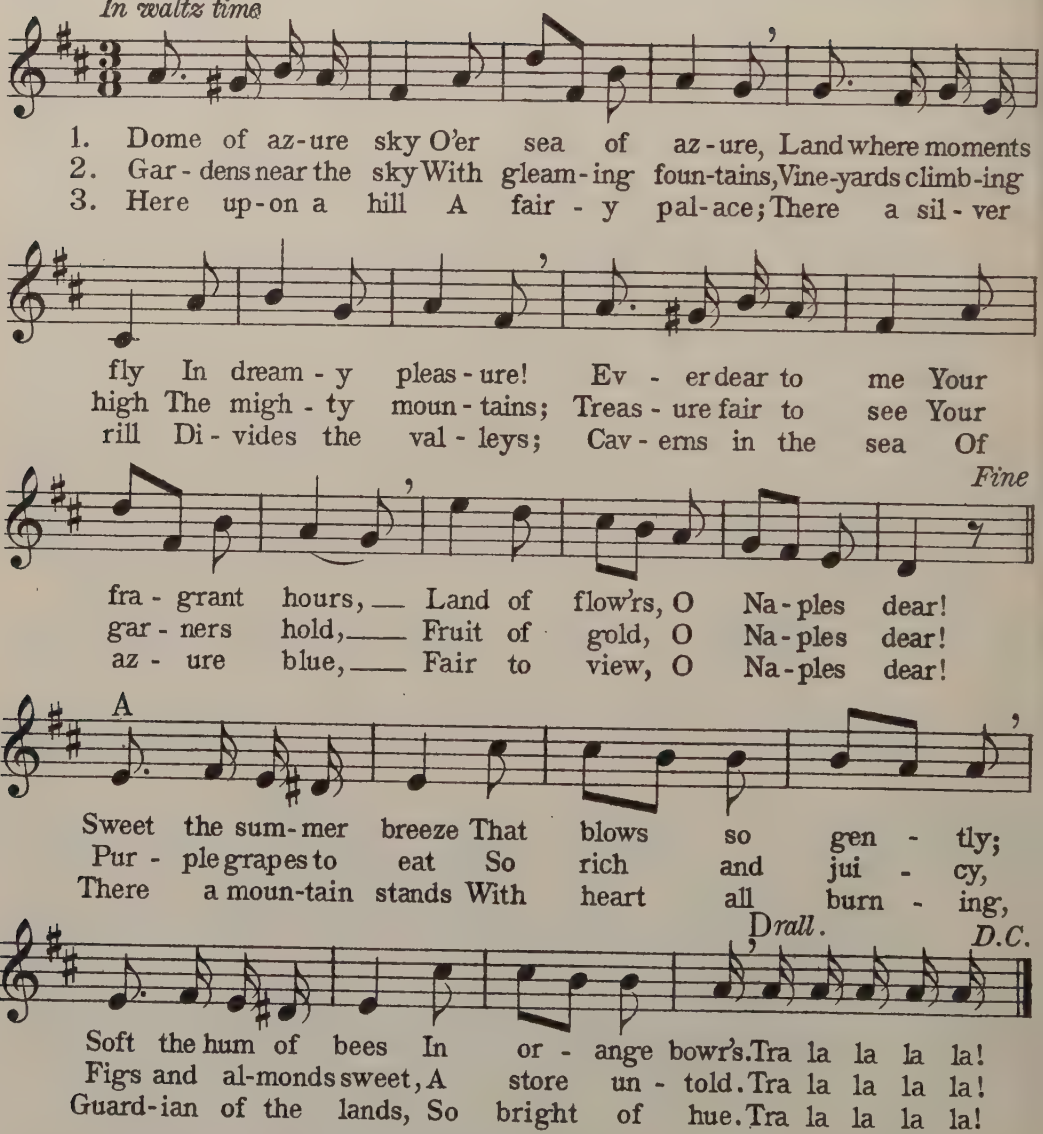
bright summer sky On the ling, ho! On the ling, ho! Tra, la la la la!
no - bo - dy sees, On the ling, ho! On the ling, ho! Tra, la la la la!

Naples

Abbie Farwell Brown — Italian Folk Song

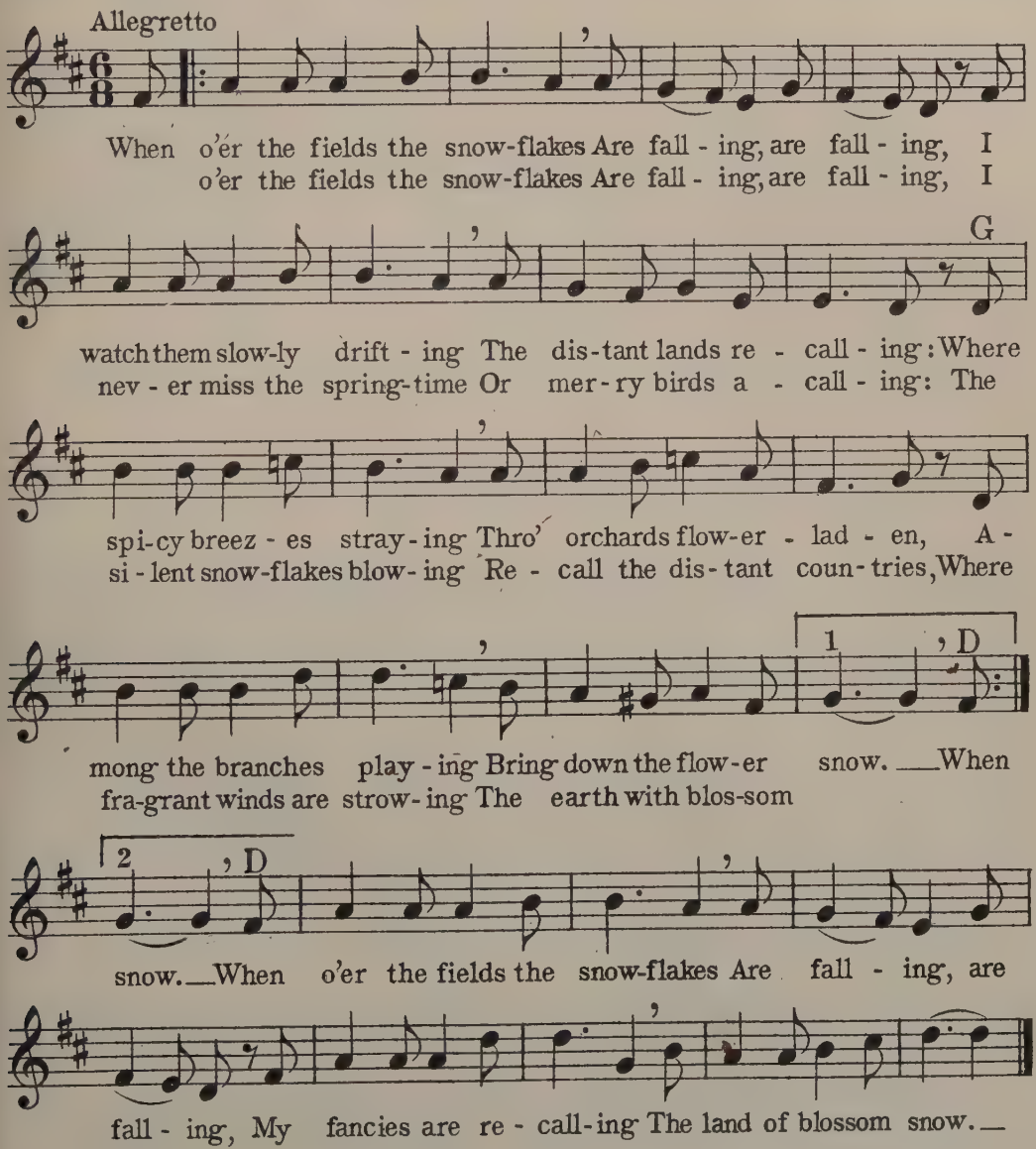
From the Italian

In waltz time


1. Dome of az-ure sky O'er sea of az-ure, Land where moments
2. Gar-dens near the sky With gleam-ing foun-tains, Vine-yards climb-ing
3. Here up-on a hill A fair-y pal-ace; There a sil-ver
fly In dream-y pleas-ure! Ev-er dear to me Your
high The migh-ty moun-tains; Treas-ure fair to see Your
rill Di-vides the val-leys; Cav-erns in the sea Of
Fine
fra-grant hours, Land of flow'rs, O Na-ples dear!
gar-ners hold, Fruit of gold, O Na-ples dear!
az-ure blue, Fair to view, O Na-ples dear!
A
Sweet the sum-mer breeze That blows so gen-tly;
Pur-ple grapes to eat So rich and jui-cy,
There a moun-tain stands With heart all burn-ing,
Drall.
D.C.
Soft the hum of bees In or-ange bowr's. Tra la la la la!
Figs and al-monds sweet, A store un-told. Tra la la la la!
Guard-ian of the lands, So bright of hue. Tra la la la la!

The Snowflakes

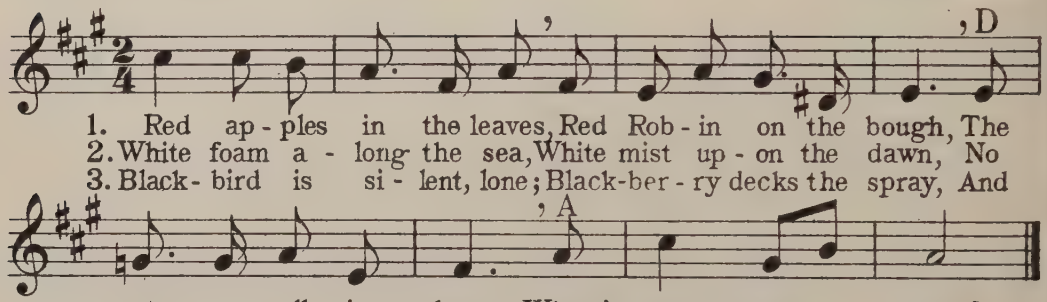
Wilbur Weeks — Neapolitan Song


Allegretto
When o'er the fields the snow-flakes Are fall - ing, are fall - ing, I
o'er the fields the snow-flakes Are fall - ing, are fall - ing, I
G
watch them slow-ly drift - ing The dis-tant lands re - call - ing: Where
nev - er miss the spring-time Or mer-ry birds a - call - ing: The
spi-cy breez - es stray - ing Thro' orchards flow-er - lad - en, A -
si - lent snow-flakes blow - ing Re - call the dis - tant coun - tries, Where
1
D
mong the branches play - ing Bring down the flow-er snow. When
fra-grant winds are strow - ing The earth with blos-som
2
D
snow. When o'er the fields the snow-flakes Are fall - ing, are
fall - ing, My fancies are re - call-ing The land of blossom snow.

Near Autumn

Laurence Alma-Tadema — Horatio Parker

Composed for this Series

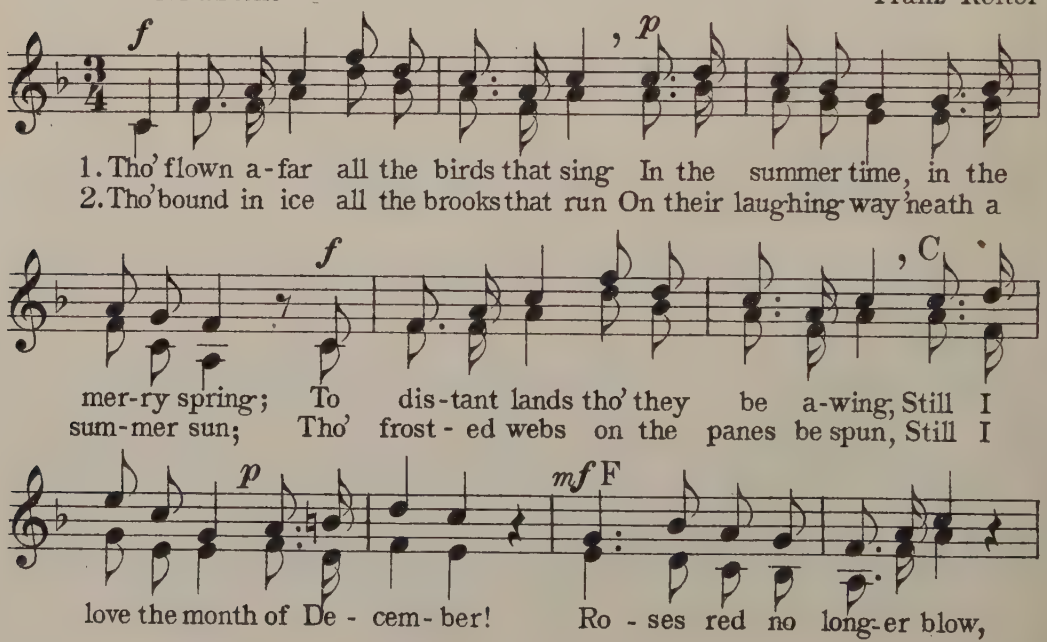


1. Red ap - ples in the leaves, Red Rob - in on the bough, The
2. White foam a - long the sea, White mist up - on the dawn, No
3. Black - bird is si - lent, lone; Black-ber - ry decks the spray, And

oats are all in sheaves, Where's sum - mer now?
flow - er for the bee, 'Tis sum - mer gone.
au - tumn's breath has blown Up - on the day.

The Month of December

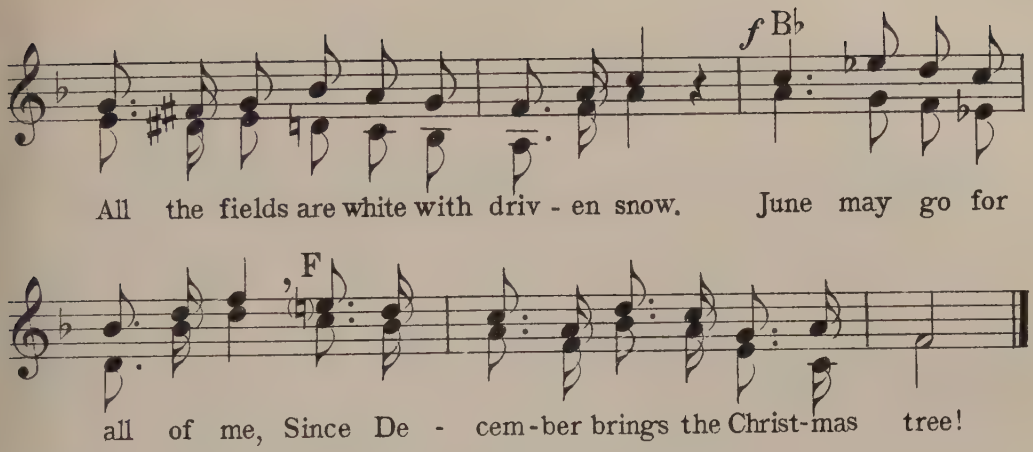
Frederick H. Martens — Franz Reiter



1. Tho' flown a - far all the birds that sing In the summer time, in the
2. Tho' bound in ice all the brooks that run On their laughing way 'neath a

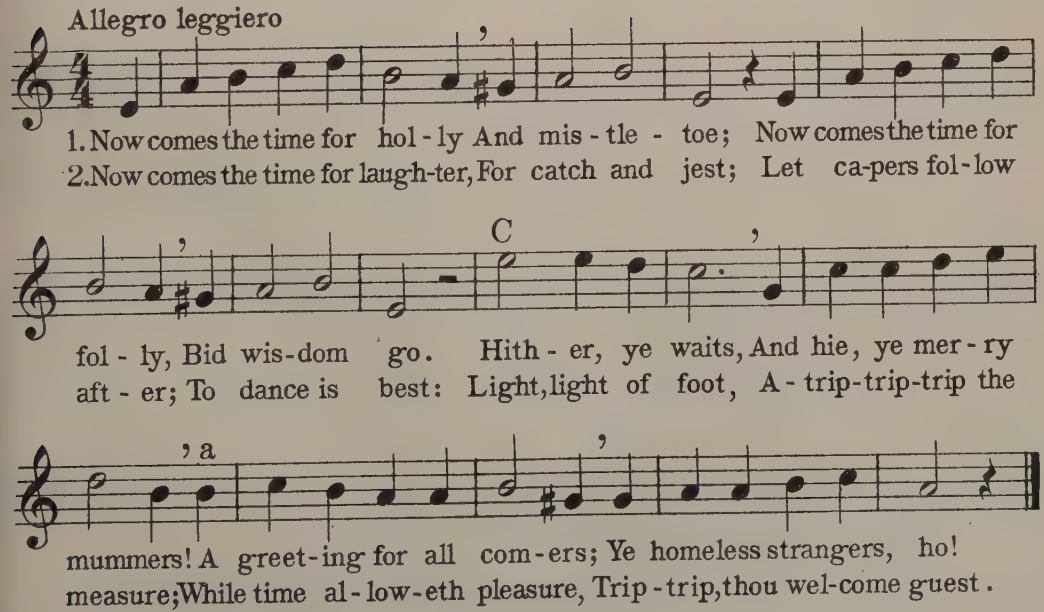
mer-ry spring; To dis-tant lands tho' they be a-wing; Still I
sum-mer sun; Tho' frost - ed webs on the panes be spun, Still I

love the month of De - cem - ber! Ro - ses red no long-er blow,



Ye Olden Christmas

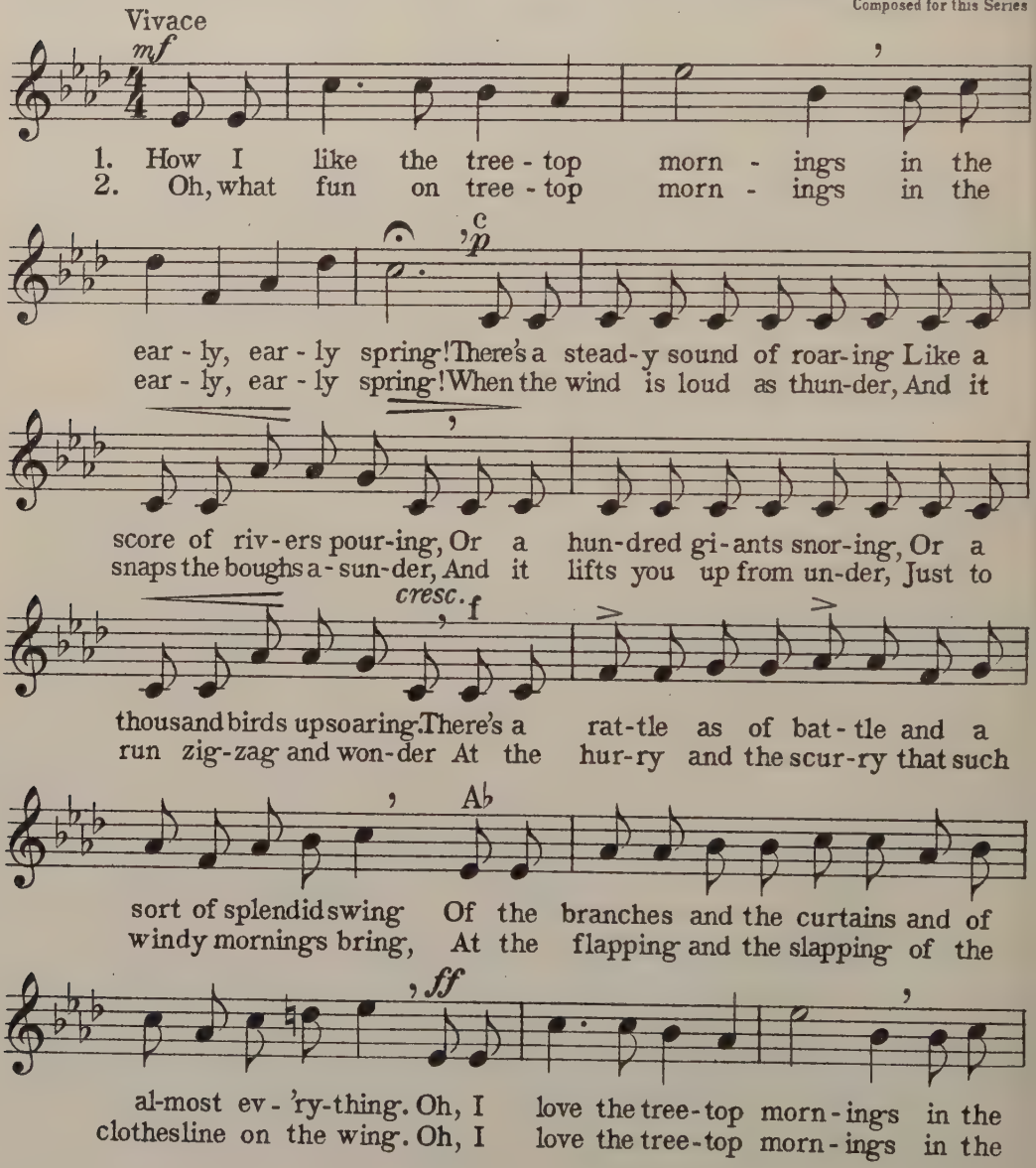
Seymour Barnard — French Christmas Carol

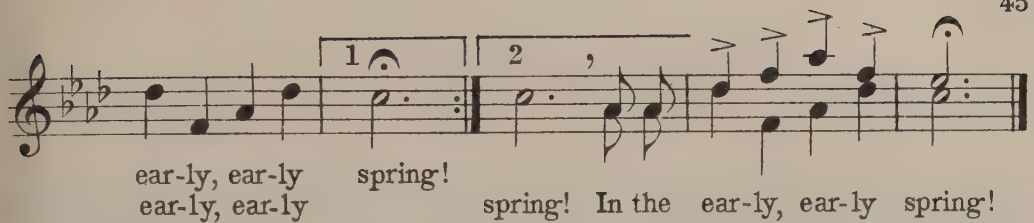

Allegro leggiero
1. Now comes the time for hol - ly And mis - tle - toe; Now comes the time for
2. Now comes the time for laugh-ter, For catch and jest; Let ca-pers fol-low
C
fol - ly, Bid wis-dom go. Hith - er, ye waits, And hie, ye mer - ry
aft - er; To dance is best: Light, light of foot, A - trip-trip-trip the
a
mummers! A greet-ing for all com-ers; Ye homeless strangers, ho!
measure; While time al - low-eth pleasure, Trip - trip, thou wel-come guest.

Tree-Top Mornings

Ethelwyn Wetherald

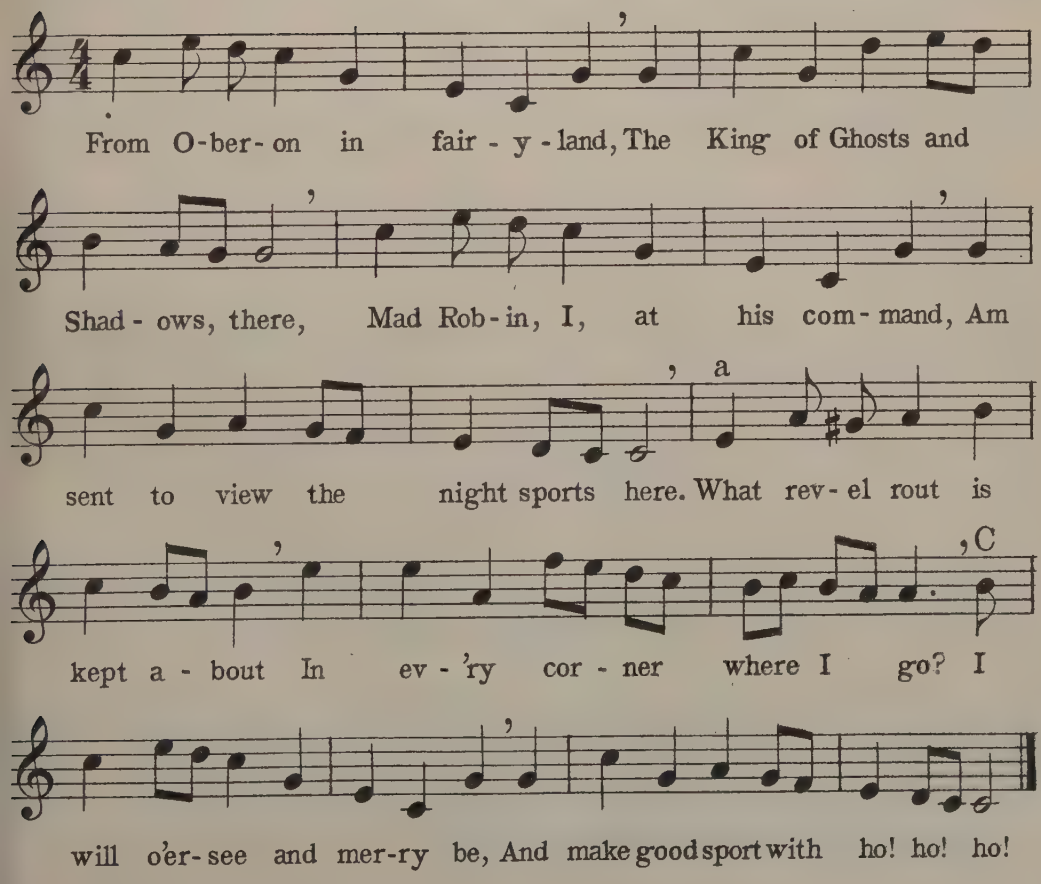
Peter Christian Lutkin
Composed for this Series


Vivace
mf
1. How I like the tree - top morn - ings in the
2. Oh, what fun on tree - top morn - ings in the
p
ear - ly, ear - ly spring! There's a stead-y sound of roar-ing Like a
ear - ly, ear - ly spring! When the wind is loud as thun-der, And it
score of riv-ers pour-ing, Or a hun-dred gi-ants snor-ing, Or a
snaps the boughs a - sun-der, And it lifts you up from un-der, Just to
cresc.
f
thousand birds upsoaring. There's a rat-tle as of bat-tle and a
run zig-zag and won-der At the hur-ry and the scur-ry that such
sort of splendid swing Of the branches and the curtains and of
windy mornings bring, At the flapping and the slapping of the
ff
al-most ev - 'ry-thing. Oh, I love the tree-top morn-ings in the
clothesline on the wing. Oh, I love the tree-top morn-ings in the



Robin Goodfellow

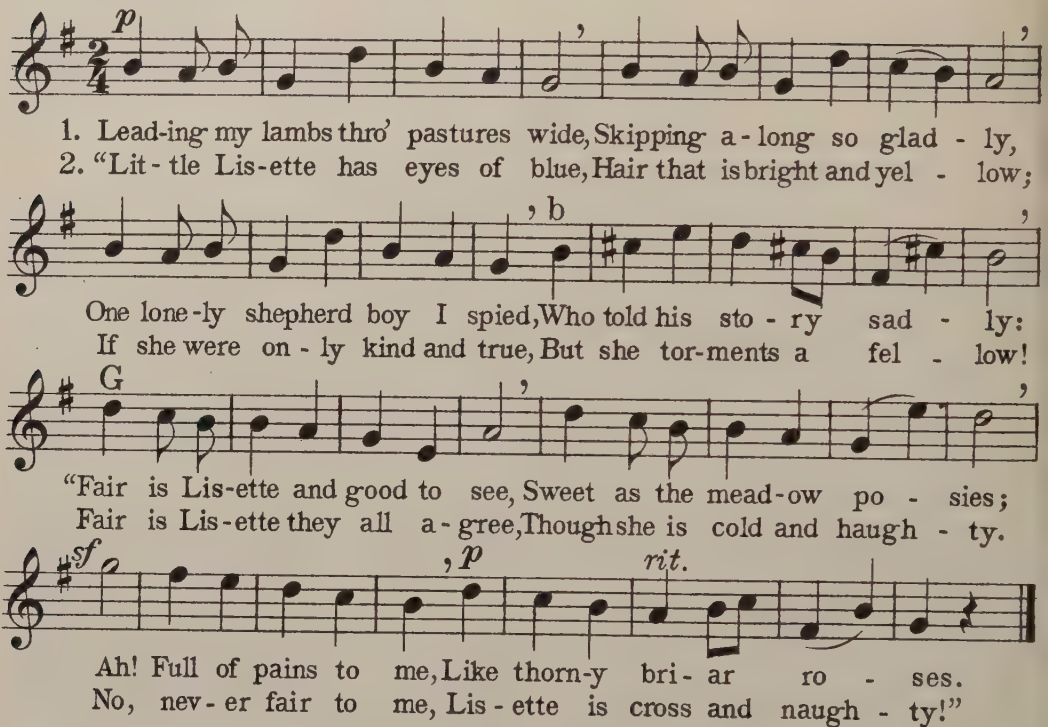
Ancient English Song


From O-ber-on in fair-y-land, The King of Ghosts and
Shad-ows, there, Mad Rob-in, I, at his com-mand, Am
a
sent to view the night sports here. What rev-el rout is
C
kept a-bout In ev-'ry cor-ner where I go? I
will o'er-see and mer-ry be, And make good sport with ho! ho! ho!

Naughty Lisette

Abbie Farwell Brown
From the French

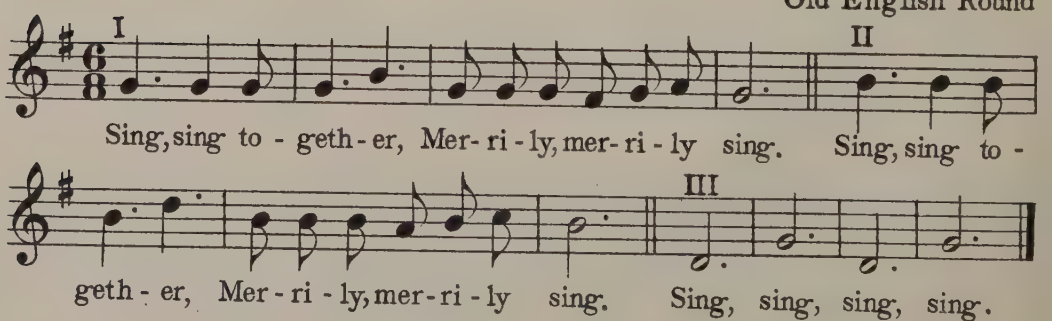
French Folk Song


p
1. Lead-ing my lambs thro' pastures wide, Skipping a-long so glad - ly,
2. "Lit - tle Lis-ette has eyes of blue, Hair that is bright and yel - low;
b
One lone-ly shepherd boy I spied, Who told his sto - ry sad - ly:
If she were on - ly kind and true, But she tor-ments a fel - low!
G
"Fair is Lis-ette and good to see, Sweet as the mead-ow po - sies;
Fair is Lis-ette they all a-gree, Though she is cold and haugh - ty.
sf
p
rit.
Ah! Full of pains to me, Like thorn-y bri - ar ro - ses.
No, nev - er fair to me, Lis - ette is cross and naugh - ty!"

Sing Together

THREE-PART ROUND

Old English Round



The Fisherman's Prayer

Louise M. Bray
From the Swedish

A. M. Myrberg

Poco Allegretto

mf

1. Si - lence o - ver all, while the moon her course is keep - ing,
2. Si - lence on the deep, where the fish-er's boat is ly - ing;

Shin - ing bright and clear out of the mid - night sky;
Wave - lets lap her keel, lightly they sink to rest.

p

Moth - er Earth be - low, 'neath the heav'n-ly blue is sleep - ing,
Sit - ting calm - ly there, gaz - ing in - to space and sigh - ing,

Countless stars are peep - ing from their home on high.
Sweetly sings the boat - man, lulled on o - cean's breast.
hear my prayer!

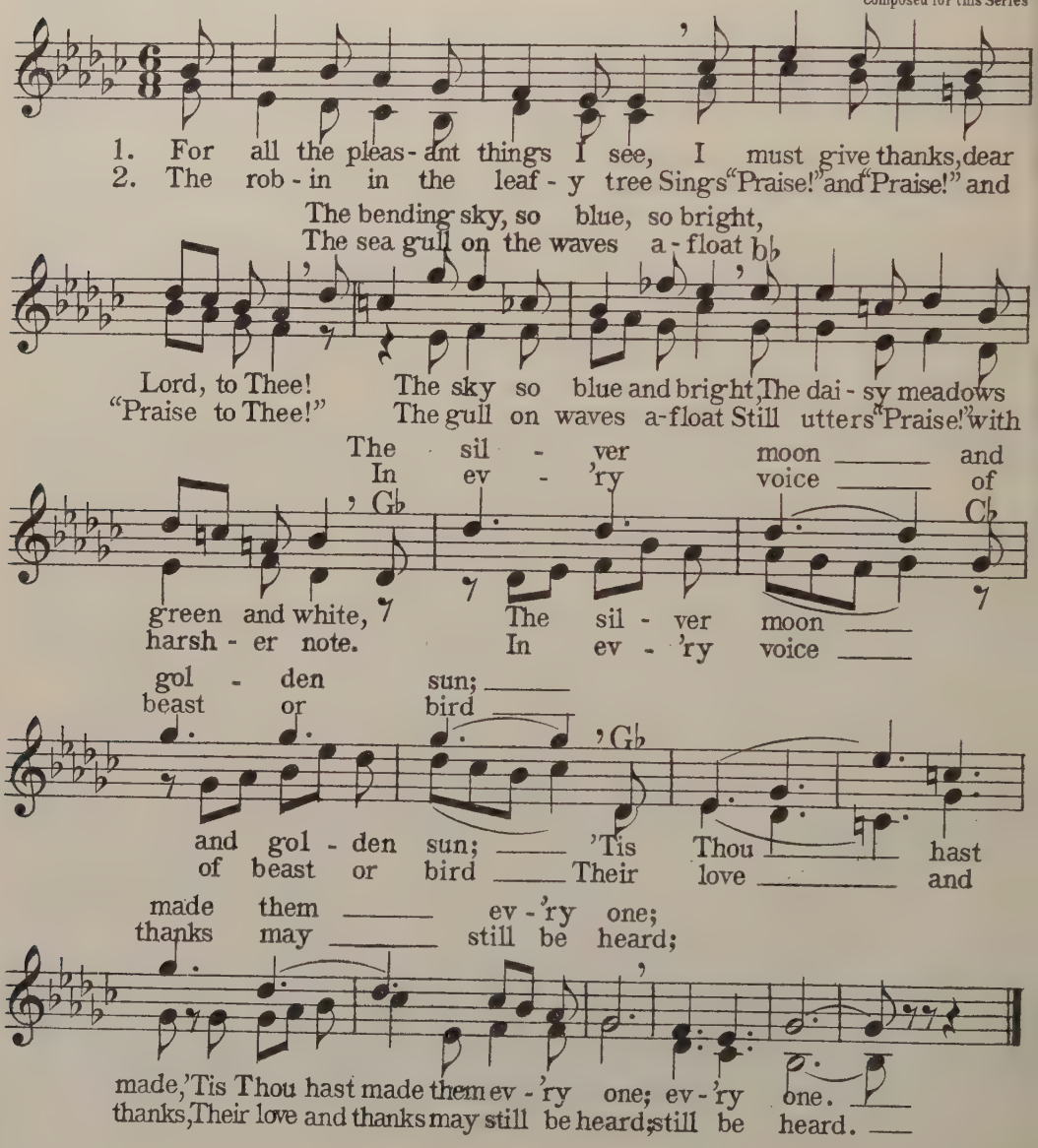
Hear, ho - ly Father, my prayer; ho - ly Fa - ther, hear my prayer!

Fa - ther of fish - er-folk, keep me 'neath thy shelt'ring care.

A Hymn

Laura E. Richards

Horatio Parker
Composed for this Series

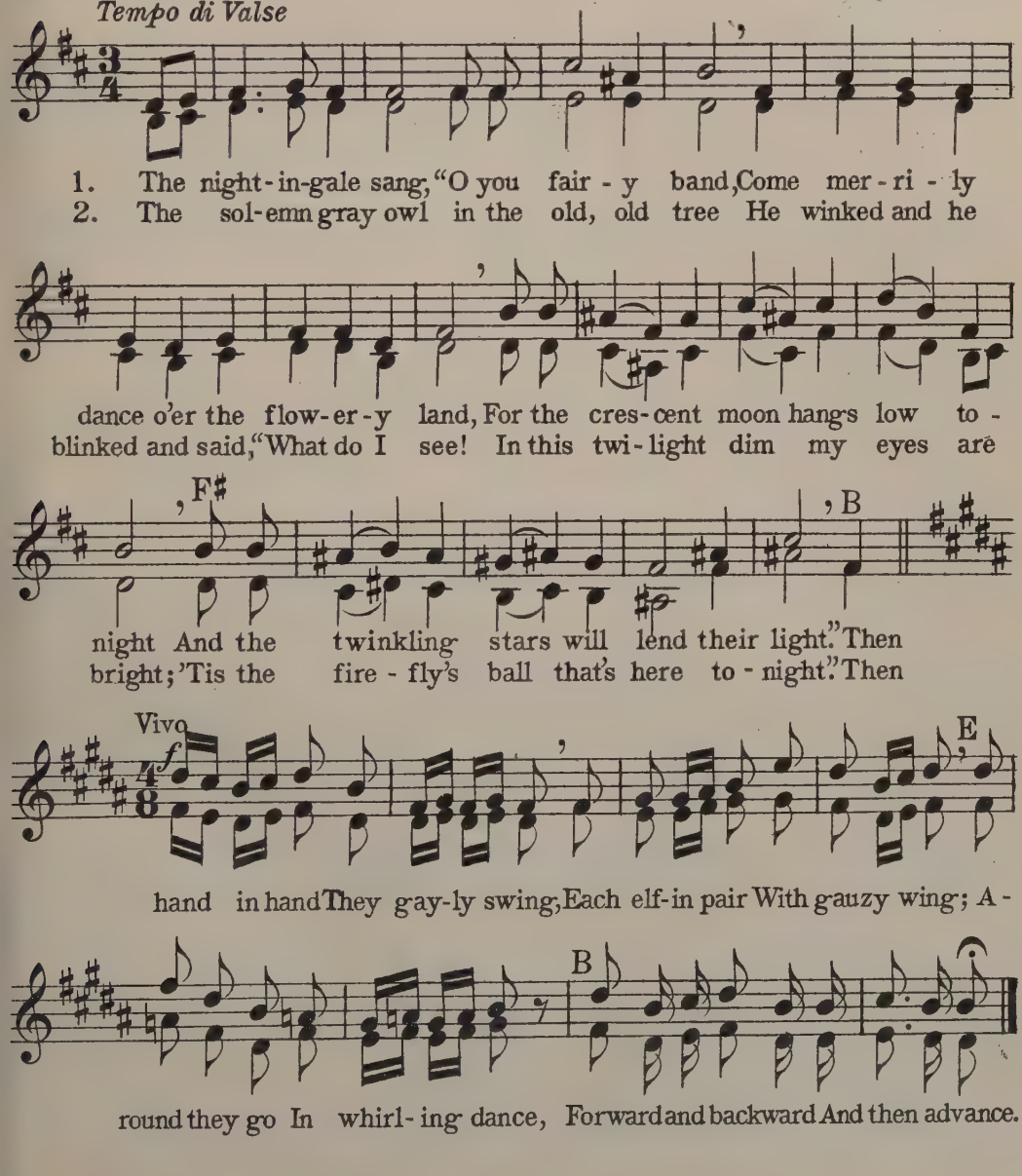

1. For all the pleas - ant things I see, I must give thanks, dear
2. The rob - in in the leaf - y tree Sings "Praise!" and "Praise!" and
The bending sky, so blue, so bright,
The sea gull on the waves a - float
Lord, to Thee!
"Praise to Thee!"
The sky so blue and bright, The dai - sy meadows
The gull on waves a-float Still utters "Praise!" with
The sil - ver moon and
In ev - 'ry voice of
green and white,
harsh - er note.
The sil - ver moon
In ev - 'ry voice
gol - den sun;
beast or bird
and gol - den sun; 'Tis Thou hast
of beast or bird Their love and
made them ev - 'ry one;
thanks may still be heard;
made, 'Tis Thou hast made them ev - 'ry one; ev - 'ry one.
thanks, Their love and thanks may still be heard; still be heard.

The Dance of the Fairies

Ella Broes van Heekern

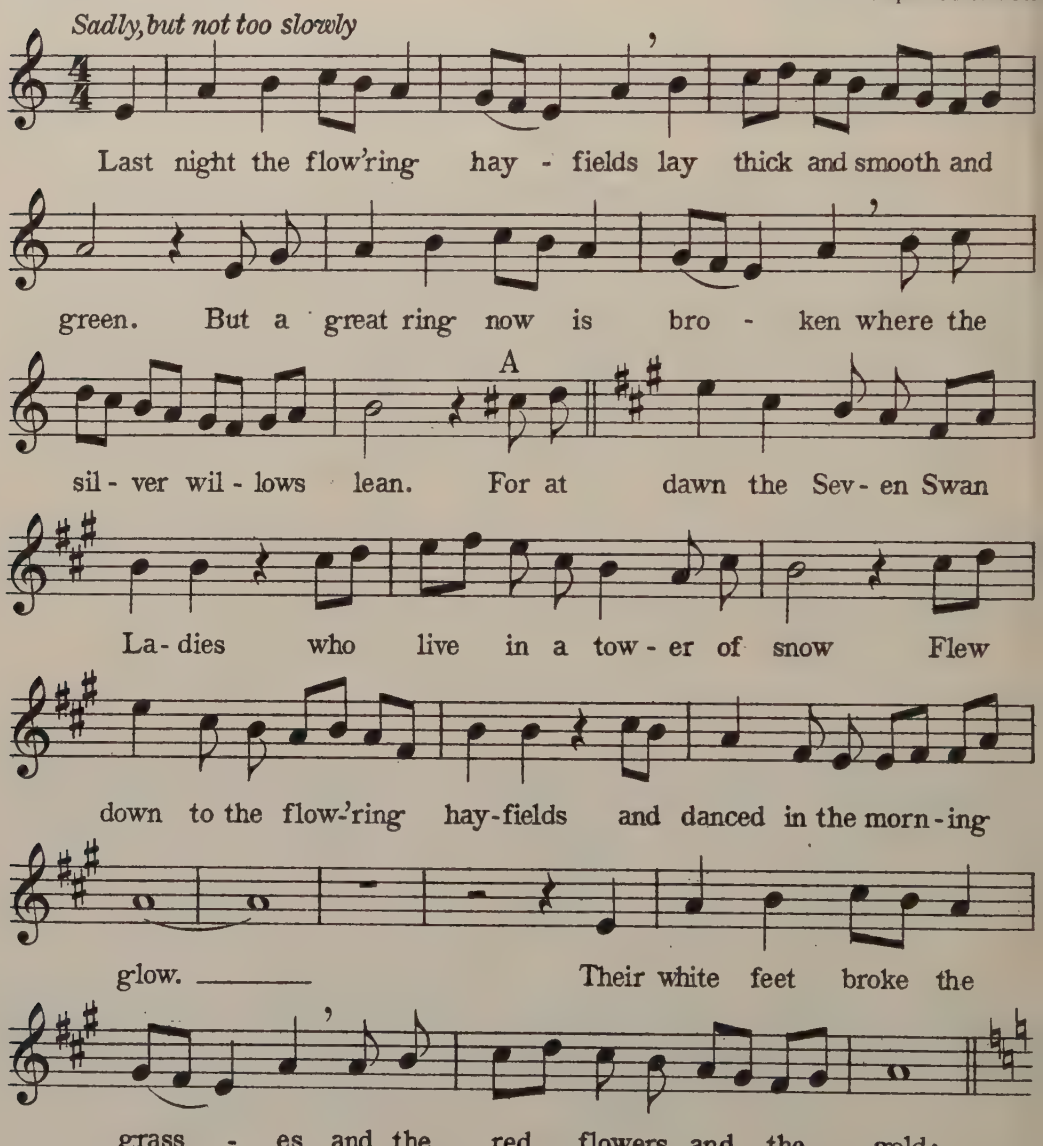
E. R. Kroeger
Composed for this Series

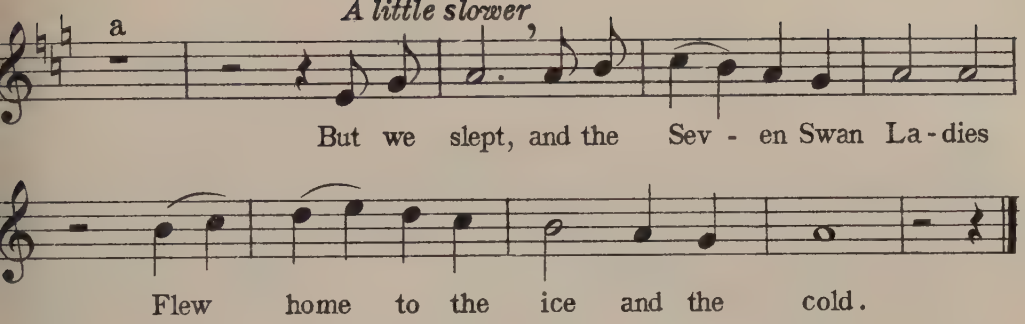
Tempo di Valse


1. The night-in-gale sang, "O you fair - y band, Come mer - ri - ly
2. The sol-emn gray owl in the old, old tree He winked and he
dance o'er the flow-er-y land, For the cres-cent moon hangs low to -
blinked and said, "What do I see! In this twi-light dim my eyes are
F♯
B
night And the twinkling stars will lend their light." Then
bright; 'Tis the fire - fly's ball that's here to - night." Then
Vivo
f
E
hand in hand They gay-ly swing; Each elf-in pair With gauzy wing; A -
B
round they go In whirl-ing dance, Forward and backward And then advance.

The Seven Swan Ladies

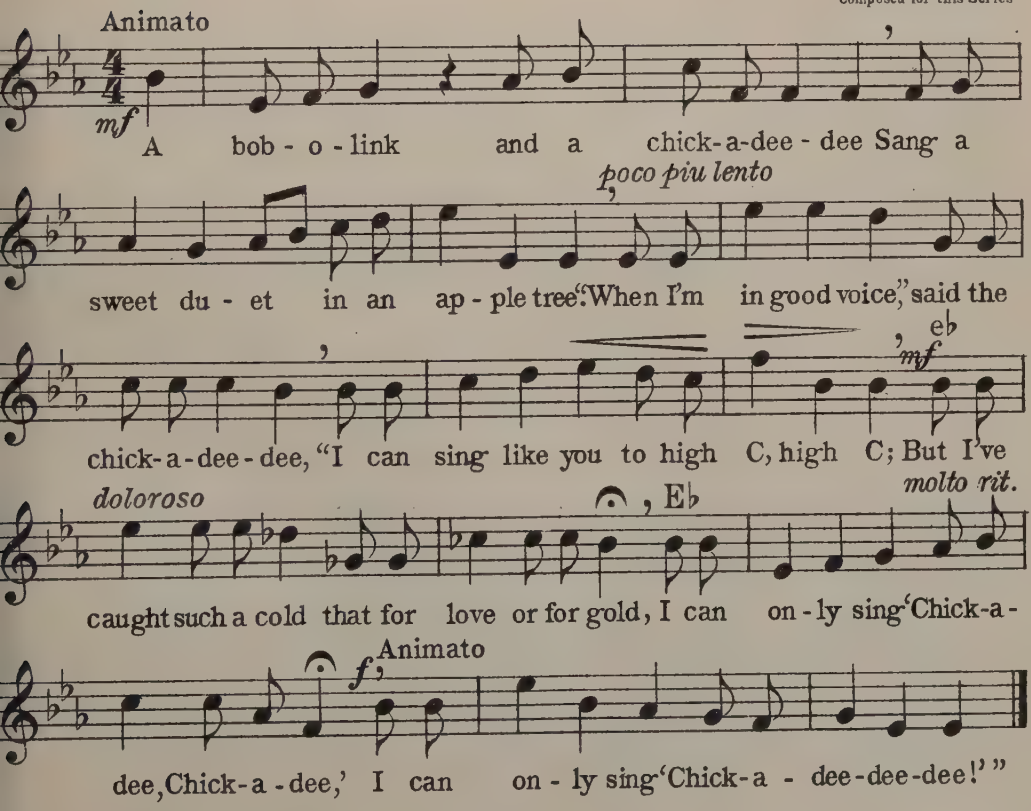
Richard Aldington — Walter Morse Rummel
Composed for this Series


Sadly, but not too slowly
Last night the flow'ring hay - fields lay thick and smooth and
green. But a great ring now is bro - ken where the
A
sil - ver wil - lows lean. For at dawn the Sev - en Swan
La - dies who live in a tow - er of snow Flew
down to the flow'ring hay-fields and danced in the morn - ing
glow. Their white feet broke the
grass - es and the red flowers and the gold;



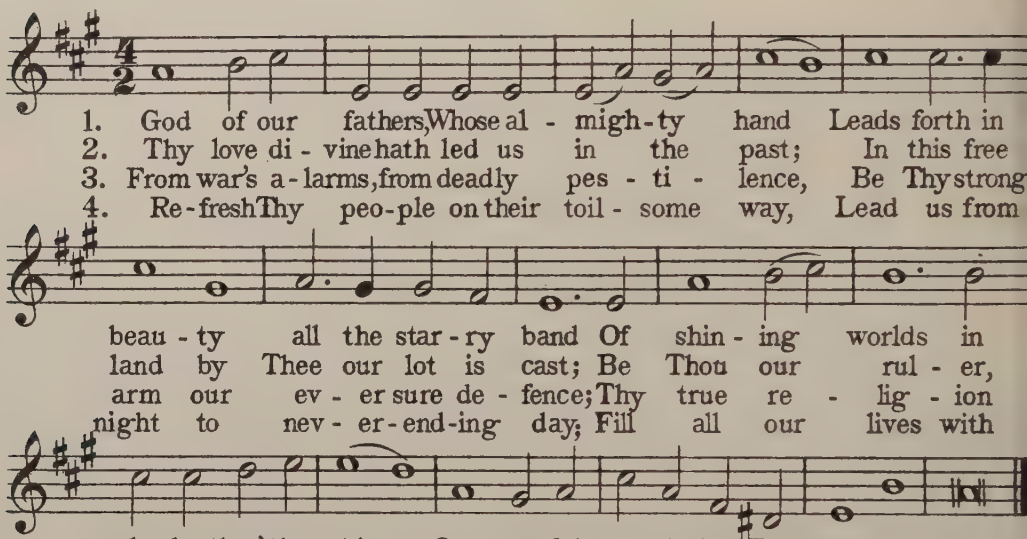
A Tree-Top Duet

Marshall Bartholomew
Composed for this Series


Animato
mf
A bob - o - link and a chick-a-dee - dee Sang a
poco piu lento
sweet du - et in an ap - ple tree. "When I'm in good voice," said the
mf
chick-a-dee-dee, "I can sing like you to high C, high C; But I've
doloroso
molto rit.
caught such a cold that for love or for gold, I can on - ly sing 'Chick-a-
f
Animato
dee, Chick-a-dee,' I can on - ly sing 'Chick-a - dee-dee-dee!'"

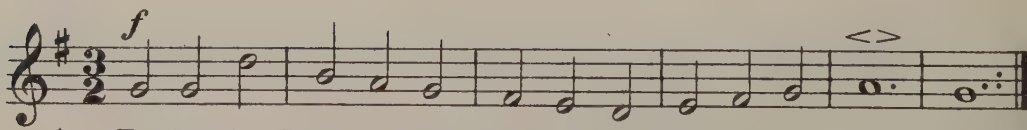
National Hymn

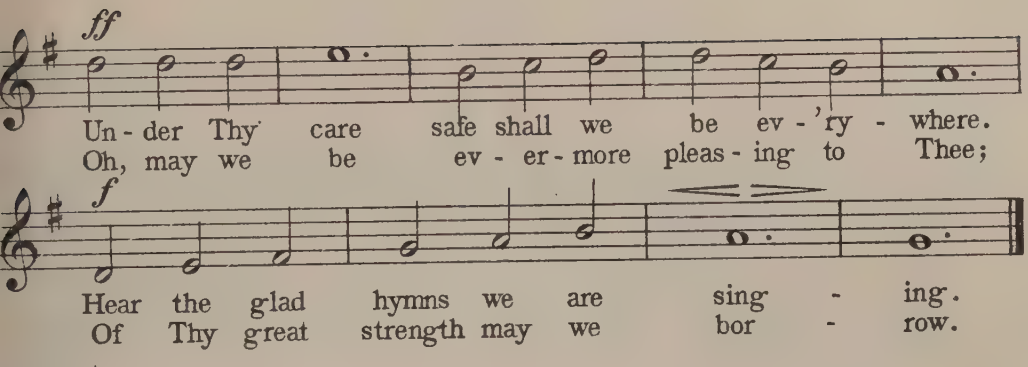
D. C. Roberts — Horatio Parker


1. God of our fathers, Whose al - migh-ty hand Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band Of shin - ing worlds in splendor thro' the skies, Our grateful songs before Thy throne a - rise.
2. Thy love di - vine hath led us in the past; In this free land by Thee our lot is cast; Be Thou our rul - er, guardian, guide, and stay, Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.
3. From war's a - larms, from deadly pes - ti - lence, Be Thy strong arm our ev - er sure de - fence; Thy true re - lig - ion in our hearts in - crease, Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.
4. Re - fresh Thy peo - ple on their toil - some way, Lead us from night to nev - er - end - ing day; Fill all our lives with love and grace di - vine, And glo - ry, laud, and praise be ev - er Thine.

Evening Hymn

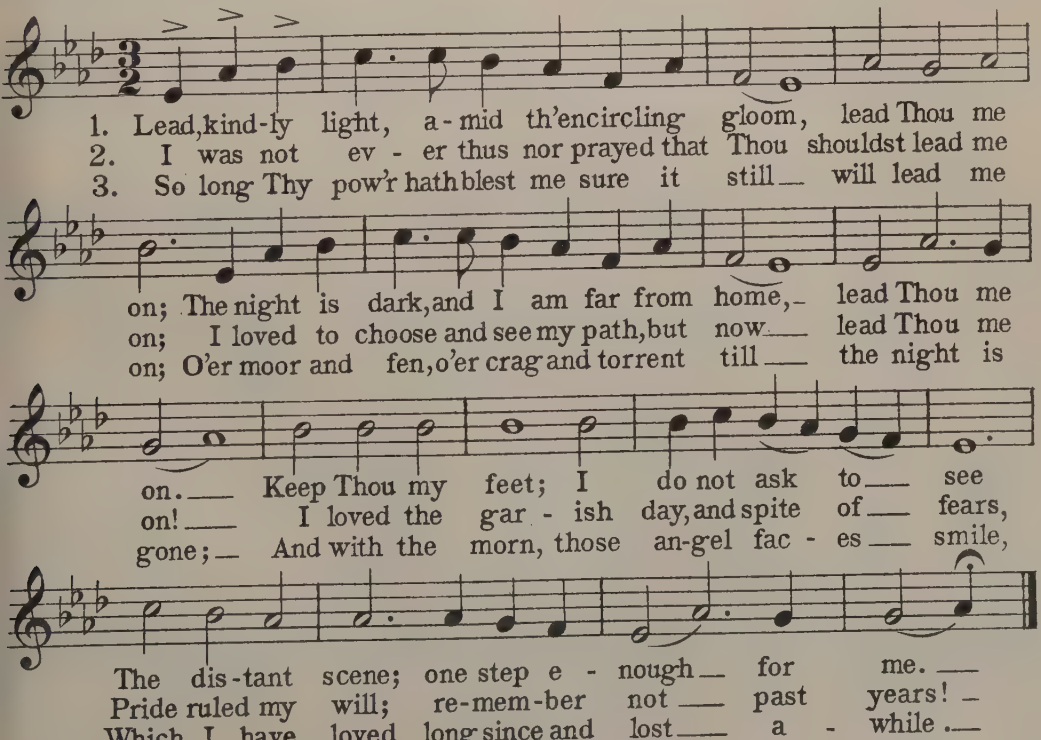
Nellie Poorman — J. Neander


f
1. Fa-ther in Heav-en, our voic-es are joy-ful-ly ring - ing; For all Thy kind-ness our thanks we are grate-ful-ly bring - ing;
2. Give us, O Fa-ther, the will to do right on the mor - row; Thought-ful and lov - ing, may we bring our comrades no sor - row.


ff
Un - der Thy care safe shall we be ev - 'ry - where.
Oh, may we be ev - er - more pleas - ing to Thee;
f
Hear the glad hymns we are sing - ing.
Of Thy great strength may we bor - row.

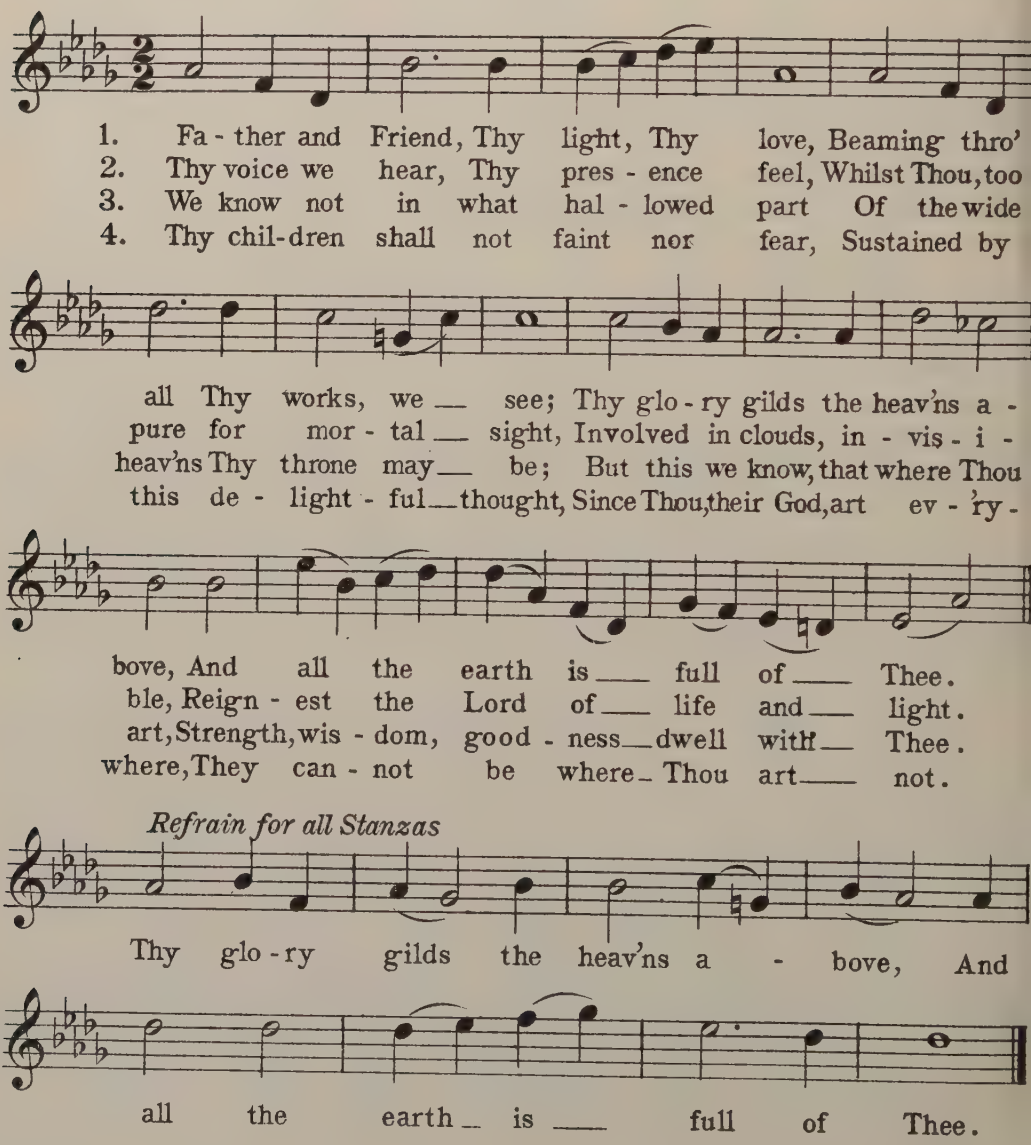
Lead, Kindly Light

John Henry Newman — John B. Dykes


1. Lead, kind-ly light, a-mid th'encircling gloom, lead Thou me
2. I was not ev - er thus nor prayed that Thou shouldst lead me
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me sure it still will lead me
on; The night is dark, and I am far from home, lead Thou me
on; I loved to choose and see my path, but now lead Thou me
on; O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till the night is
on. Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
on! I loved the gar - ish day, and spite of fears,
gone; And with the morn, those an-gel fac - es smile,
The dis-tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will; re-mem-ber not past years!
Which I have loved long since and lost a - while.

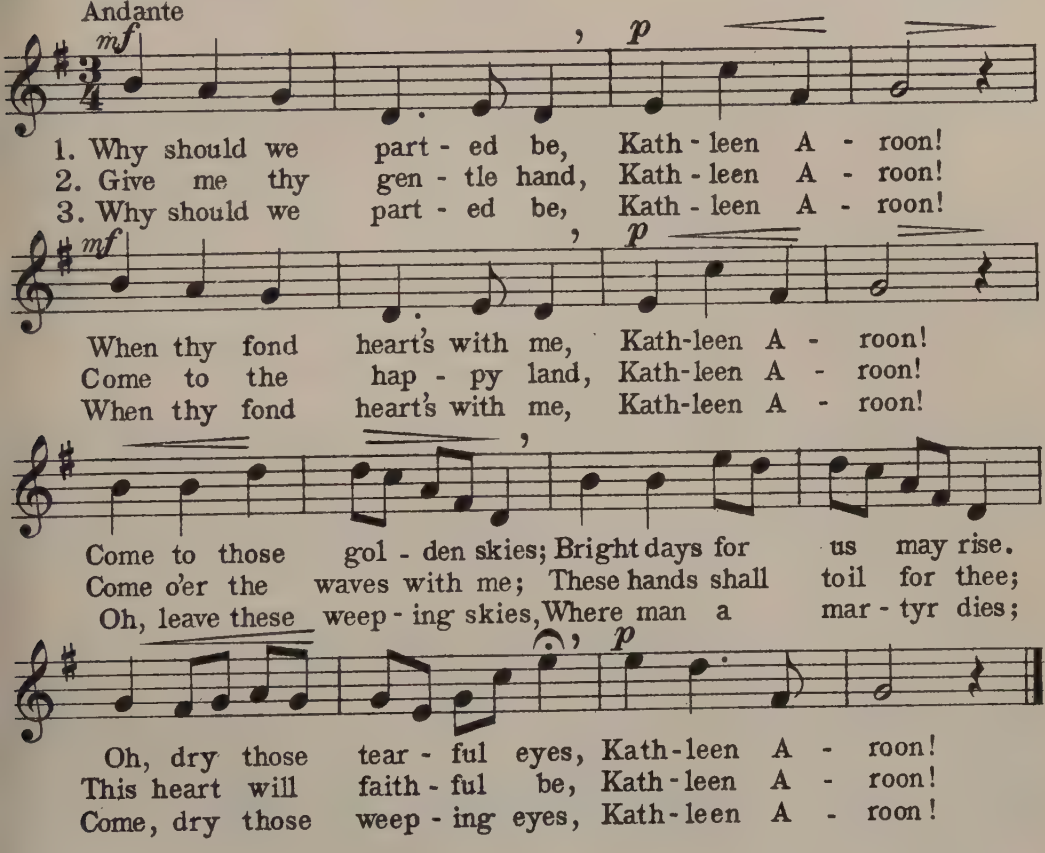
Father and Friend

John Bowring — Horatio Parker


1. Fa - ther and Friend, Thy light, Thy love, Beaming thro'
2. Thy voice we hear, Thy pres - ence feel, Whilst Thou, too
3. We know not in what hal - lowed part Of the wide
4. Thy chil-dren shall not faint nor fear, Sustained by
all Thy works, we see; Thy glo - ry gilds the heav'ns a -
pure for mor - tal sight, Involved in clouds, in - vis - i -
heav'ns Thy throne may be; But this we know, that where Thou
this de - light - ful thought, Since Thou, their God, art ev - 'ry -
bove, And all the earth is full of Thee.
ble, Reign - est the Lord of life and light.
art, Strength, wis - dom, good - ness dwell with Thee.
where, They can - not be where Thou art not.
Refrain for all Stanzas
Thy glo - ry gilds the heav'ns a - bove, And
all the earth is full of Thee.

Kathleen Aroon

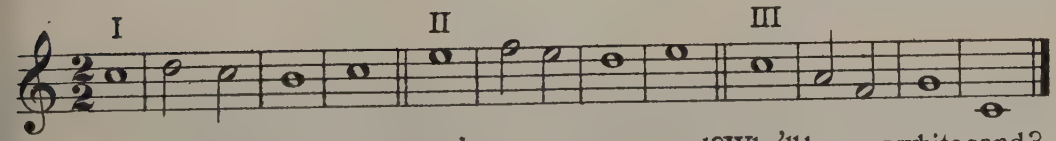
Mrs. Crawford — Franz Abt

Andante

mf
p
1. Why should we part - ed be, Kath - leen A - roon!
2. Give me thy gen - tle hand, Kath - leen A - roon!
3. Why should we part - ed be, Kath - leen A - roon!
mf
p
When thy fond heart's with me, Kath-leen A - roon!
Come to the hap - py land, Kath-leen A - roon!
When thy fond heart's with me, Kath-leen A - roon!
Come to those gol - den skies; Bright days for us may rise.
Come o'er the waves with me; These hands shall toil for thee;
Oh, leave these weep - ing skies, Where man a mar - tyr dies;
p
Oh, dry those tear - ful eyes, Kath-leen A - roon!
This heart will faith - ful be, Kath-leen A - roon!
Come, dry those weep - ing eyes, Kath-leen A - roon!

White Sand and Gray

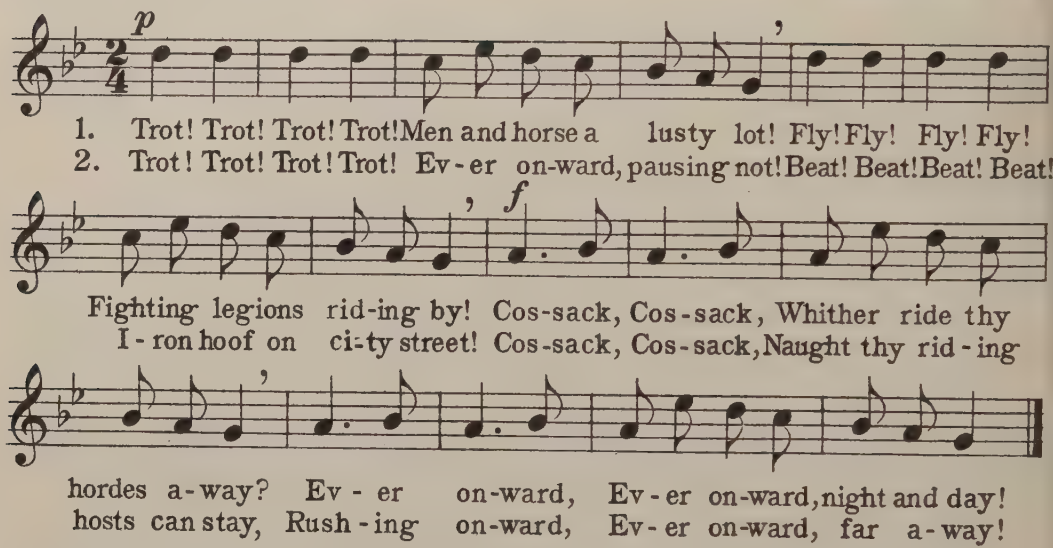
THREE-PART ROUND

Old English Round



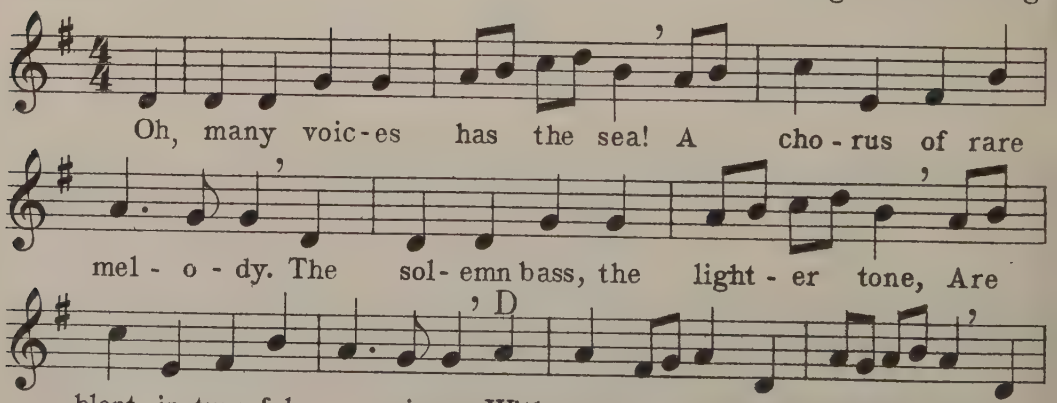
Cossack Song

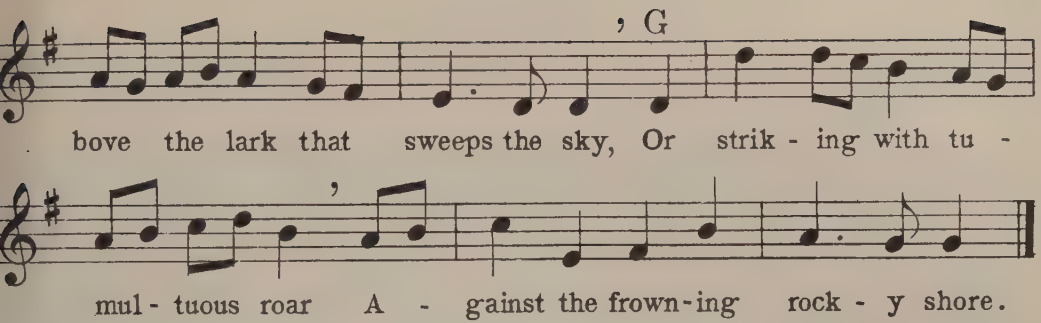
Seymour Barnard — Russian Folk Song


p
1. Trot! Trot! Trot! Trot! Men and horse a lusty lot! Fly! Fly! Fly! Fly!
2. Trot! Trot! Trot! Trot! Ev-er on-ward, pausing not! Beat! Beat! Beat! Beat!
f
Fighting legions rid-ing by! Cos-sack, Cos-sack, Whither ride thy
I-ron hoof on ci-ty street! Cos-sack, Cos-sack, Naught thy rid-ing
hordes a-way? Ev-er on-ward, Ev-er on-ward, night and day!
hosts can stay, Rush-ing on-ward, Ev-er on-ward, far a-way!

The Singers of the Sea

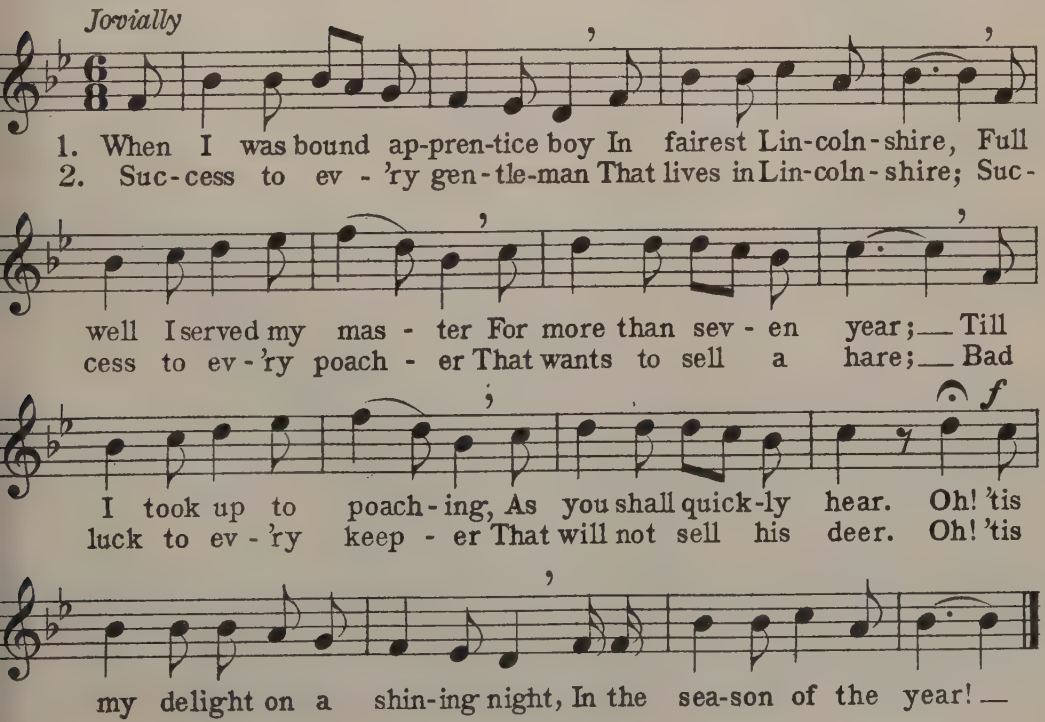
Josephine Pollard — English Folk Song


Oh, many voic-es has the sea! A cho-rus of rare
mel-o-dy. The sol-emn bass, the light-er tone, Are
D
blent in tune-ful u-ni-son, With-out a dis-cord; sounding high A-



The Lincolnshire Poacher

Traditional — English Folk Song

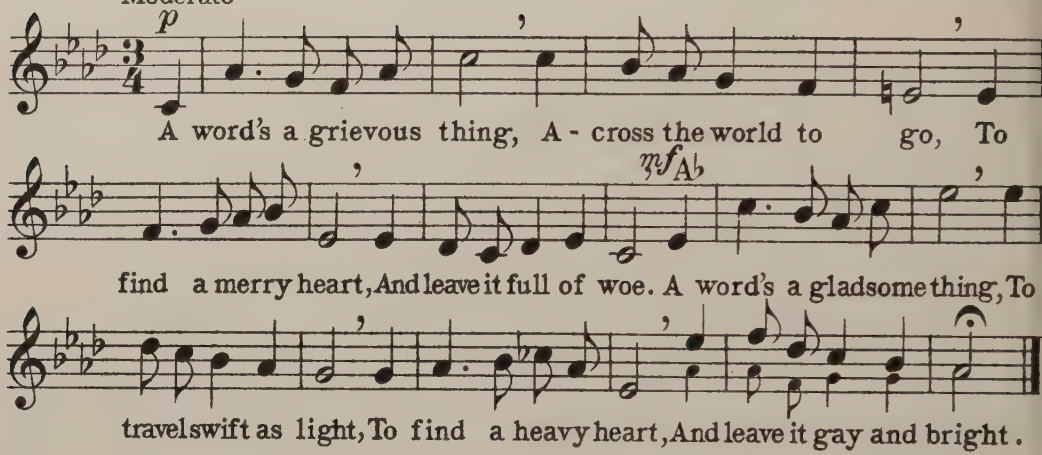

Jovially
1. When I was bound ap-pren-tice boy In fairest Lin-coln-shire, Full
2. Suc-cess to ev - 'ry gen-tle-man That lives in Lin-coln-shire; Suc-
well I served my mas - ter For more than sev - en year; Till
cess to ev-'ry poach - er That wants to sell a hare; Bad
I took up to poach-ing, As you shall quick-ly hear. Oh! 'tis
luck to ev - 'ry keep - er That will not sell his deer. Oh! 'tis
my delight on a shin-ing night, In the sea-son of the year!
f

A Word

May Morgan

Peter Christian Lutkin
Composed for this Series

Moderato

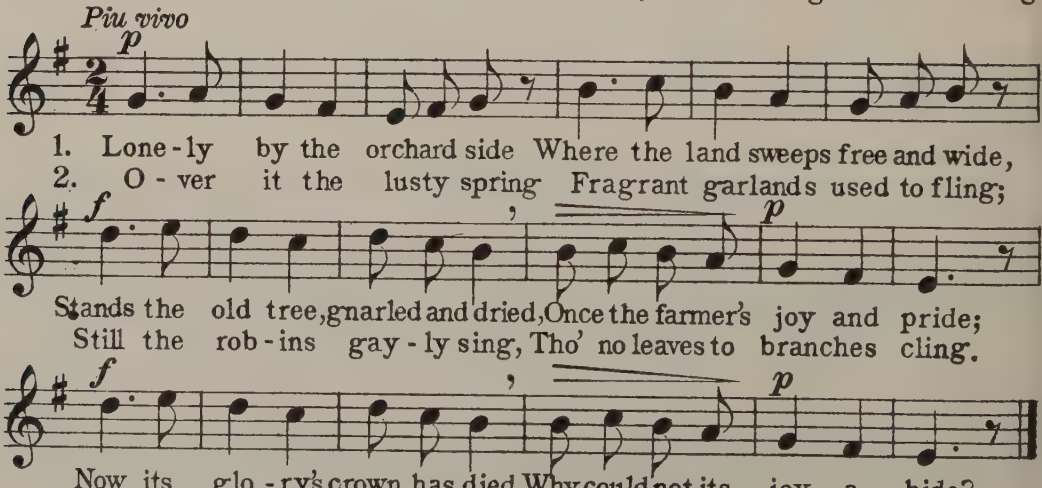

p
A word's a grievous thing, A - cross the world to go, To
mf Ab
find a merry heart, And leave it full of woe. A word's a gladsome thing, To
travel swift as light, To find a heavy heart, And leave it gay and bright.

The Old Apple Tree

Nathan Haskell Dole

Hungarian Folk Song

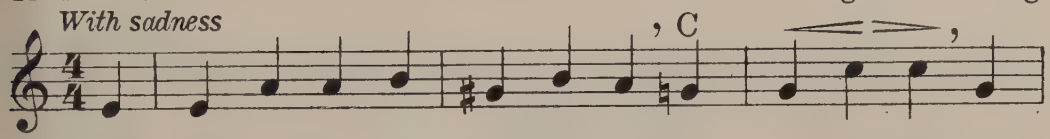
Piu vivo


p
1. Lone - ly by the orchard side Where the land sweeps free and wide,
2. O - ver it the lusty spring Fragrant garlands used to fling;
f
p
Stands the old tree, gnarled and dried, Once the farmer's joy and pride;
Still the rob - ins gay - ly sing, Tho' no leaves to branches cling.
f
p
Now its glo - ry's crown has died. Why could not its joy a - bide?
Now 'tis on - ly good to bring To the fire-place, poor old thing!

The Nightingale

Traditional — English Folk Song

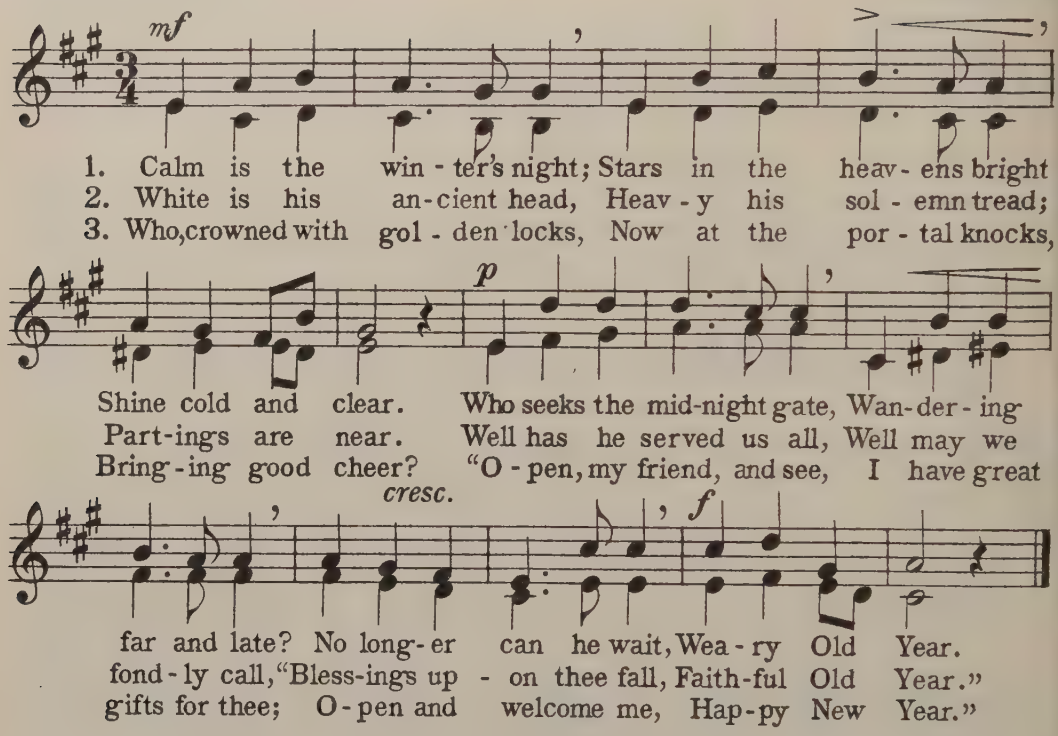
With sadness



1. My love he was a farmer's son, hm, hm, hm, hm, When first my ten-der heart he won, hm, hm, hm, hm; His love to me he did re-veal, hm, hm, hm, hm, But lit-tle tho't of the Night-in-gale.
2. His fa-ther did con-trive it so, hm, hm, hm, hm, That this young lad to sea should go, hm, hm, hm, hm; He told the press-gang not to fail, hm, hm, hm, hm, To press my love for the Night-in-gale.
3. The four-teenth of No-vem-ber last, hm, hm, hm, hm, The wind it blew a bit-ter blast, hm, hm, hm, hm; My love was in the dreadful gale, hm, hm, hm, hm, And he went down in the Night-in-gale.
4. The ver-y night my love was lost, hm, hm, hm, hm, Ap-peared to me his dead-ly ghost, hm, hm, hm, hm, In vis-age pale, hm, hm, hm, hm, And told his fate in the Night-in-gale.
5. "O love-ly Nan-cy, cease surprise, hm, hm, hm, hm, In Bis-cay's Bay my bo-dy lies, hm, hm, hm, hm, With all my mates who once set sail, hm, hm, hm, hm, On board the ill-fat-ed Night-in-gale."
6. I raised my head with star-tled cry, hm, hm, hm, hm, His pal-lid ghost from me did fly, hm, hm, hm, hm; I lit-tle tho't when he set sail, hm, hm, hm, hm, He'd end his days in the Night-in-gale.
7. My fa-ther's dwell-ing I'll for-sake, hm, hm, hm, hm, And far a-way my way I'll take, hm, hm, hm, hm; By lonesome wood or dis-tant vale, hm, hm, hm, hm, I'll mourn his fate in the Night-in-gale.

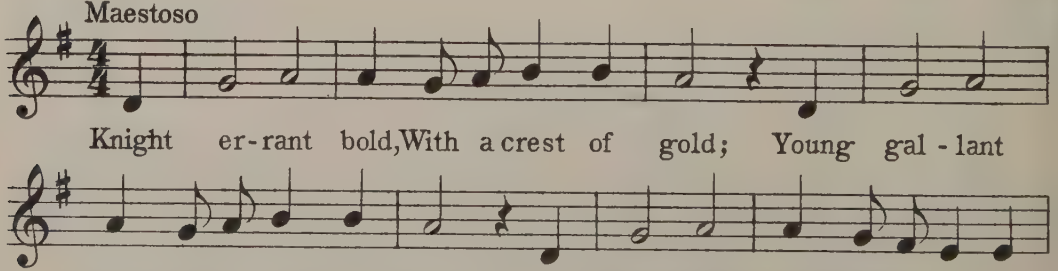
New Year's Song

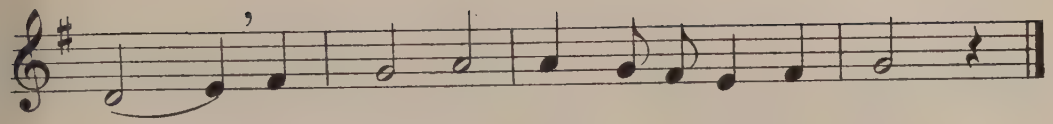
Kate Louise Brown — C. Meister


mf
1. Calm is the win - ter's night; Stars in the heav - ens bright
2. White is his an-cient head, Heav - y his sol - emn tread;
3. Who, crowned with gol - den locks, Now at the por - tal knocks,
p
Shine cold and clear. Who seeks the mid-night gate, Wan-der - ing
Part-ings are near. Well has he served us all, Well may we
Bring - ing good cheer? "O - pen, my friend, and see, I have great
cresc.
f
far and late? No long-er can he wait, Wea - ry Old Year.
fond - ly call, "Bless-ings up - on thee fall, Faith-ful Old Year."
gifts for thee; O - pen and welcome me, Hap-py New Year."

In the Lists

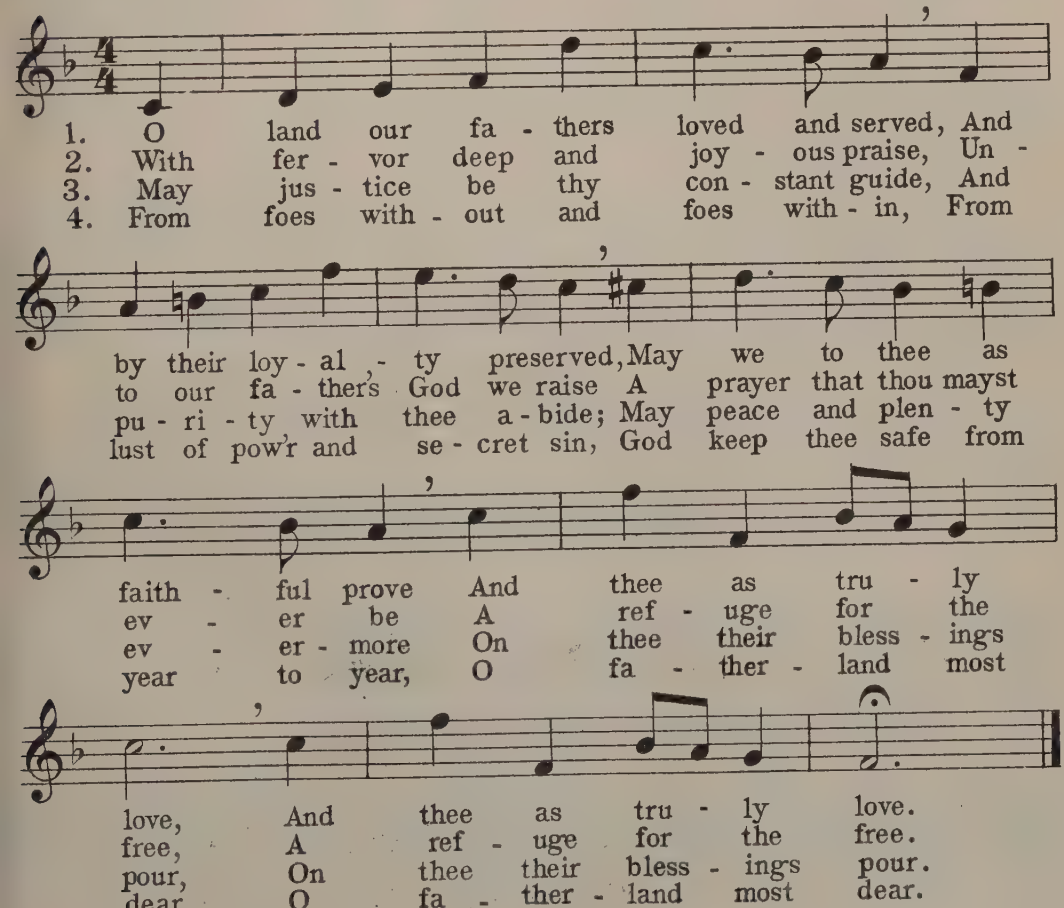
Seymour Barnard — Ancient Gaelic Song


Maestoso
Knight er-rant bold, With a crest of gold; Young gal - lant
gay, With a plume of gray; Or black knight dread With a gui-don



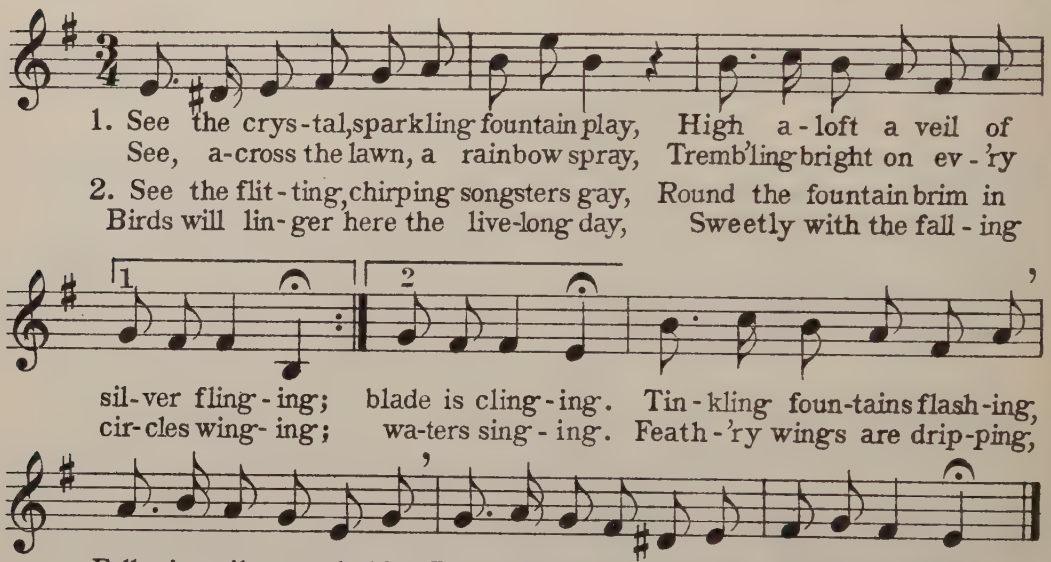
Patriotic Hymn

May Morgan

W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series

1. O land our fa - thers loved and served, And by their loy - al - ty preserved, May we to thee as faith - ful prove And thee as tru - ly love,
2. With fer - vor deep and joy - ous praise, Un - to our fa - ther's God we raise A prayer that thou mayst ev - er be A ref - uge for the free,
3. May jus - tice be thy con - stant guide, And pu - ri - ty with thee a - bide; May peace and plen - ty ev - er - more On thee their bless - ings pour,
4. From foes with - out and foes with - in, From lust of pow'r and se - cret sin, God keep thee safe from year to year, O fa - ther - land most dear.

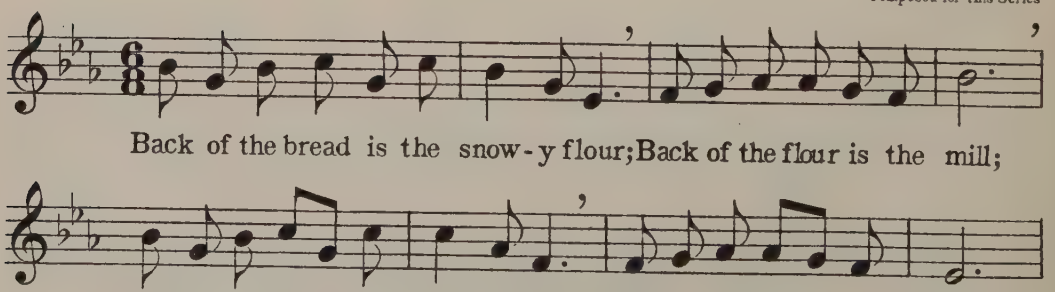
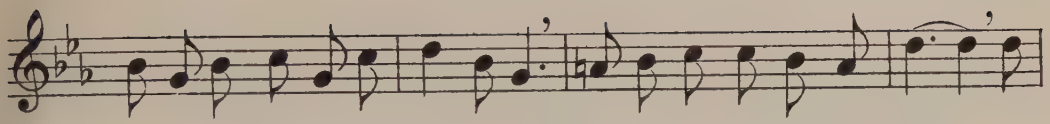
The Fountain and the Birds

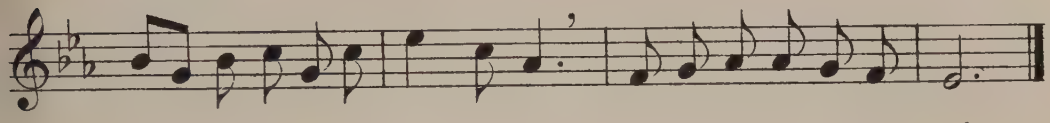
Ethel B. Howard — Swedish Folk Song


1. See the crys-tal, sparkling fountain play, High a-loft a veil of
See, a-cross the lawn, a rainbow spray, Tremb'ling bright on ev-'ry
2. See the flit-ting, chirping songsters gay, Round the fountain brim in
Birds will lin-ger here the live-long day, Sweetly with the fall-ing
1
2
sil-ver fling-ing; blade is cling-ing. Tin-kling foun-tains flash-ing,
cir-cles wing-ing; wa-ters sing-ing. Feath-'ry wings are drip-ping,
Fall in sil-ver splashing, Drops of diamonds dashing In the sun-light.
Dain-ty breasts are dipping, Ti-ny bills are sipping In the sun-light.

Back of the Bread

Peter Christian Lutkin
Composed for this Series

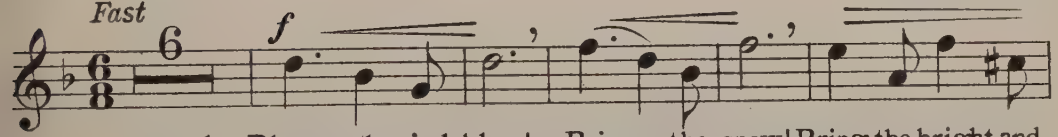


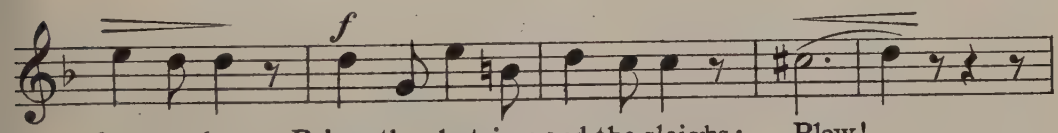


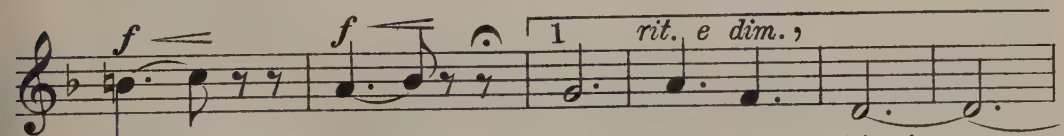
Song of the Winds

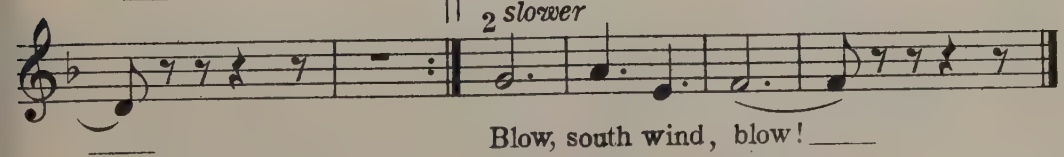
May Morgan

W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series





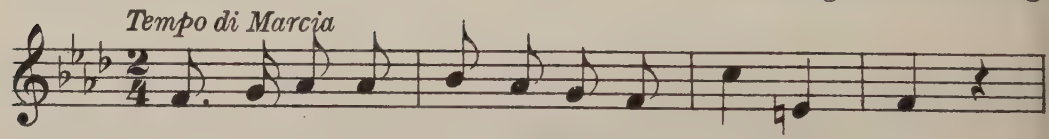




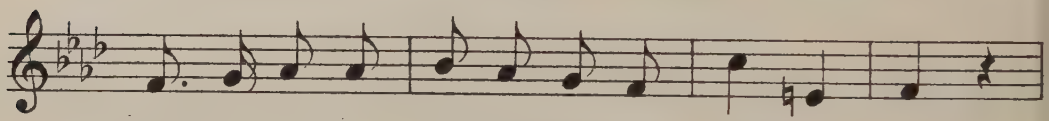
Winter Clouds

Margaret Aliona Dole — Hungarian Folk Song

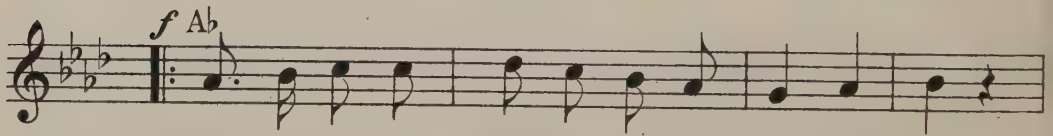
Tempo di Marcia

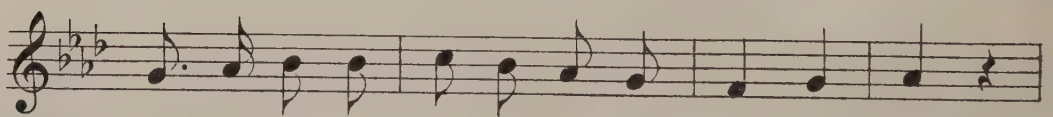


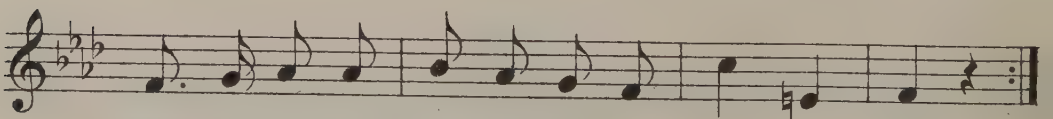
1. Clouds are roll - ing fast a-cross the win - ter sky;
2. How the sun-light fil - ters thro' the clouds of gold,



Balls of film - y down, like swans, are float - ing by—
O - ver val - leys deep and mountains high up - rolled!



Birds, that glide a - long a riv - er, wild and free;
On the fields of snow the creep-ing shad - ows fall,

Or like gulls when rest - ing on a great blue sea;
Shad - ows blue of tree and cloud and moun - tain wall;

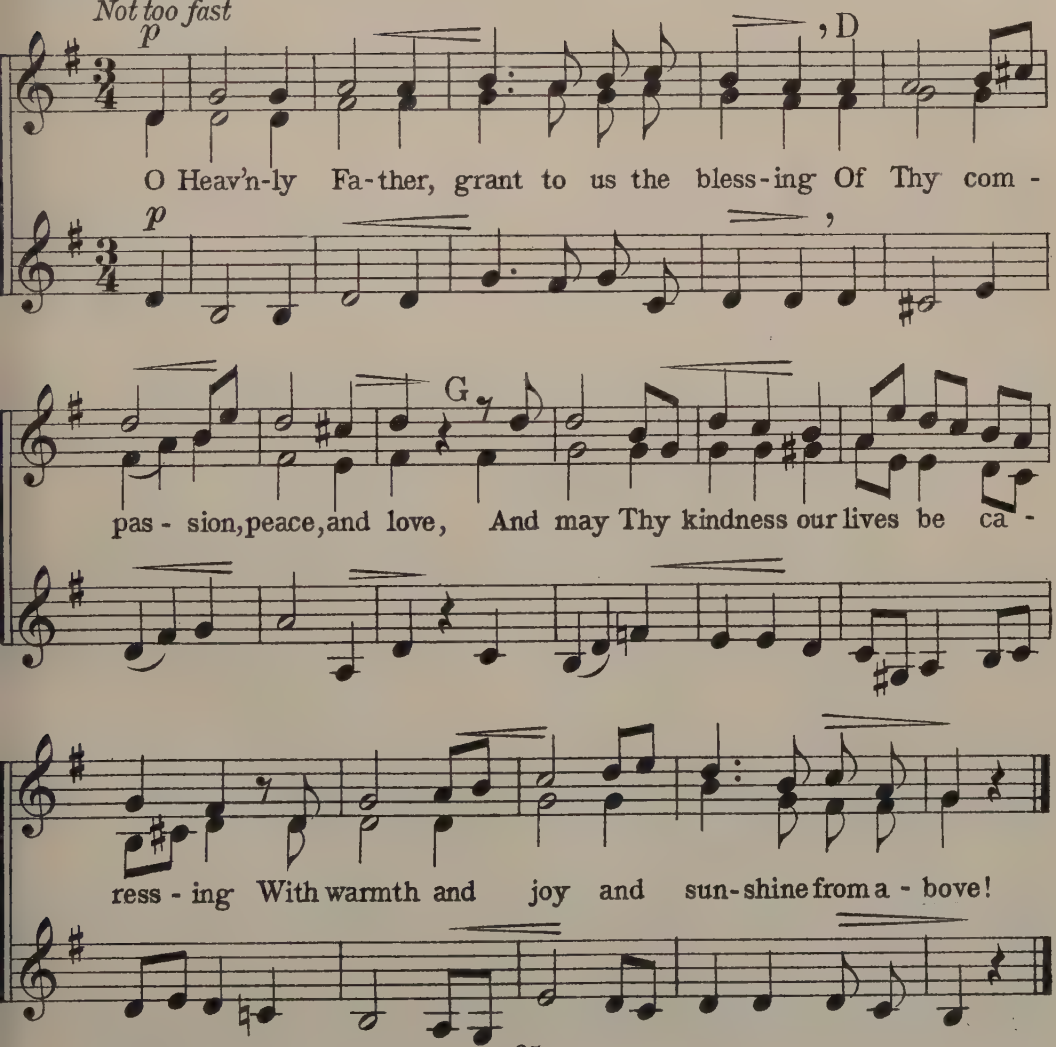


Bright their soft white feath - ers gleam as forth they fly!
Yet the cloud and sky and sun - light are too cold!

Prayer

George Jay Smith — Ludwig van Beethoven

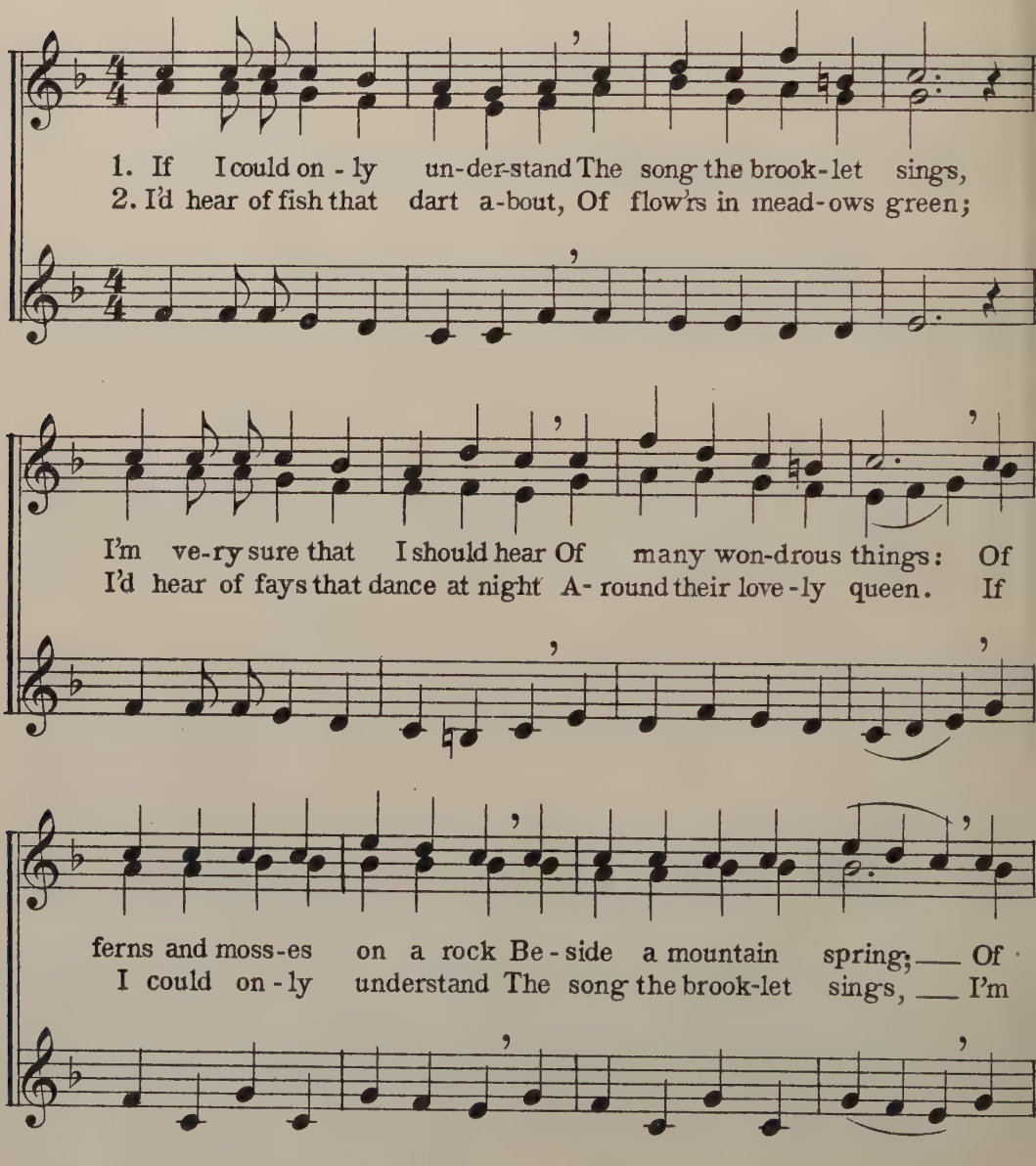
From the German

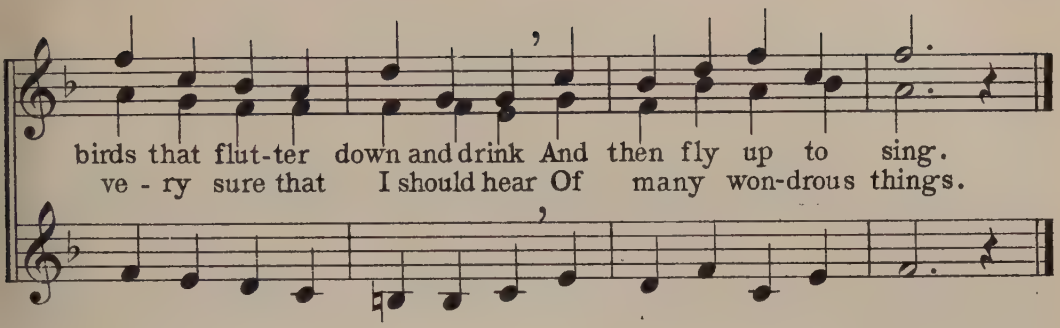

Not too fast
p
D
O Heav'n-ly Fa-ther, grant to us the bless-ing Of Thy com -
p
G
pas - sion, peace, and love, And may Thy kindness our lives be ca -
ress - ing With warmth and joy and sun-shine from a - bove!

Song of the Brook

May Morgan

Paul Bliss
Composed for this Series

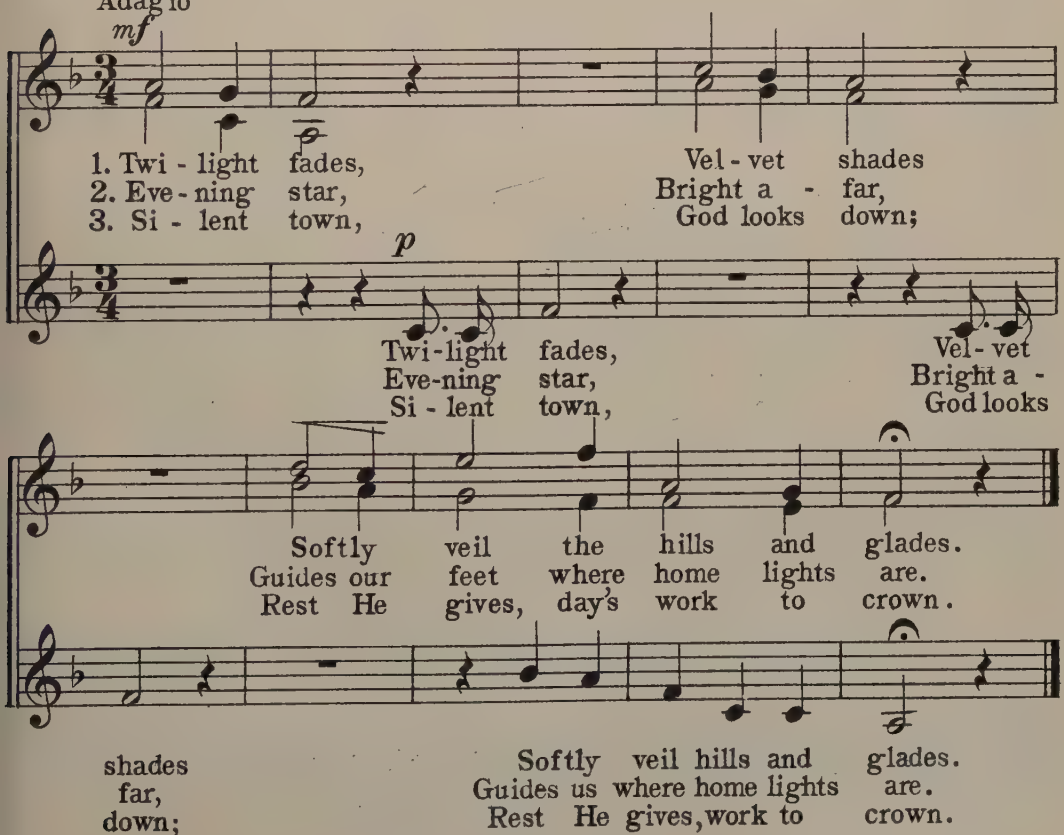

1. If I could on - ly un-der-stand The song the brook-let sings,
2. I'd hear of fish that dart a-bout, Of flow'rs in mead-ows green;
I'm ve-ry sure that I should hear Of many won-drous things: Of
I'd hear of fays that dance at night A- round their love-ly queen. If
ferns and moss-es on a rock Be - side a mountain spring; Of
I could on - ly understand The song the brook-let sings, I'm



Good Night

Ethel B. Howard

H. J. Dryer

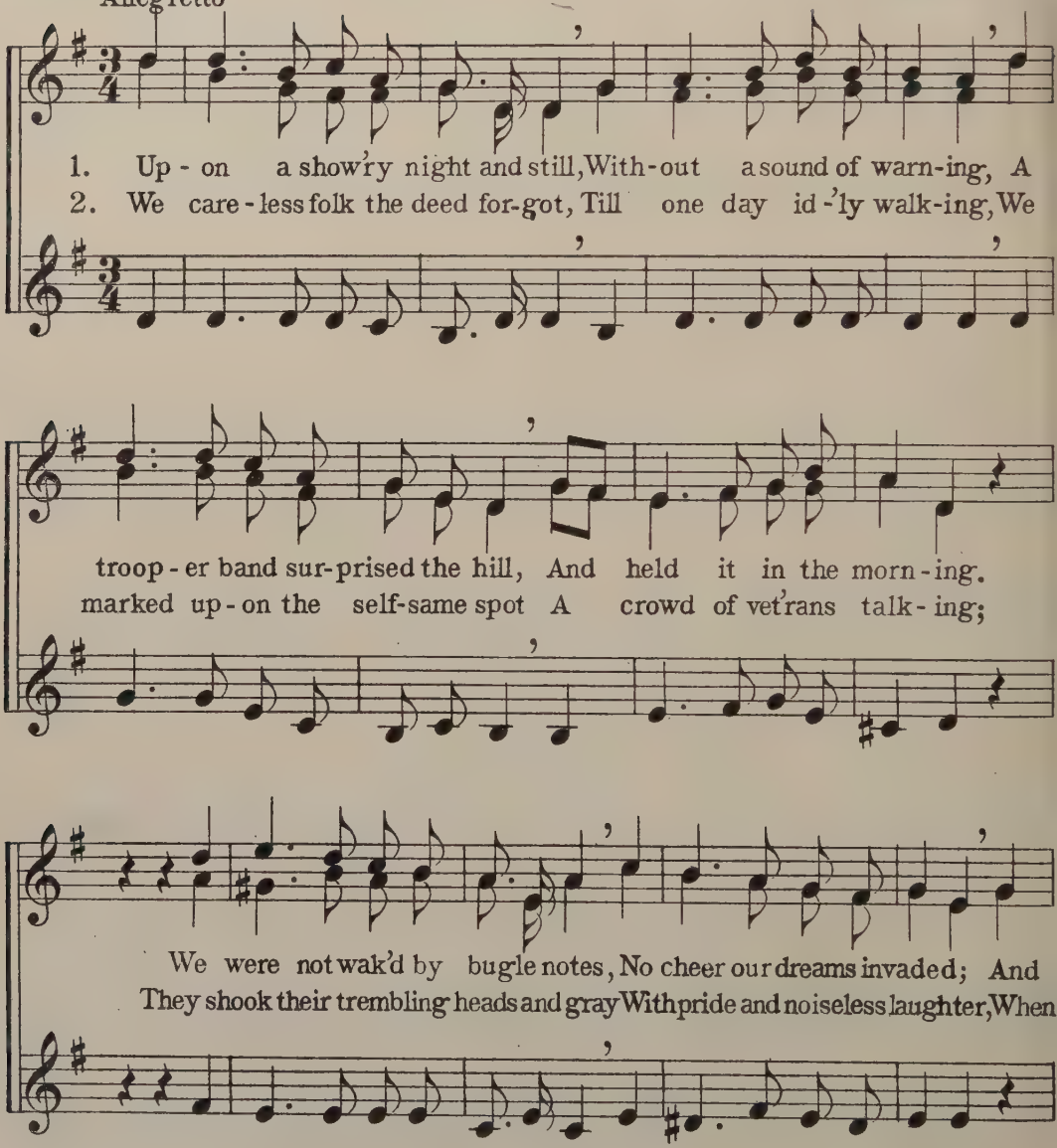


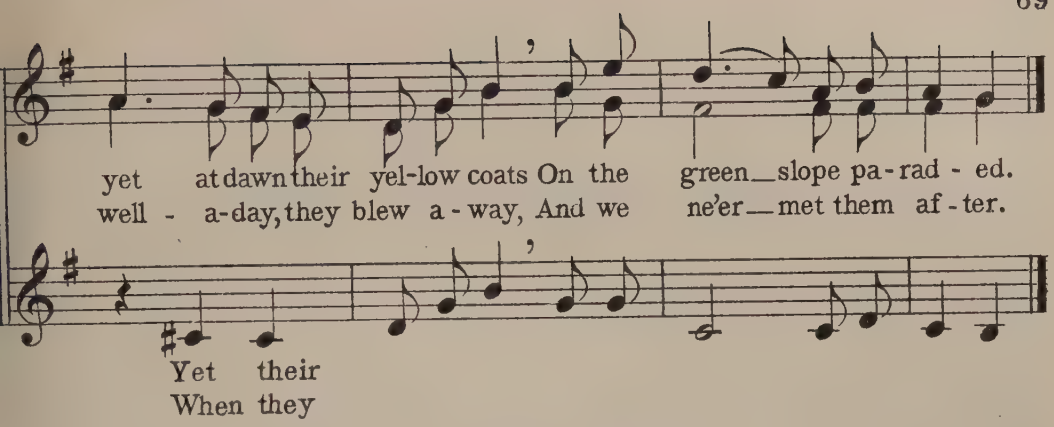
The Dandelions

Helen Gray Cone

George W. Chadwick
Composed for this Series

Allegretto

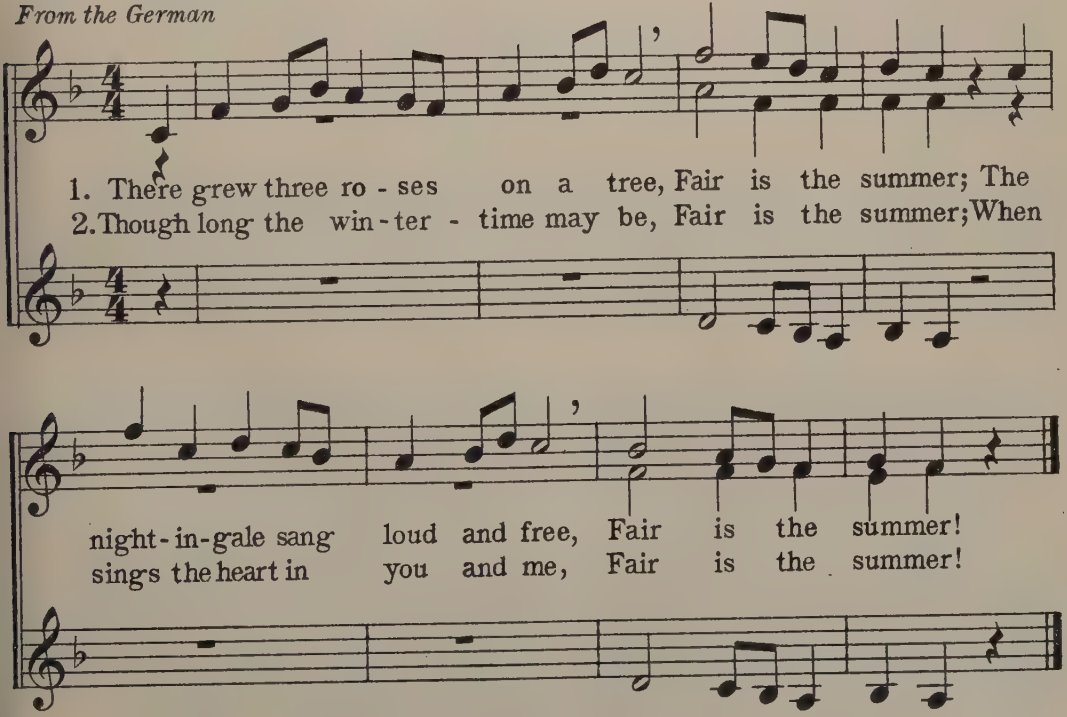

1. Up - on a show'ry night and still, With - out a sound of warn - ing; A troop - er band sur - prised the hill, And held it in the morn - ing.
2. We care - less folk the deed for - got, Till one day id - 'ly walk - ing, We marked up - on the self - same spot A crowd of vet'rans talk - ing;
We were not wak'd by bugle notes, No cheer our dreams invaded; And
They shook their trembling heads and gray With pride and noiseless laughter, When


yet at dawn their yel-low coats On the green slope pa-rad - ed.
well - a-day, they blew a - way, And we ne'er met them af - ter.
Yet their
When they

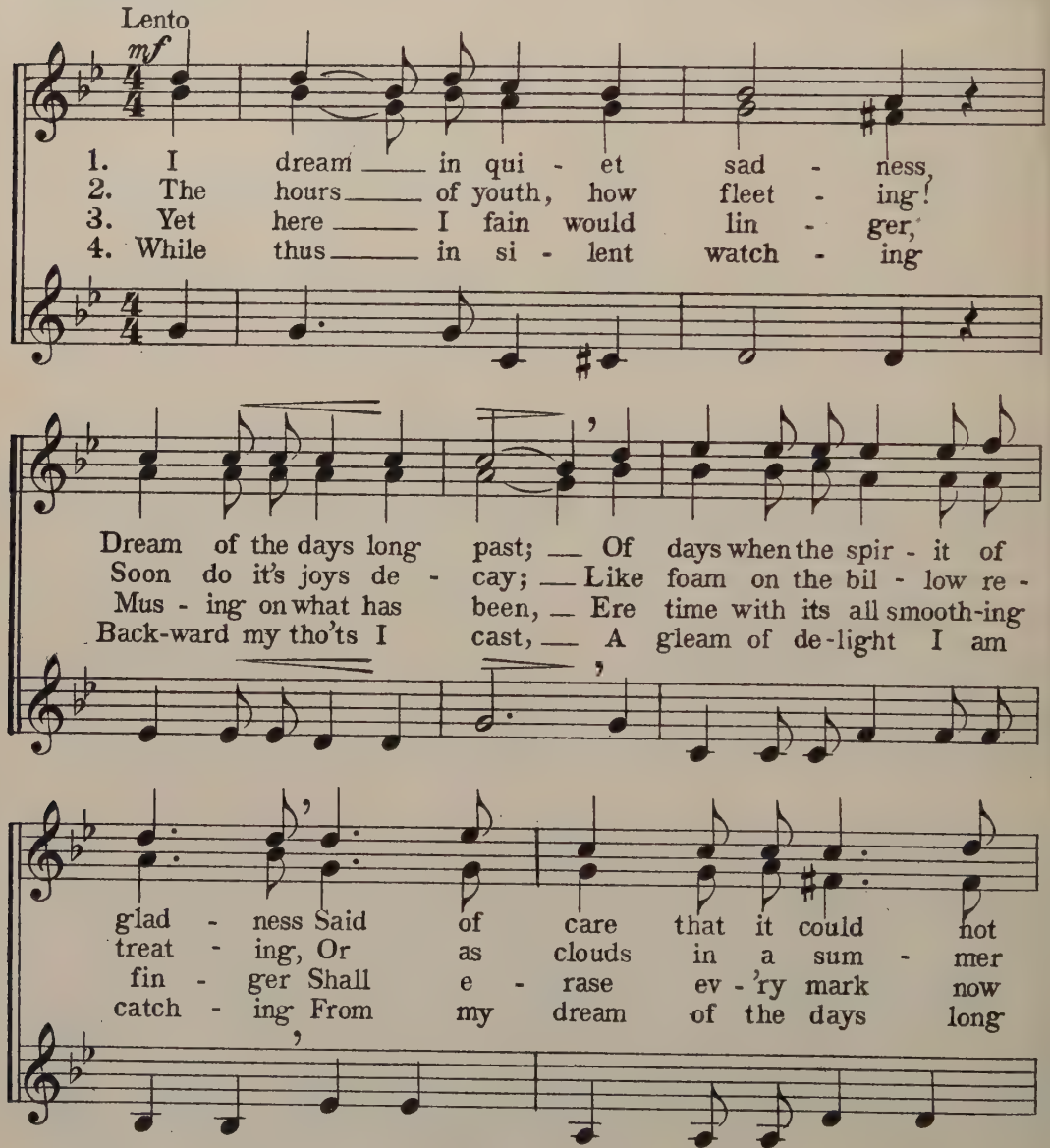
Fair is the Summer

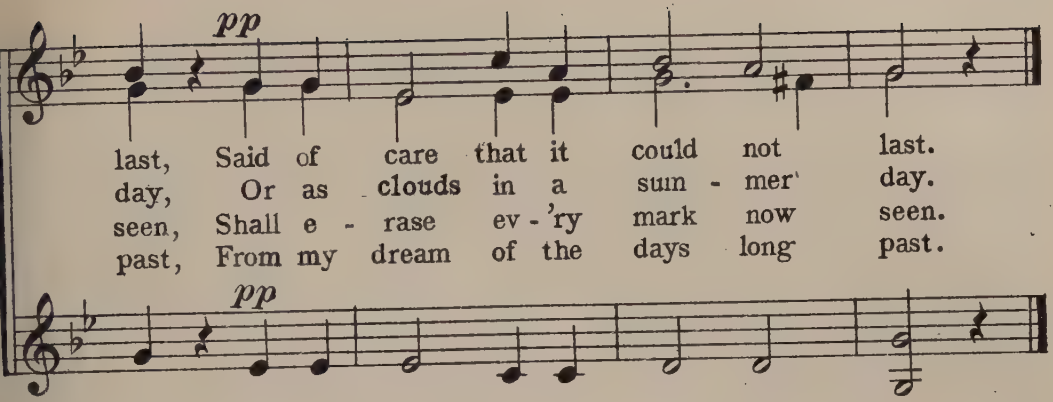
Abbie Farwell Brown
From the German

Old German Minnelied


1. There grew three ro - ses on a tree, Fair is the summer; The
2. Though long the win - ter - time may be, Fair is the summer; When
night - in - gale sang loud and free, Fair is the summer!
sings the heart in you and me, Fair is the summer!

I Dream in Quiet Sadness

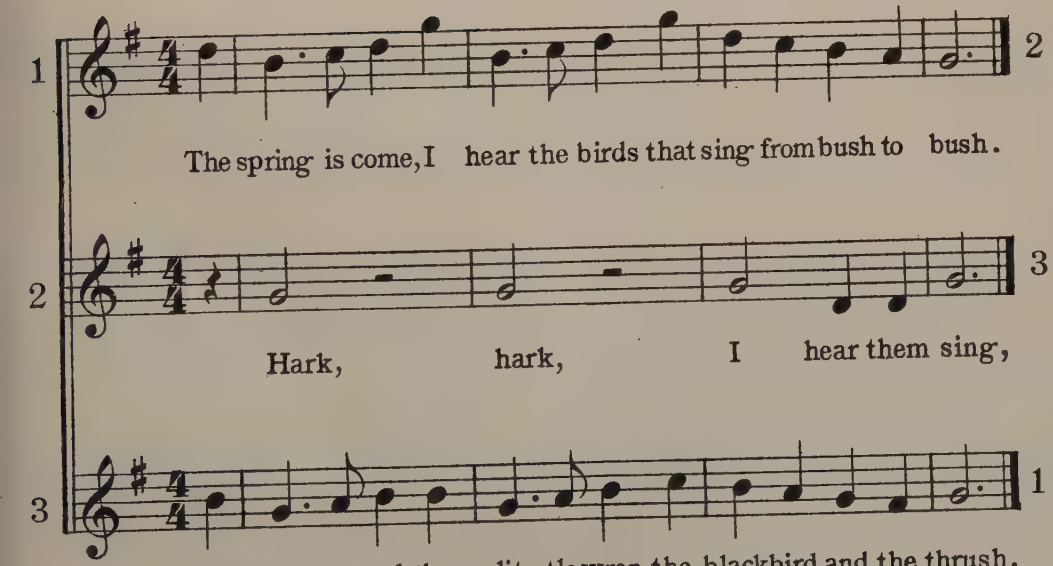
A. J. Foxwell — C. W. von Gluck

Lento
mf
1. I dream in qui - et sad - ness,
2. The hours of youth, how fleet - ing!
3. Yet here I fain would lin - ger,
4. While thus in si - lent watch - ing
Dream of the days long past; Of days when the spir - it of
Soon do it's joys de - cay; Like foam on the bil - low re -
Mus - ing on what has been, Ere time with its all smooth-ing
Back-ward my tho'ts I cast, A gleam of de-light I am
glad - ness Said of care that it could not
treat - ing, Or as clouds in a sum - mer
fin - ger Shall e - rase ev - 'ry mark now
catch - ing From my dream of the days long


pp
last, Said of care that it could not last.
day, Or as clouds in a sum - mer day.
seen, Shall e - rase ev - 'ry mark now seen.
past, From my dream of the days long past.
pp

The Spring

THREE-PART ROUND

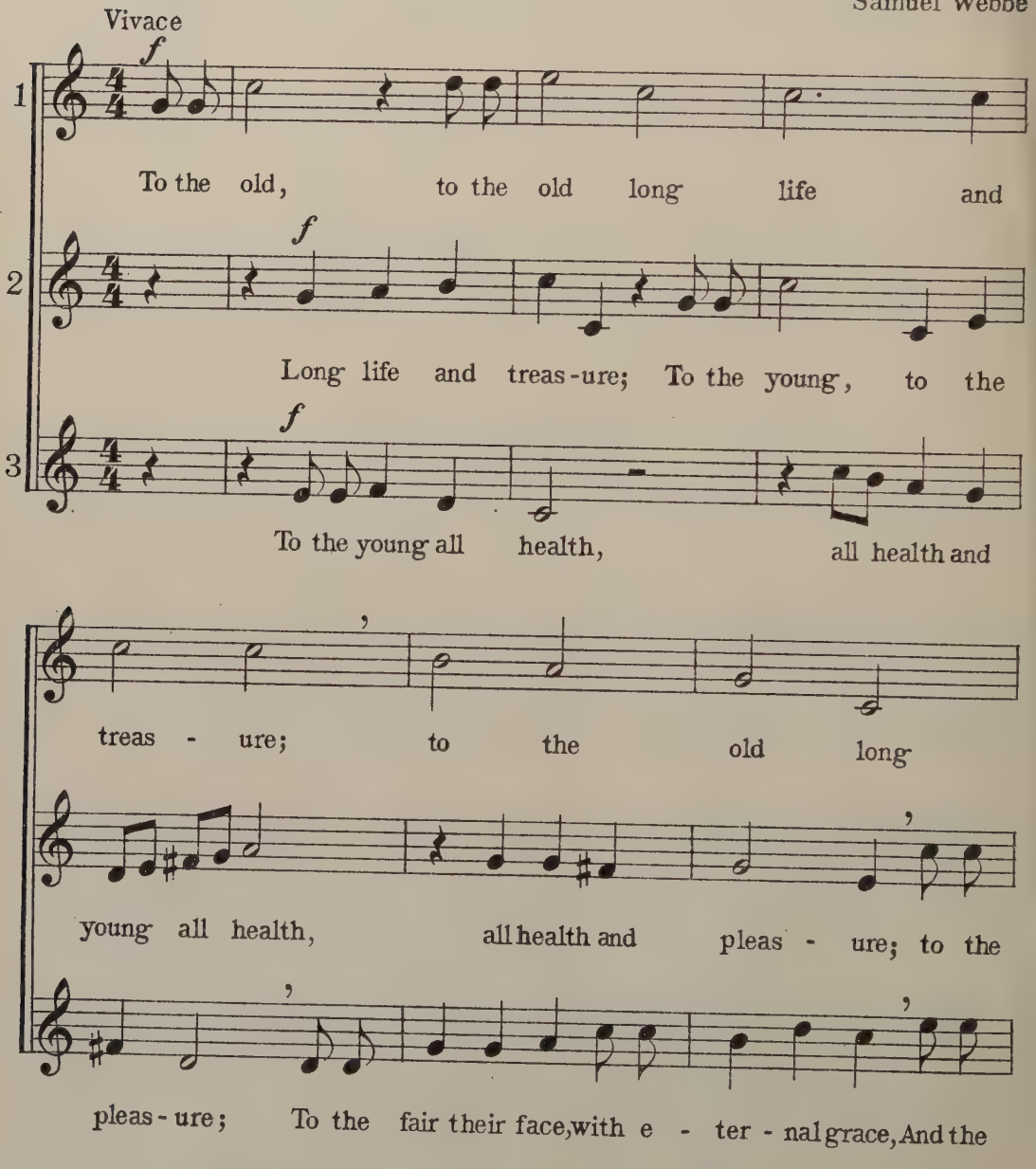
Dr. Hayes

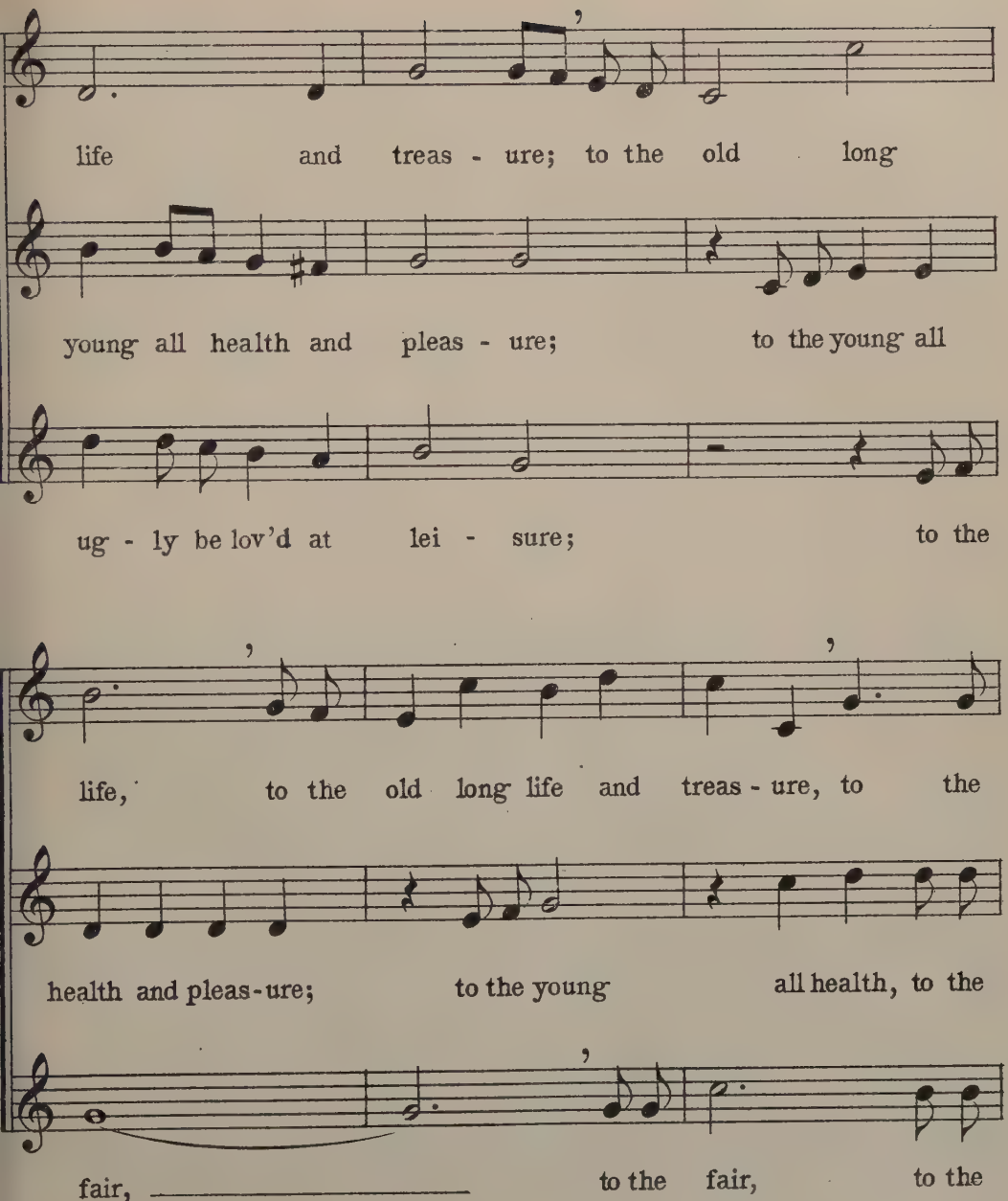

1
2
The spring is come, I hear the birds that sing from bush to bush.
2
3
Hark, hark, I hear them sing,
3
1
The lin-net and the lit-tle wren, the blackbird, and the thrush.

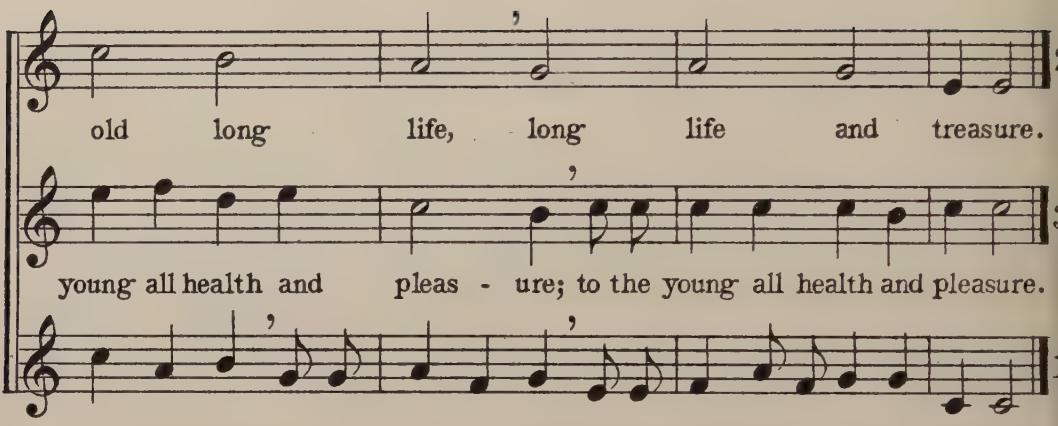
To the Old Long Life

THREE-PART ROUND

Samuel Webbe

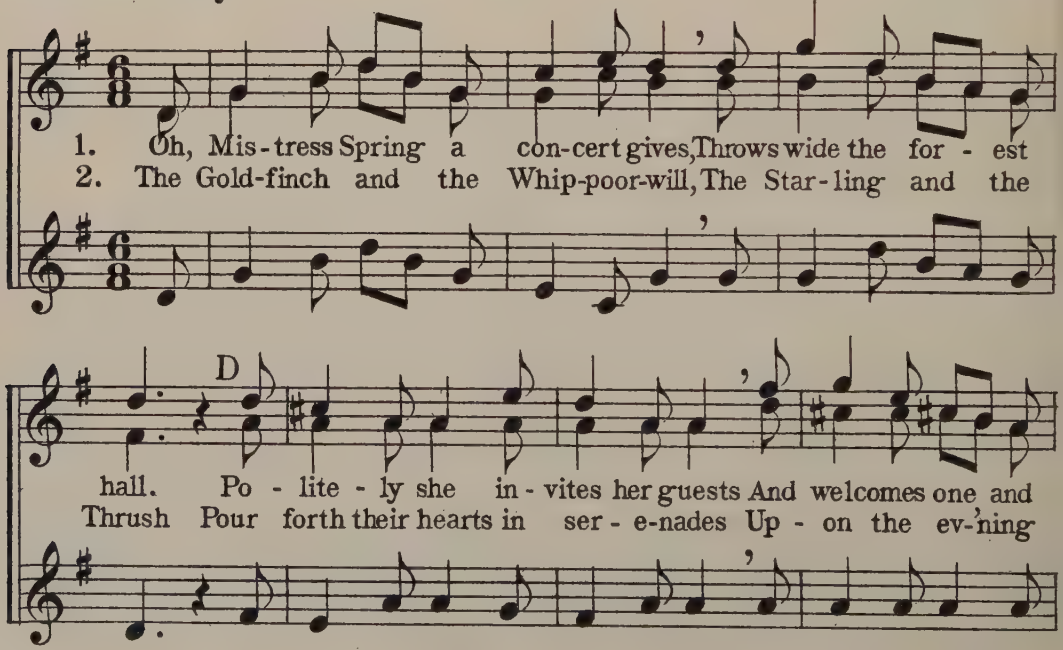

Vivace
f
1
To the old, to the old long life and
f
2
Long life and treas-ure; To the young, to the
f
3
To the young all health, all health and
treas - ure; to the old long
young all health, all health and pleas - ure; to the
pleas-ure; To the fair their face, with e - ter - nal grace, And the

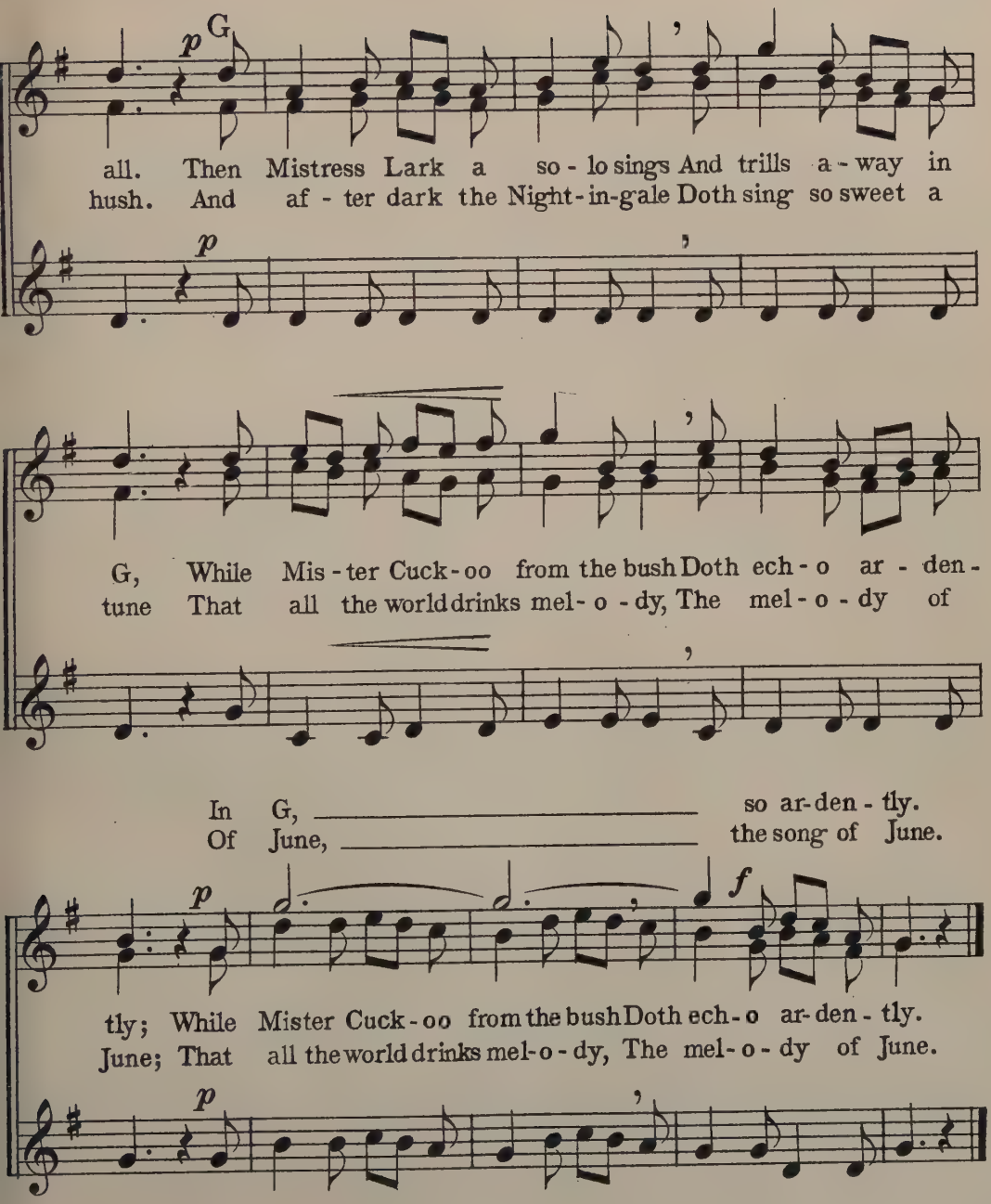

life and treas - ure; to the old long
young all health and pleas - ure; to the young all
ug - ly be lov'd at lei - sure; to the
life, to the old long life and treas - ure, to the
health and pleas-ure; to the young all health, to the
fair, to the fair, to the


old long life, long life and treasure.
young all health and pleas - ure; to the young all health and pleasure.
fair their face, with e - ter-nal grace, and the ug - ly be lov'd at leisure.

The Forest Concert

Alice C. D. Riley — Franz Abt


1. Oh, Mis - tress Spring a con-cert gives, Throws wide the for - est
2. The Gold-finch and the Whip-poor-will, The Star - ling and the
D
hall. Po - lite - ly she in - vites her guests And welcomes one and
Thrush Pour forth their hearts in ser - e-nades Up - on the ev-'ning

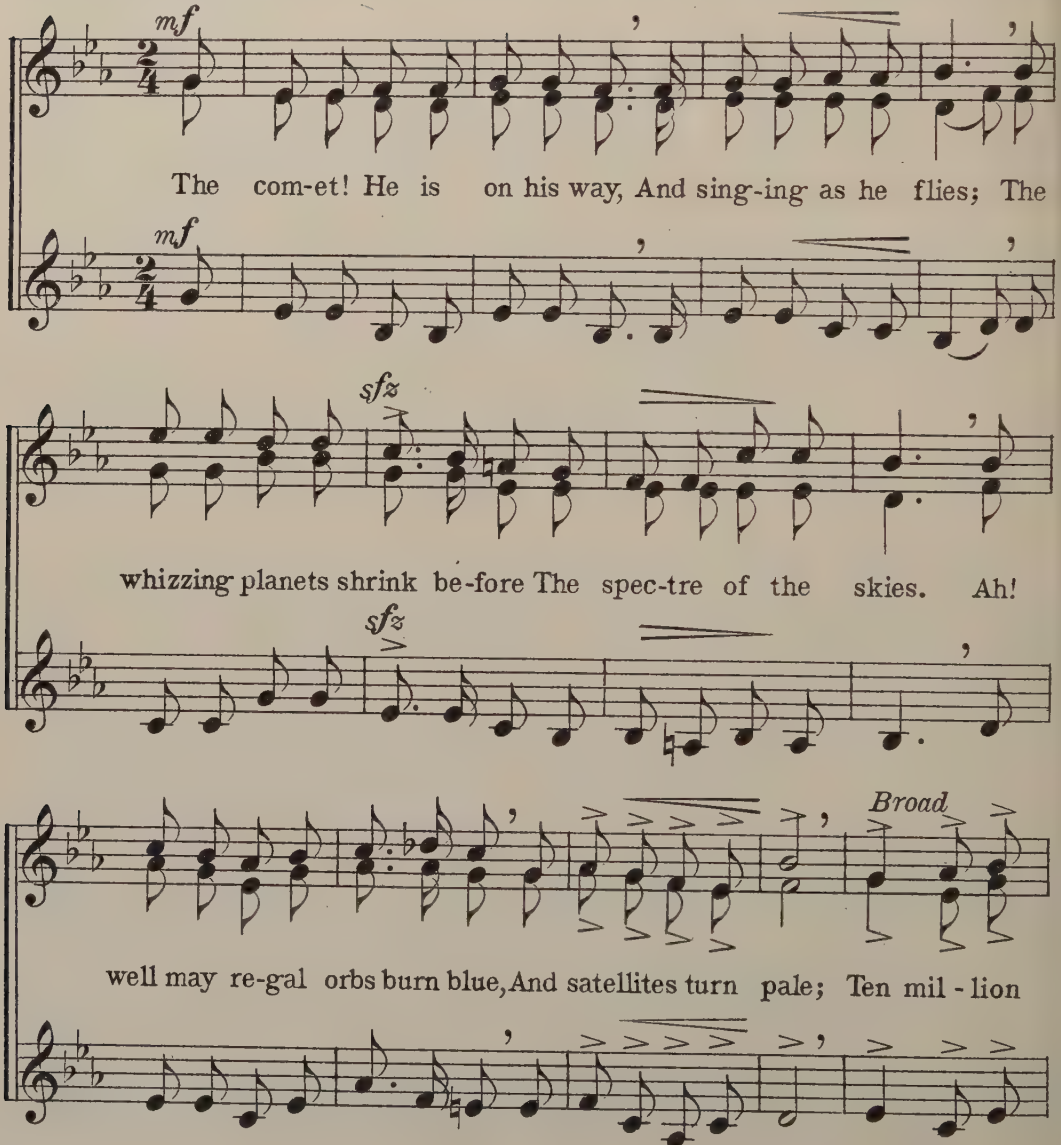

p
G
all. Then Mistress Lark a so - lo sings And trills a - way in
hush. And af - ter dark the Night - in - gale Doth sing so sweet a
G, While Mis - ter Cuck - oo from the bush Doth ech - o ar - den -
tune That all the world drinks mel - o - dy, The mel - o - dy of
In G, so ar - den - tly.
Of June, the song of June.
p
f
tly; While Mister Cuck - oo from the bush Doth ech - o ar - den - tly.
June; That all the world drinks mel - o - dy, The mel - o - dy of June.
p

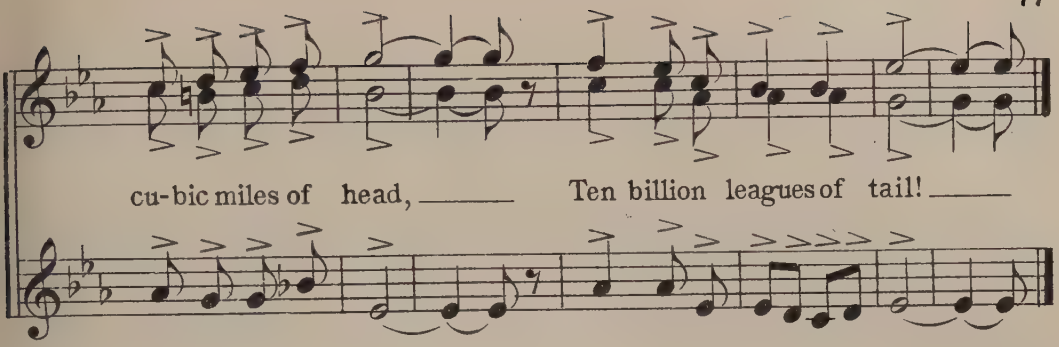
The Comet

Oliver Wendell Holmes

Margaret Ruthven Lang
Composed for this Series

Andantino

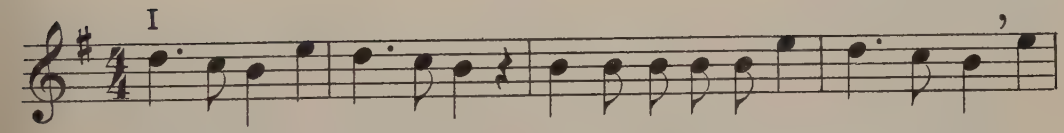

mf
The com-et! He is on his way, And sing-ing as he flies; The
mf
sfz
whizzing planets shrink be-fore The spec-tre of the skies. Ah!
sfz
Broad
well may re-gal orbs burn blue, And satellites turn pale; Ten mil - lion

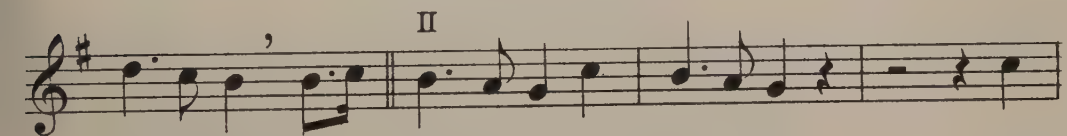


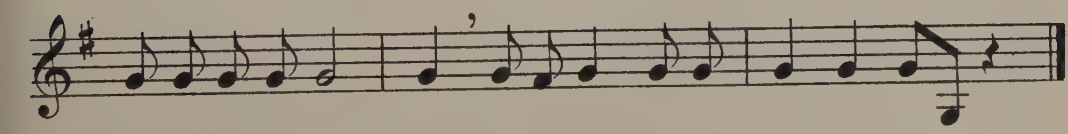
Chairs to Mend

THREE-PART ROUND

Old English Round



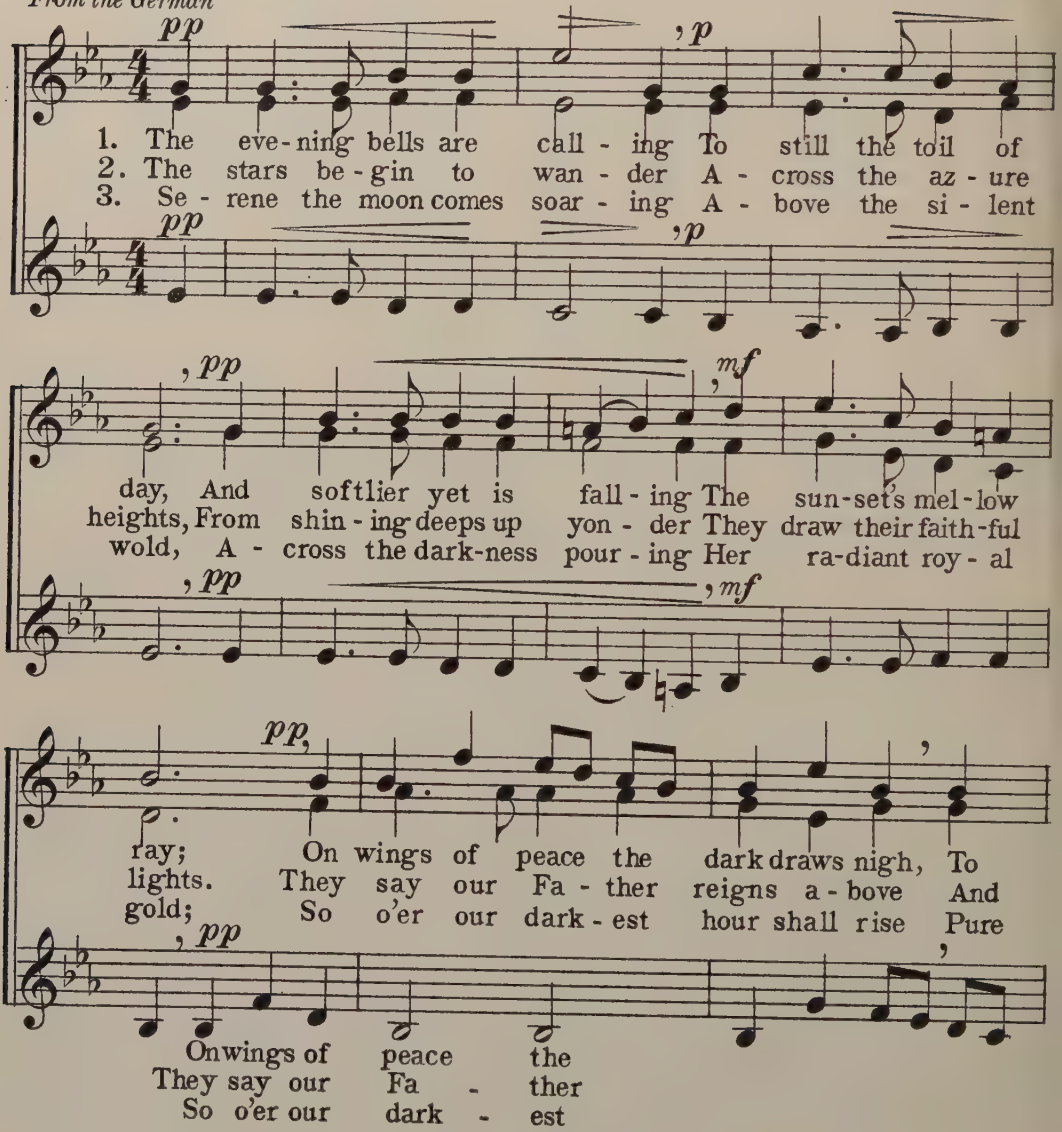


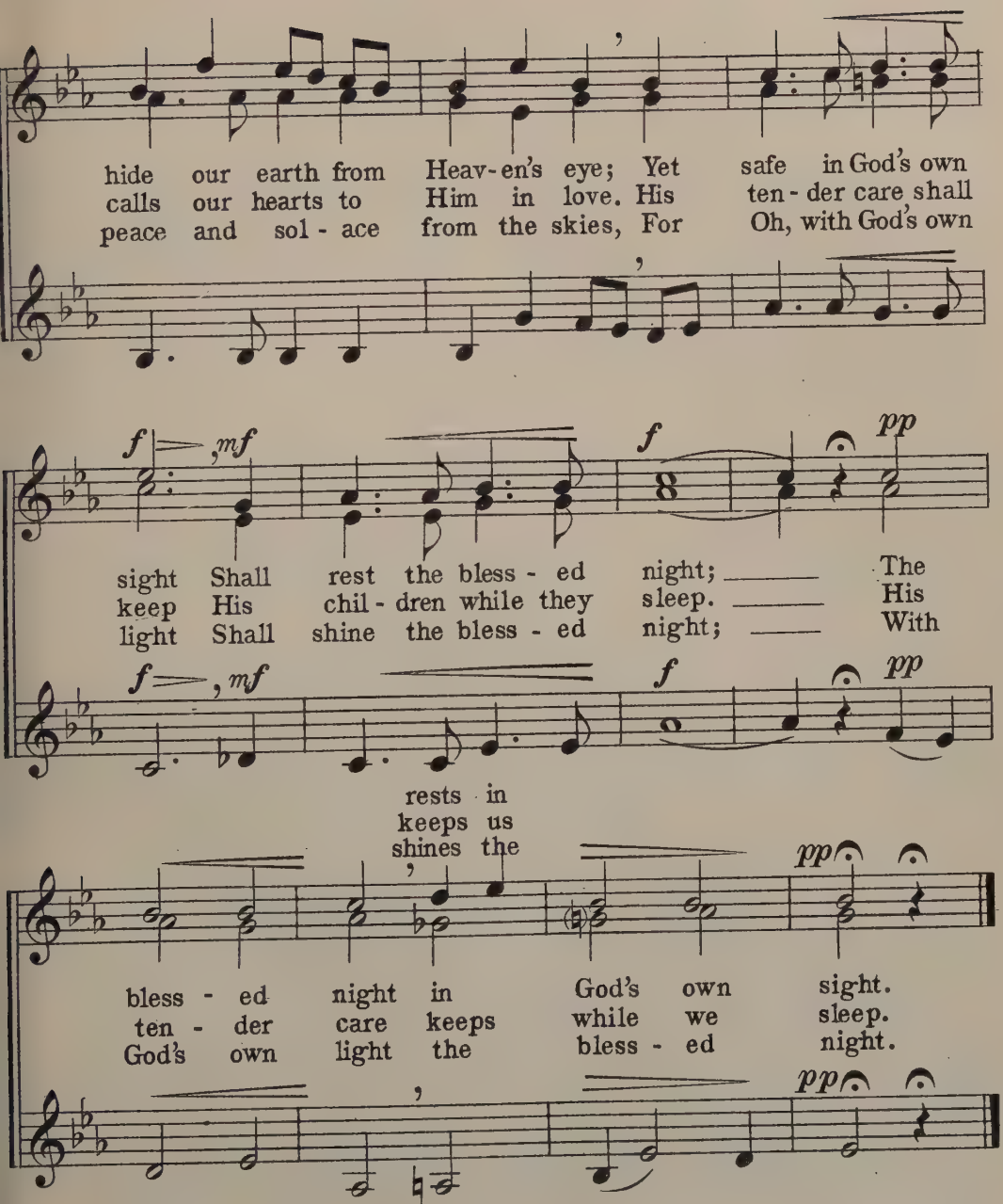


The Evening Bells

M. Louise Baum
From the German

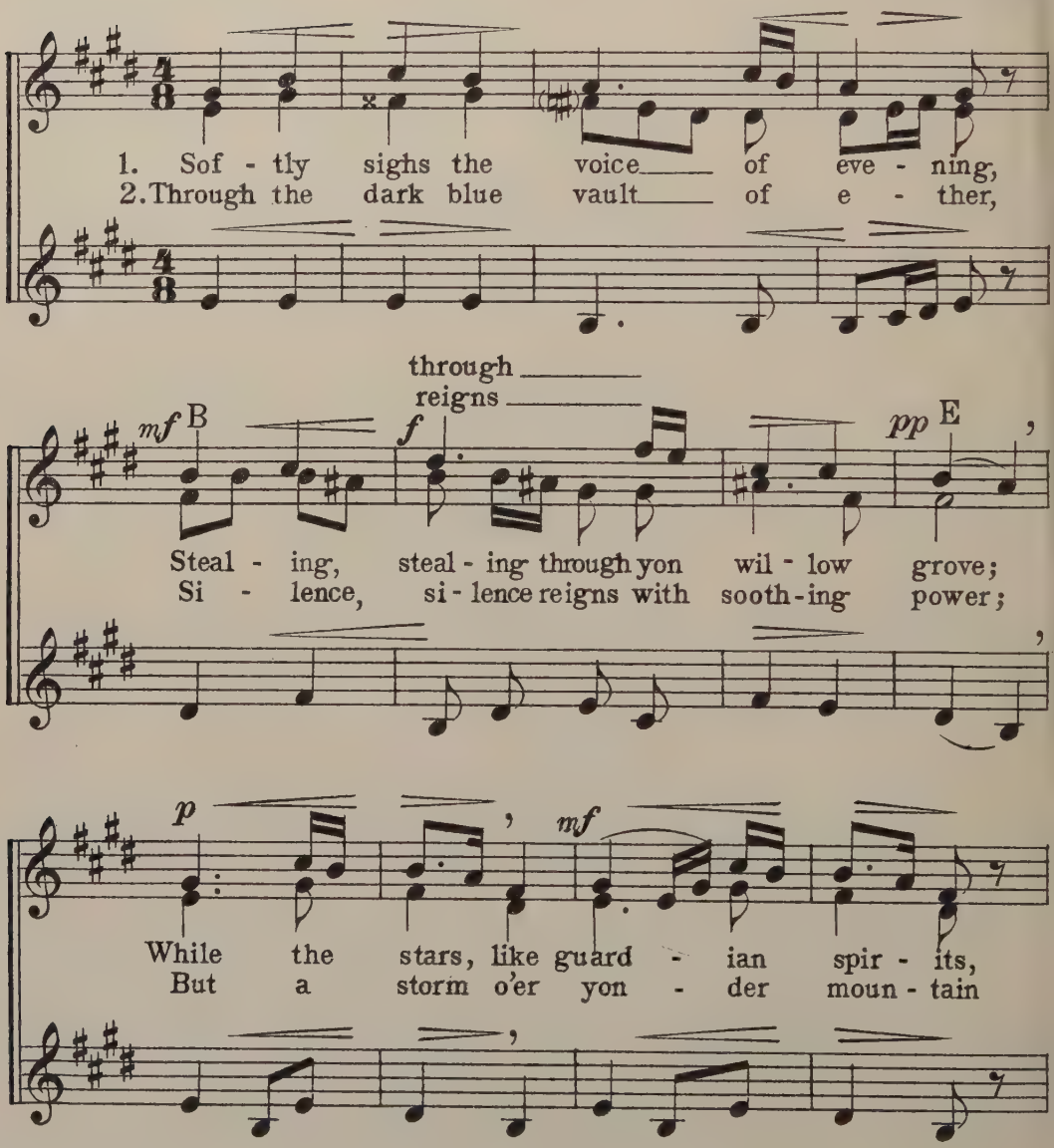
Franz Abt

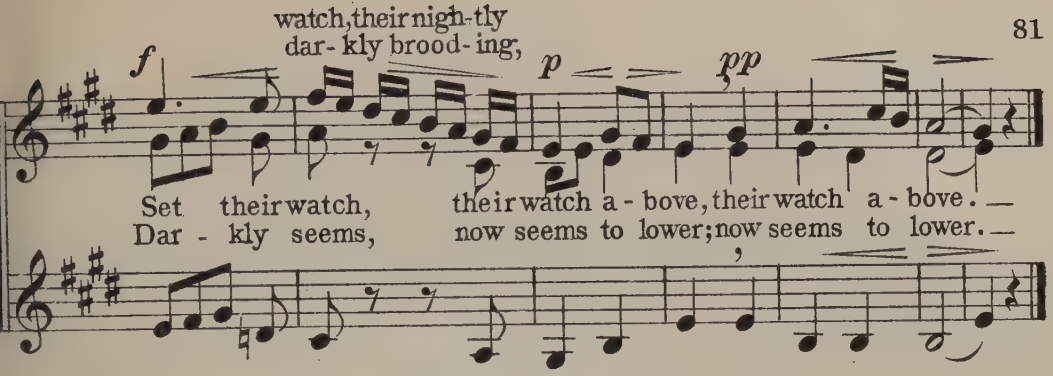

1. The eve-ning bells are call-ing To still the toil of
2. The stars be-gin to wan-der A-cross the az-ure
3. Se-rene the moon comes soar-ing A-bove the si-lent
day, And softlier yet is fall-ing The sun-set's mel-low
heights, From shin-ing deeps up yon-der They draw their faith-ful
wold, A-cross the dark-ness pour-ing Her ra-diant roy-al
ray; On wings of peace the dark draws nigh, To
lights. They say our Fa-ther reigns a-bove And
gold; So o'er our dark-est hour shall rise Pure
On wings of peace the
They say our Fa - ther
So o'er our dark - est


hide our earth from Heav-en's eye; Yet safe in God's own
calls our hearts to Him in love. His ten-der care shall
peace and sol-ace from the skies, For Oh, with God's own
f mf f pp
sight Shall rest the bless-ed night; The
keep His chil-dren while they sleep. His
light Shall shine the bless-ed night; With
f mf f pp
rests in
keeps us
shines the
pp
bless-ed night in God's own sight.
ten-der care keeps while we sleep.
God's own light the bless-ed night.
pp

The Voice of Evening

C. M. von Weber

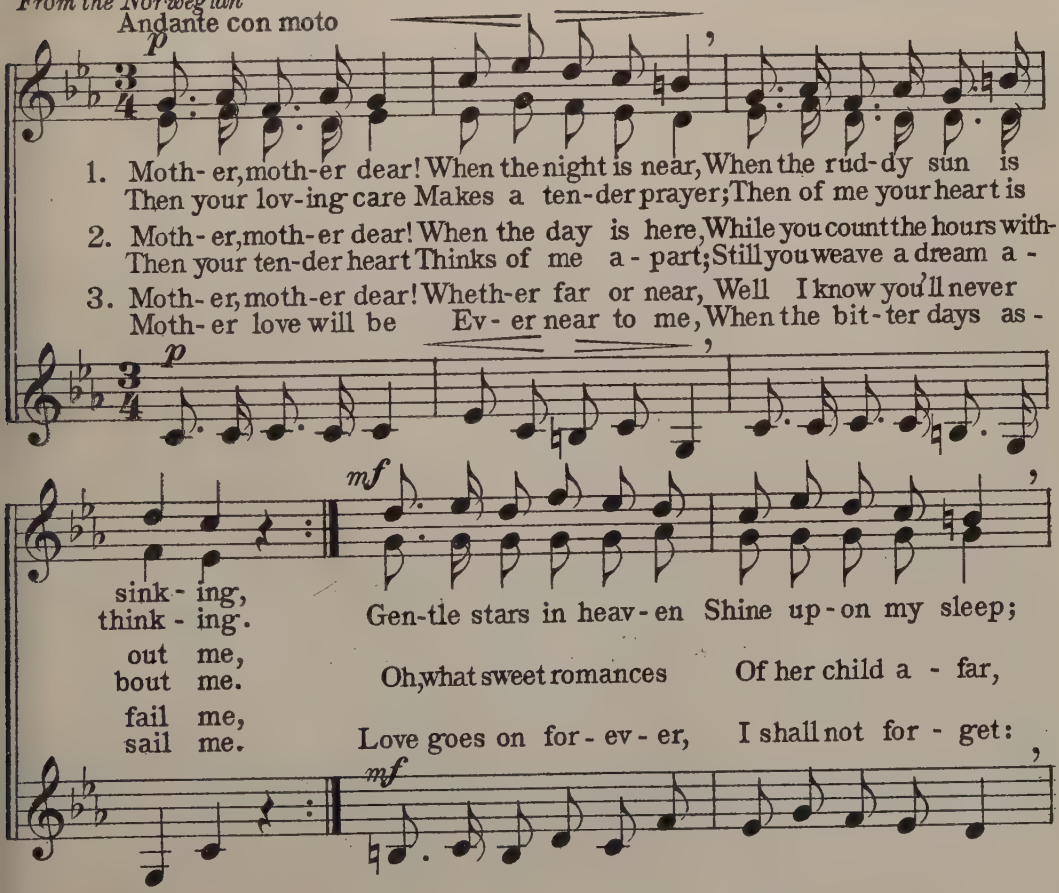

1. Sof - tly sighs the voice of eve - ning,
2. Through the dark blue vault of e - ther,
through
reigns
mf B
f
pp E
Steal - ing, steal - ing through yon wil - low grove;
Si - lence, si - lence reigns with sooth - ing power;
p
mf
While the stars, like guard - ian spir - its,
But a storm o'er yon - der moun - tain

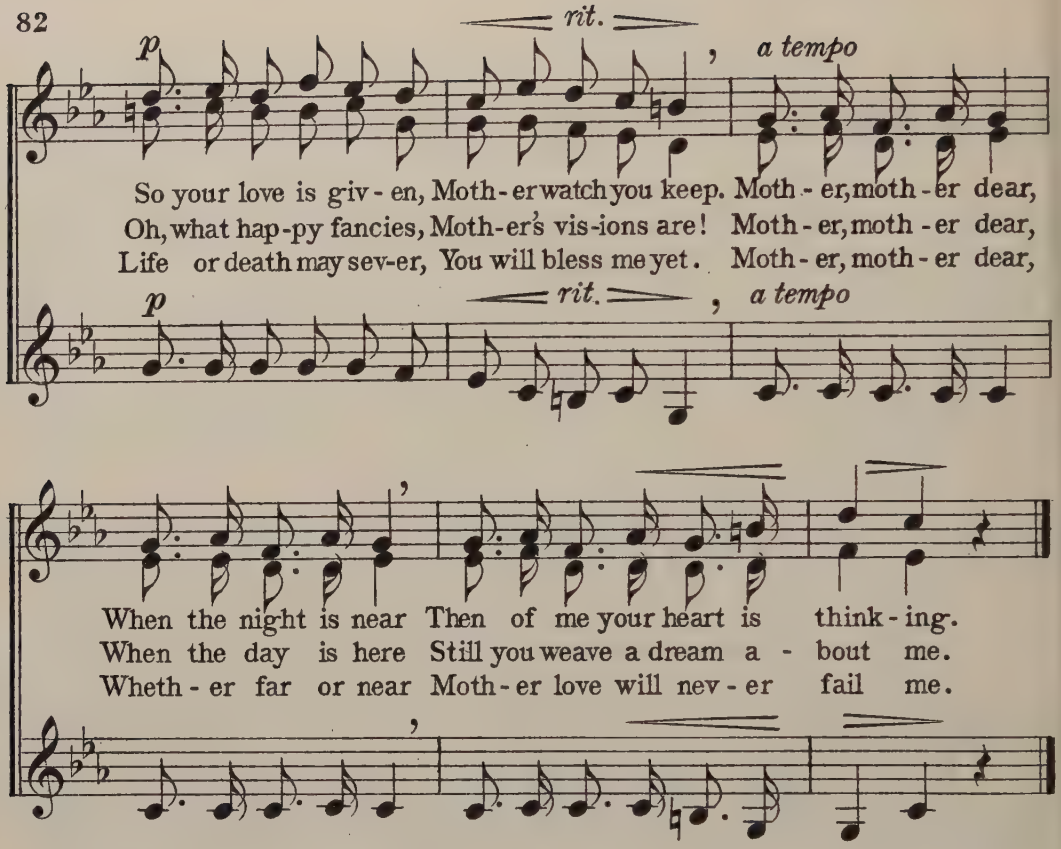

watch, their nigh-tly
dar- kly brood- ing,
f
p
pp
Set their watch, their watch a - bove, their watch a - bove.
Dar - kly seems, now seems to lower; now seems to lower.

Mother Dear

Abbie Farwell Brown
From the Norwegian

Norwegian Folk Song

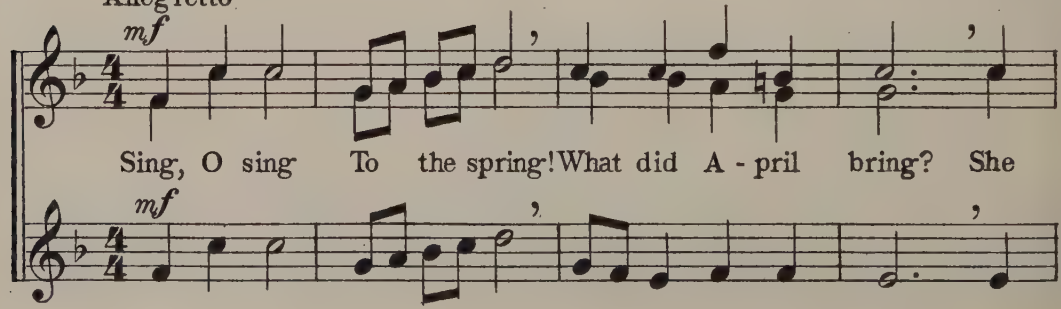

Andante con moto
p
1. Moth- er, moth-er dear! When the night is near, When the rud-dy sun is
Then your lov-ing care Makes a ten-der prayer; Then of me your heart is
2. Moth- er, moth-er dear! When the day is here, While you count the hours with-
Then your ten-der heart Thinks of me a - part; Still you weave a dream a -
3. Moth- er, moth-er dear! Wheth-er far or near, Well I know you'll never
Moth- er love will be Ev- er near to me, When the bit-ter days as -
p
mf
sink - ing,
think - ing.
Gen-tle stars in heav-en Shine up-on my sleep;
out me,
bout me.
Oh, what sweet romances Of her child a - far,
fail me,
sail me.
Love goes on for- ev- er, I shall not for - get:
mf

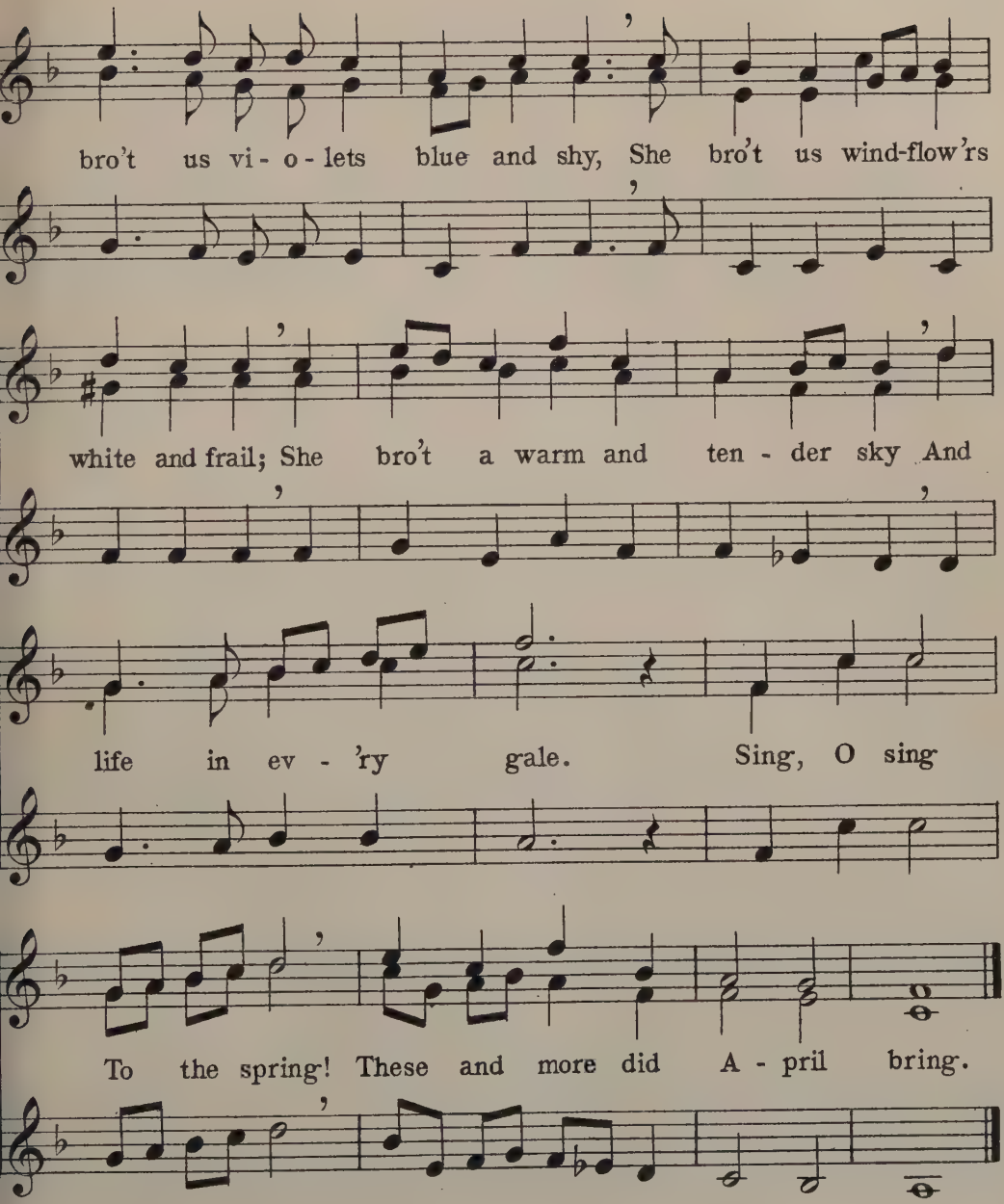

rit.
a tempo
p
So your love is giv - en, Moth - er watch you keep. Moth - er, moth - er dear,
Oh, what hap-py fancies, Moth-er's vis-ions are! Moth - er, moth - er dear,
Life or death may sev-er, You will bless me yet. Moth - er, moth - er dear,
rit.
a tempo
p
When the night is near Then of me your heart is think - ing.
When the day is here Still you weave a dream a - bout me.
Wheth - er far or near Moth - er love will nev - er fail me.

Sing, O Sing

Dora Read Goodale

Mary Turner Salter
Composed for this Series



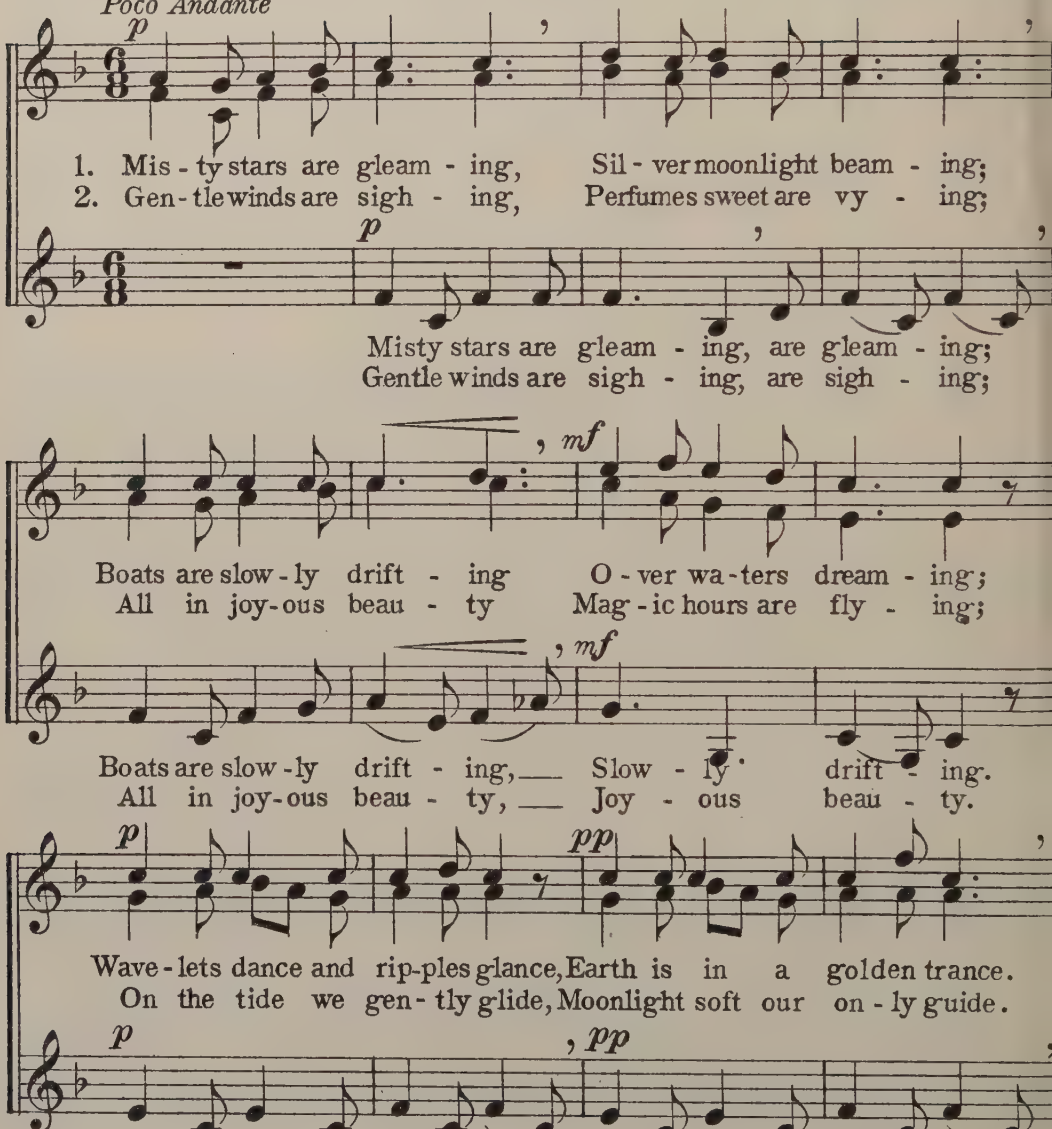

bro't us vi - o - lets blue and shy, She bro't us wind-flow'rs
white and frail; She bro't a warm and ten - der sky And
life in ev - 'ry gale. Sing, O sing
To the spring! These and more did A - pril bring.

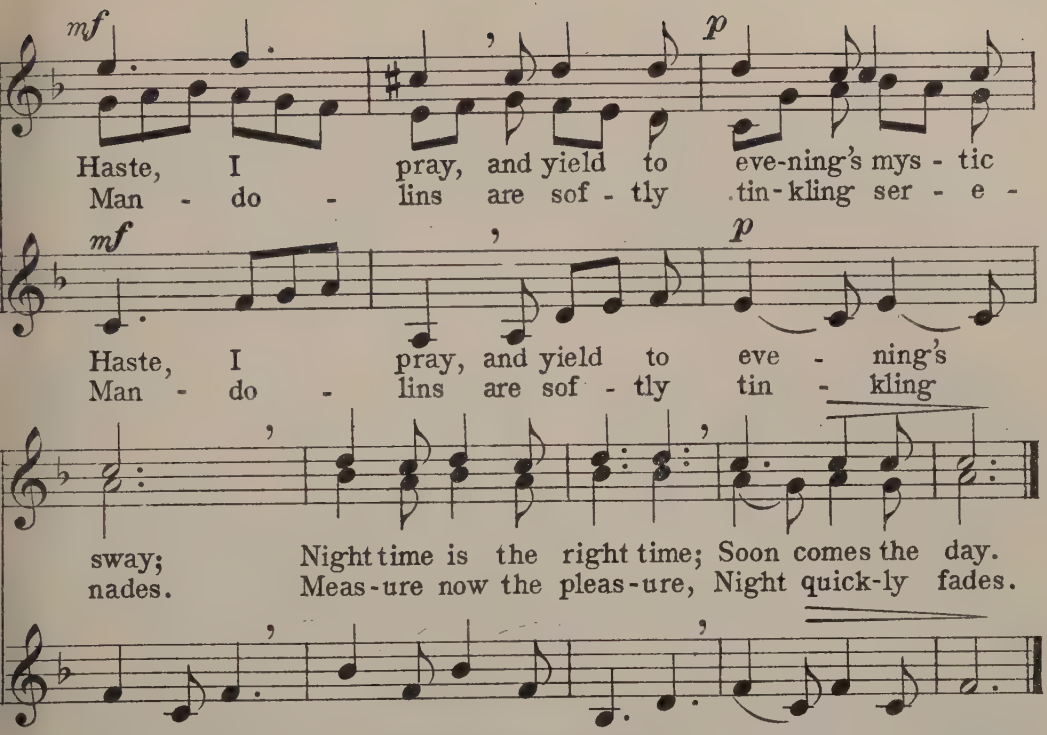
Barcarolle

Nellie Poorman

Halfdan Kjerulf

From the Norwegian

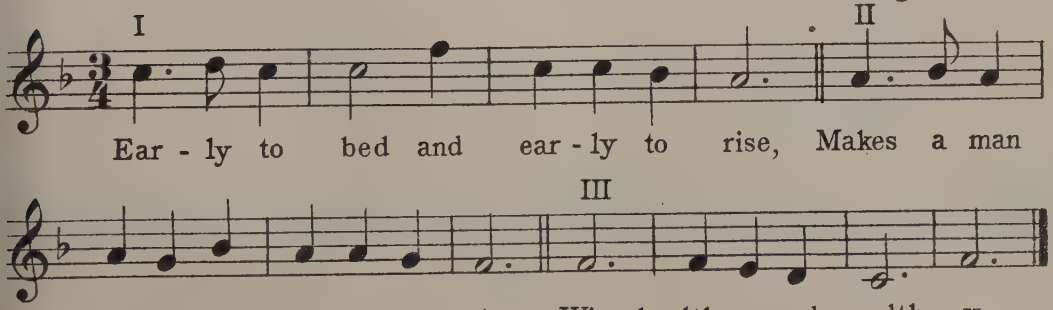
Poco Andante

p
1. Mis - ty stars are gleam - ing, Sil - ver moonlight beam - ing;
2. Gen - tle winds are sigh - ing, Perfumes sweet are vy - ing;
p
Misty stars are gleam - ing, are gleam - ing;
Gentle winds are sigh - ing, are sigh - ing;
mf
Boats are slow - ly drift - ing O - ver wa - ters dream - ing;
All in joy - ous beau - ty Mag - ic hours are fly - ing;
mf
Boats are slow - ly drift - ing, Slow - ly drift - ing.
All in joy - ous beau - ty, Joy - ous beau - ty.
p
pp
Wave - lets dance and rip - ples glance, Earth is in a golden trance.
On the tide we gen - tly glide, Moonlight soft our on - ly guide.
p
pp


mf
p
Haste, I pray, and yield to eve-ning's mys - tic
Man - do - lins are sof - tly tin-kling ser - e -
mf
p
Haste, I pray, and yield to eve - ning's
Man - do - lins are sof - tly tin - kling
sway; Night time is the right time; Soon comes the day.
nades. Meas-ure now the pleas-ure, Night quick-ly fades.
mys-tic sway; Night time is the right time; Soon comes the day.
ser - e-nades. Meas-ure now the pleas-ure, Night quick-ly fades.

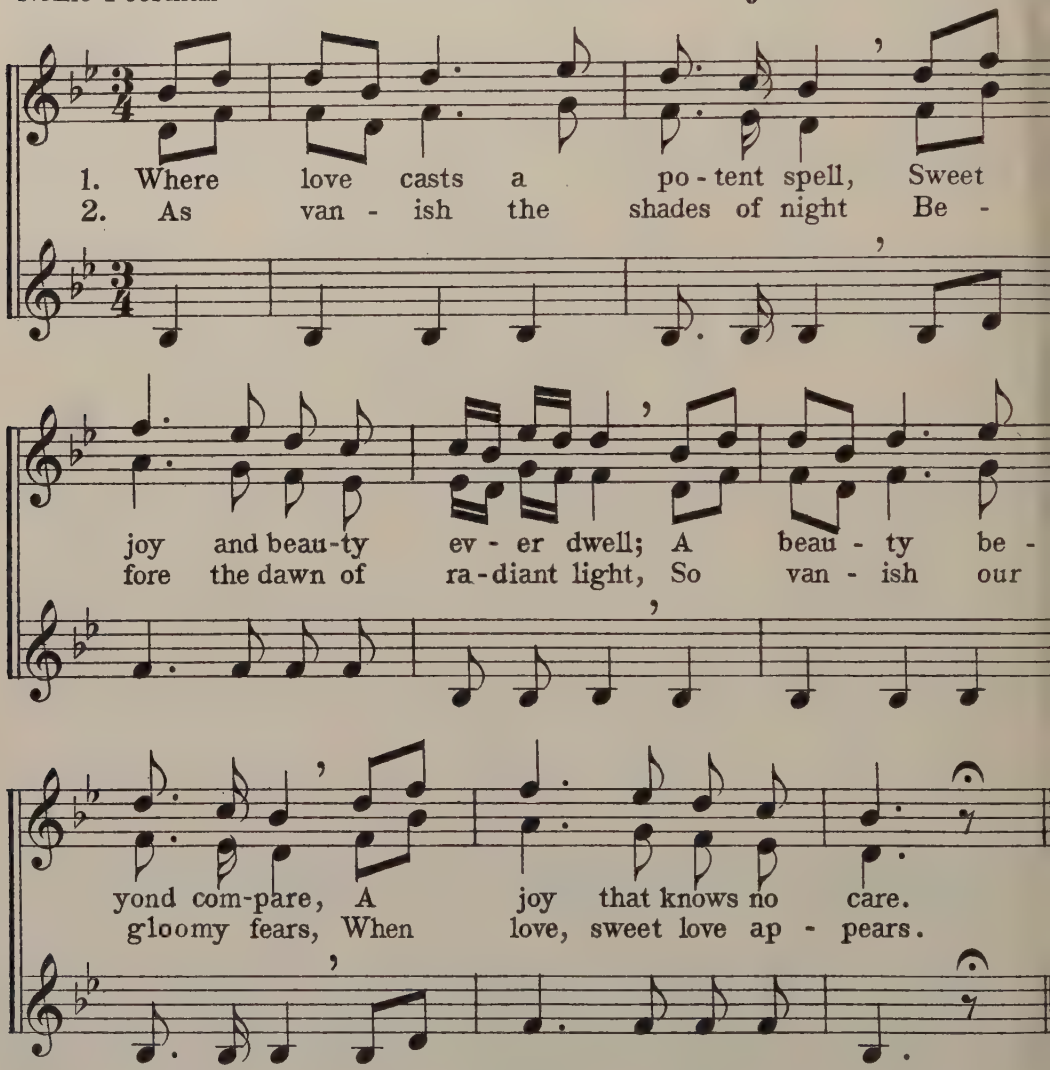
Early to Bed

THREE-PART ROUND

Old English Round

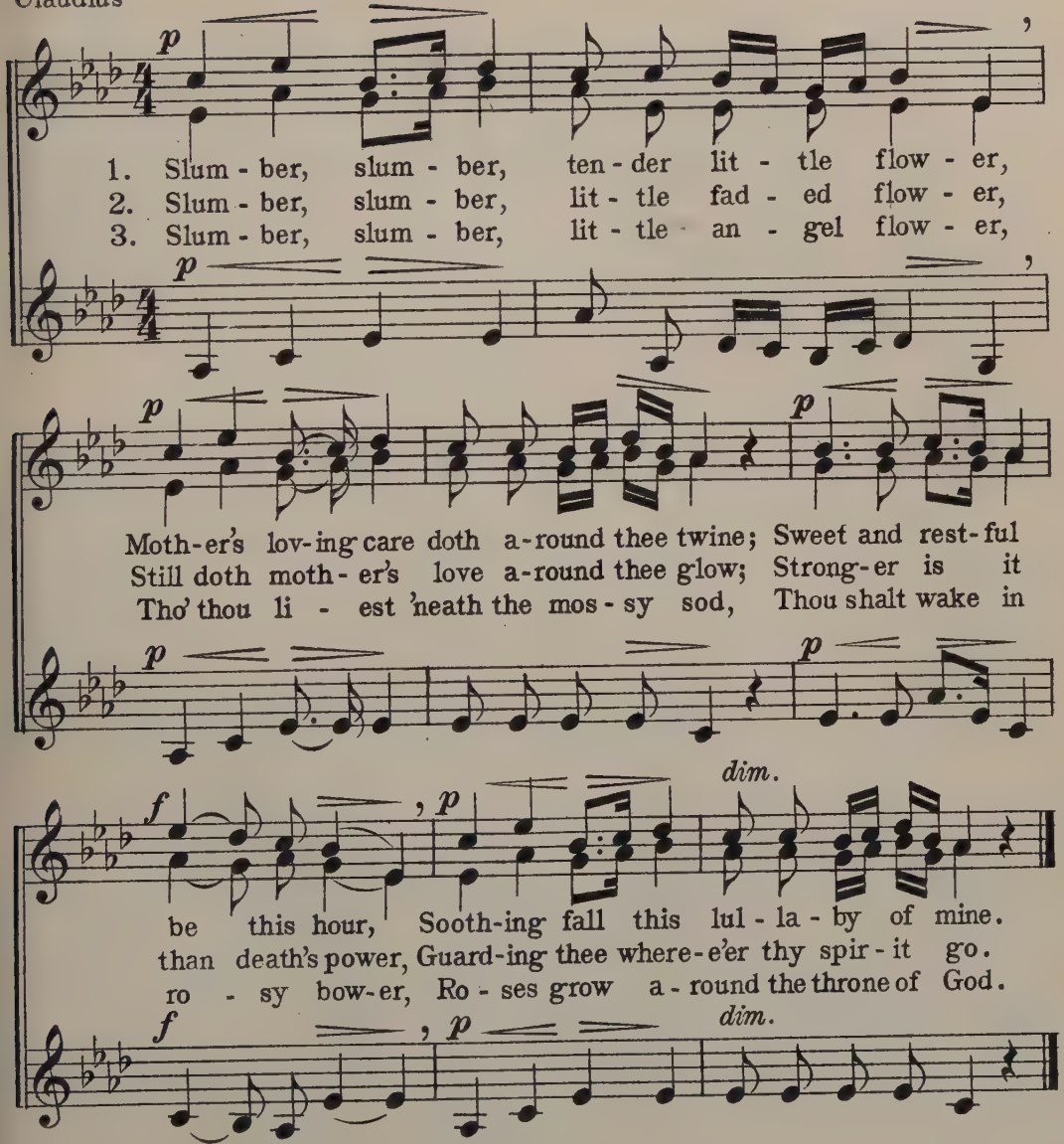


Love's Power

Nellie Poorman — Johann Franz Herbeck

1. Where love casts a po - tent spell, Sweet
2. As van - ish the shades of night Be -
joy and beau-ty ev - er dwell; A beau - ty be -
fore the dawn of ra-diant light, So van - ish our
yond com-pare, A joy that knows no care.
gloomy fears, When love, sweet love ap - pears.

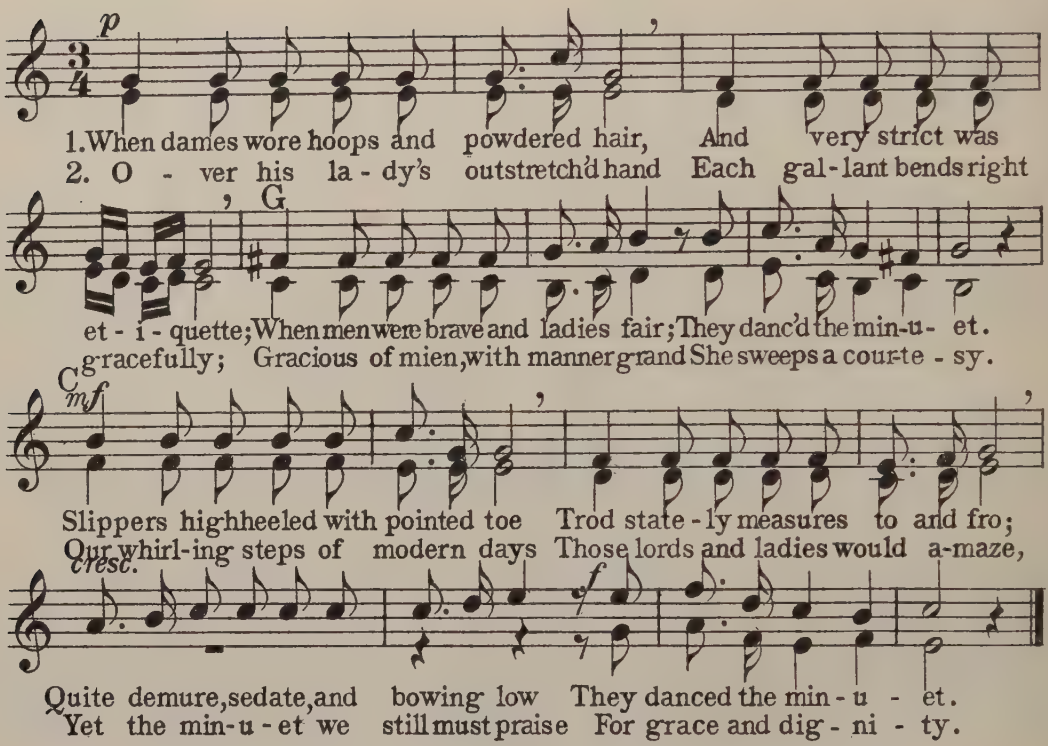
Cradle Song

Claudius — Franz Schubert


p
1. Slum - ber, slum - ber, ten - der lit - tle flow - er,
2. Slum - ber, slum - ber, lit - tle fad - ed flow - er,
3. Slum - ber, slum - ber, lit - tle an - gel flow - er,
Moth-er's lov-ing care doth a-round thee twine; Sweet and rest-ful
Still doth moth - er's love a-round thee glow; Strong-er is it
Tho' thou li - est 'neath the mos - sy sod, Thou shalt wake in
dim.
be this hour, Sooth-ing fall this lul - la - by of mine.
than death's power, Guard-ing thee where-e'er thy spir - it go.
ro - sy bow-er, Ro - ses grow a - round the throne of God.

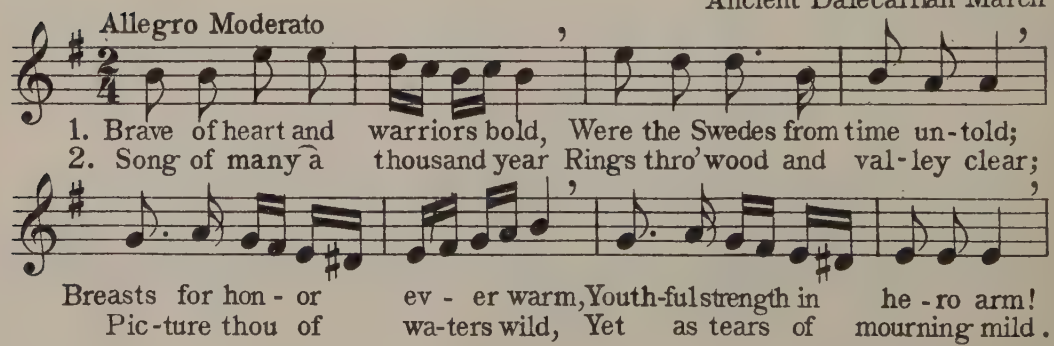
The Minuet

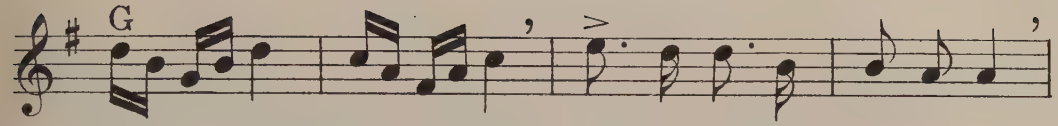
W. A. Mozart


p
1. When dames wore hoops and powdered hair, And very strict was
2. O - ver his la - dy's outstretch'd hand Each gal-lant bends right
G
et - i - quette; When men were brave and ladies fair; They danc'd the min-u- et.
gracefully; Gracious of mien, with manner grand She sweeps a cour-te - sy.
C
mf
Slippers high heeled with pointed toe Trod state - ly measures to and fro;
Our whirl-ing steps of modern days Those lords and ladies would a-maze,
cresc.
f
Quite demure, sedate, and bowing low They danced the min - u - et.
Yet the min-u - et we still must praise For grace and dig - ni - ty.

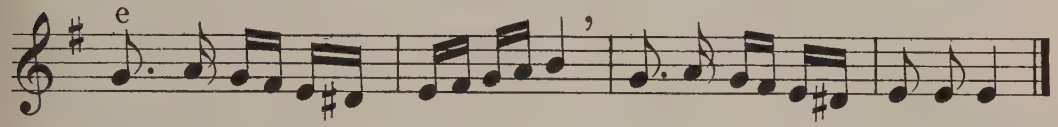
Brave of Heart and Warriors Bold

Ancient Dalecarlian March


Allegro Moderato
1. Brave of heart and warriors bold, Were the Swedes from time un-told;
2. Song of many a thousand year Rings thro' wood and val-ley clear;
Breasts for hon - or ev - er warm, Youth-ful strength in he - ro arm!
Pic-ture thou of wa-ters wild, Yet as tears of mourning mild.



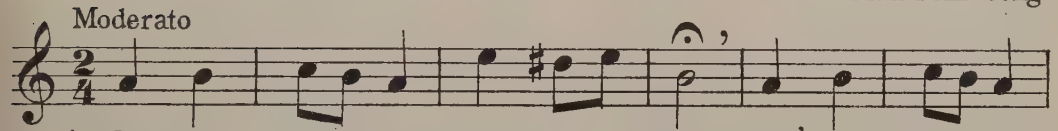
Blue eyes bright Dance with light, For thy dear green val-leys old;
To the rhyme Of past time, Blend all hearts and lists each ear.



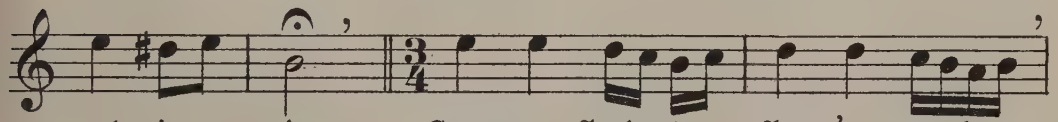
North! thou gi - ant limb of earth, With thy friendly, homely hearth!
Guard the songs of Swed-ish lore, Love and sing them ev- er-more.

Bosnian Shepherd's Song

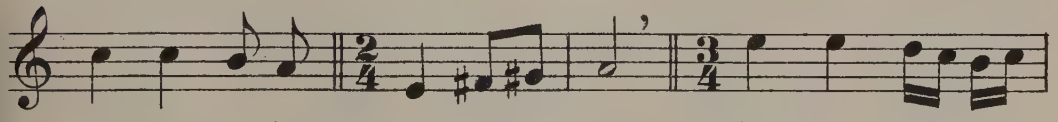
Bosnian Folk Song



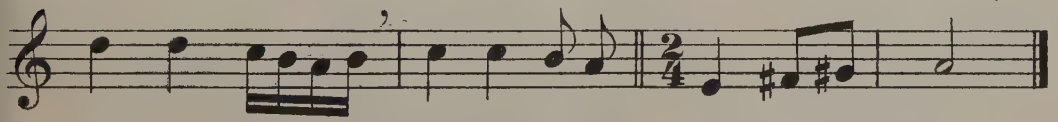
1. Moun-tains bathed in morn - ing light, Lark's sweet lays to
2. Maid, than sun - light bright - er far, Fair - er than the



work in - vite. Come my flocks, to flow - 'ry mead
morn - ing star; Lips of hon - ey, cheeks of rose,



Shall your lov - ing shep - herd lead; Come my flocks, to
Fare ye well till day - light's close! Lips of hon - ey,



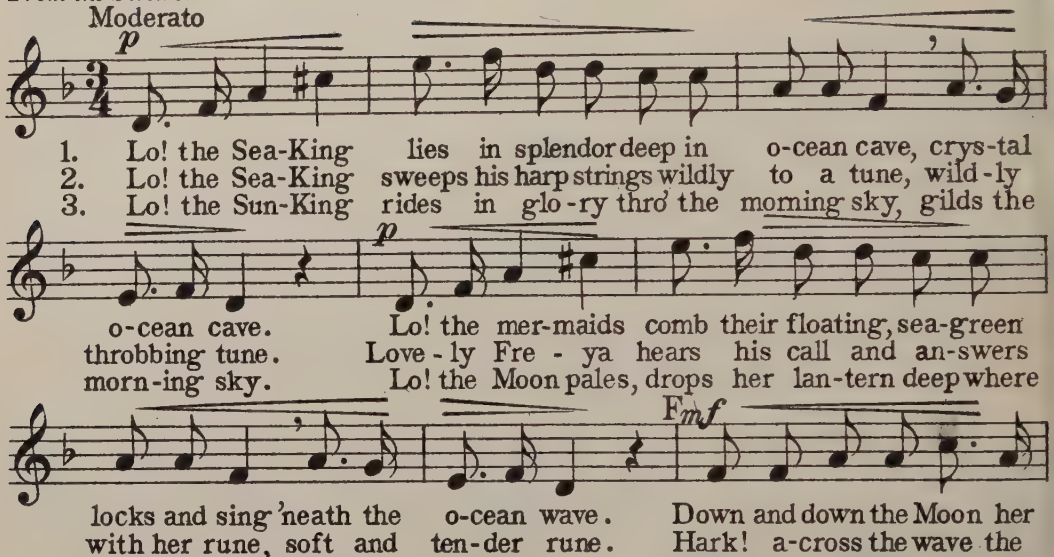
flow - 'ry mead Shall your lov - ing shep - herd lead.
cheeks of rose, Fare ye well till day - light's close!

In Ocean Cave

Alice C.D.Riley
From the Swedish

Swedish Folk Song

Moderato

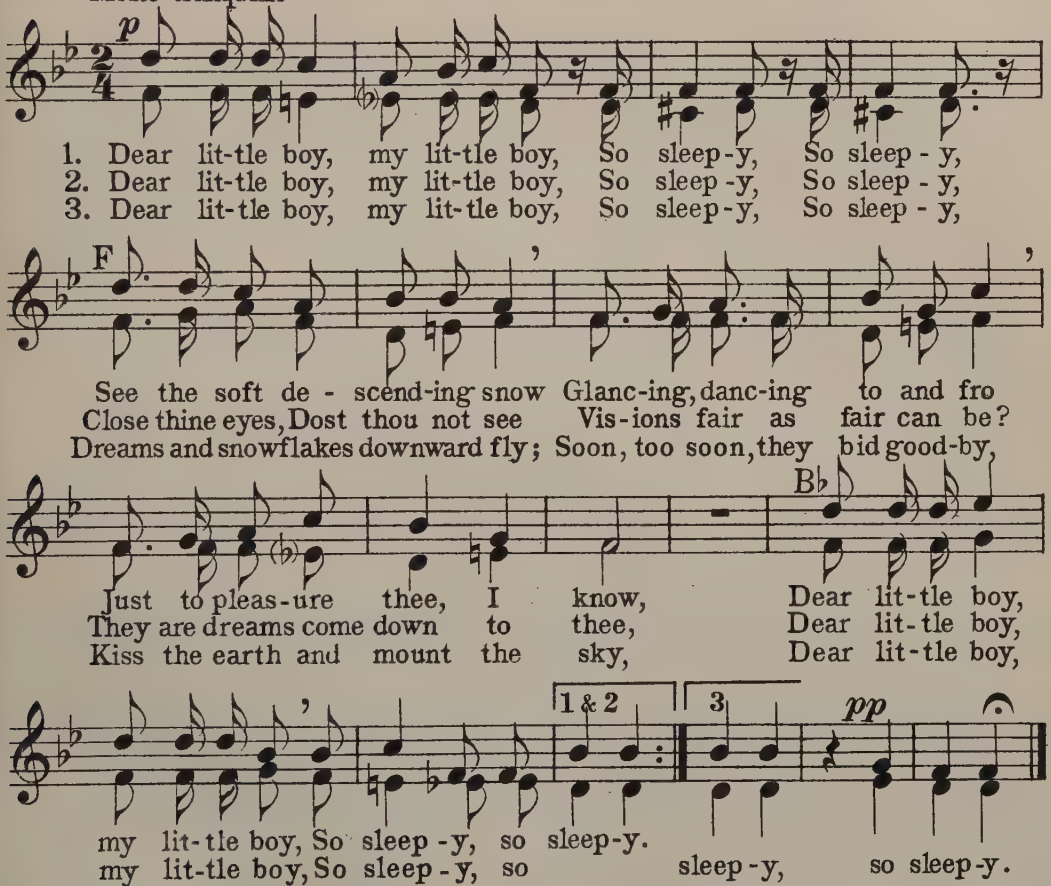

p
1. Lo! the Sea-King lies in splendor deep in o-cean cave, crys-tal
2. Lo! the Sea-King sweeps his harp strings wildly to a tune, wild-ly
3. Lo! the Sun-King rides in glo-ry thro' the morning sky, gilds the
o-cean cave. Lo! the mer-maids comb their floating, sea-green
throbbing tune. Love-ly Fre-ya hears his call and an-swers
morn-ing sky. Lo! the Moon pales, drops her lan-tern deep where
F mf
locks and sing 'neath the o-cean wave. Down and down the Moon her
with her rune, soft and ten-der rune. Hark! a-cross the wave the
cor-als lie, deep where cor-als lie. Hushed are now the songs, the
mf
sil-ver lan-tern swings While a mystic rune my La-dy Fre-ya sings.
ech-o rolls a-long! There in ocean cave the Sea-King hears her song.
songs of mermaids fair. Where is Fre-ya hid to comb her gol-den hair?
p d
mf
Sings of pearls, white in milky sheen. Oh! La-dy Fre-ya, while your
Song of pearls, white in milky sheen. Oh! La-dy Fre-ya, while your
Hark! ah hark! still her lovely song Floats o'er the wa-ter, ech-oes
p poco piu lento
locks you preen Sing, sing your song of lov-li-ness un-seen!
locks you preen Sing, sing your song of lov-li-ness un-seen!
faint and long! Oh! La-dy Fre-ya, sweet your love-ly song!

Dream and Snowflake

William S. Lord

Maurice Moszkowski
Composed for this Series

Molto tranquillo

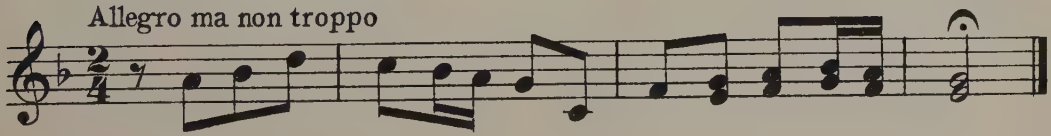

p
1. Dear lit-tle boy, my lit-tle boy, So sleep-y, So sleep-y,
2. Dear lit-tle boy, my lit-tle boy, So sleep-y, So sleep-y,
3. Dear lit-tle boy, my lit-tle boy, So sleep-y, So sleep-y,
F
See the soft de-scend-ing snow Glanc-ing, danc-ing to and fro
Close thine eyes, Dost thou not see Vis-ions fair as fair can be?
Dreams and snowflakes downward fly; Soon, too soon, they bid good-by,
Bb
Just to pleas-ure thee, I know, Dear lit-tle boy,
They are dreams come down to thee, Dear lit-tle boy,
Kiss the earth and mount the sky, Dear lit-tle boy,
1 & 2
3
pp
my lit-tle boy, So sleep-y, so sleep-y.
my lit-tle boy, So sleep-y, so sleep-y, so sleep-y.

Theme

From *The Sixth Symphony*

Ludwig van Beethoven

Allegro ma non troppo

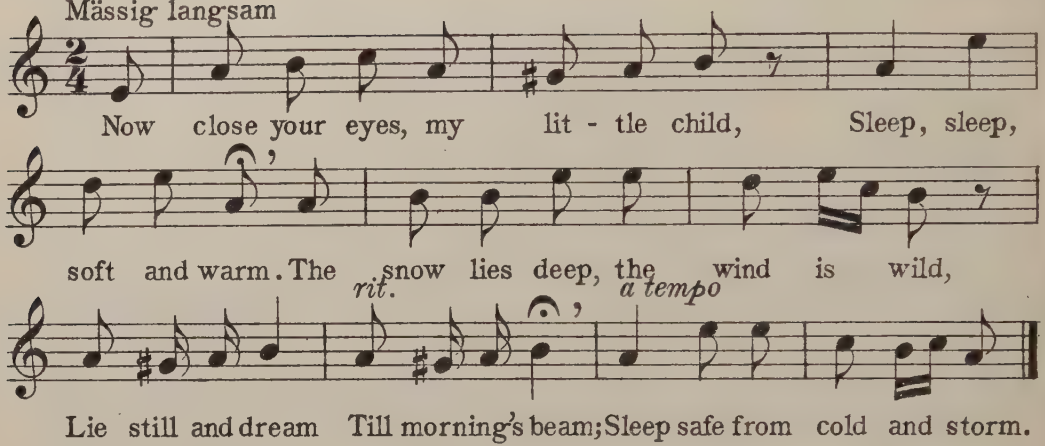


Sleep, My Child

Ann Underhill
From the German

Old German Minnelied

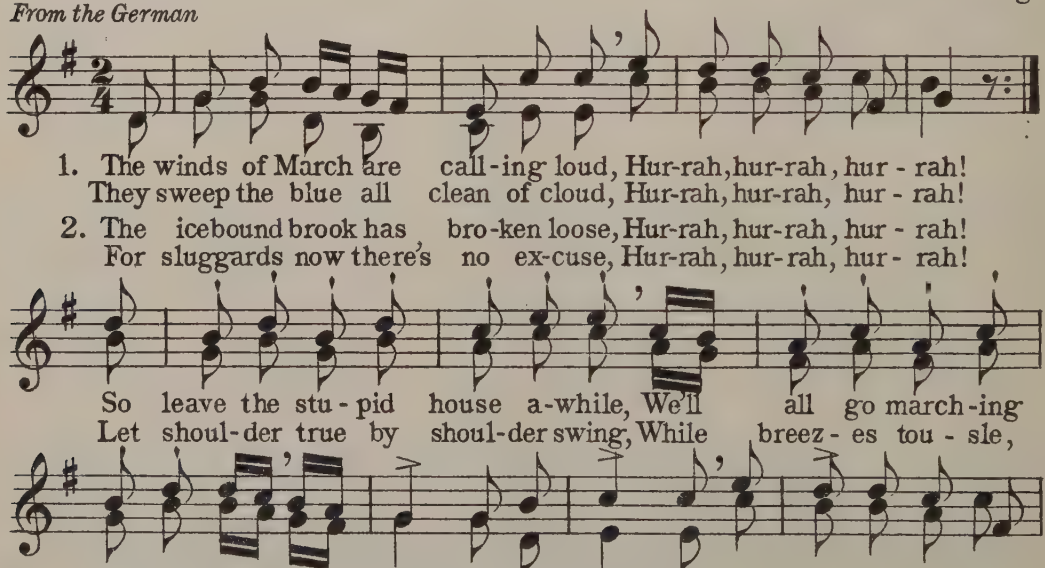
Mässig langsam

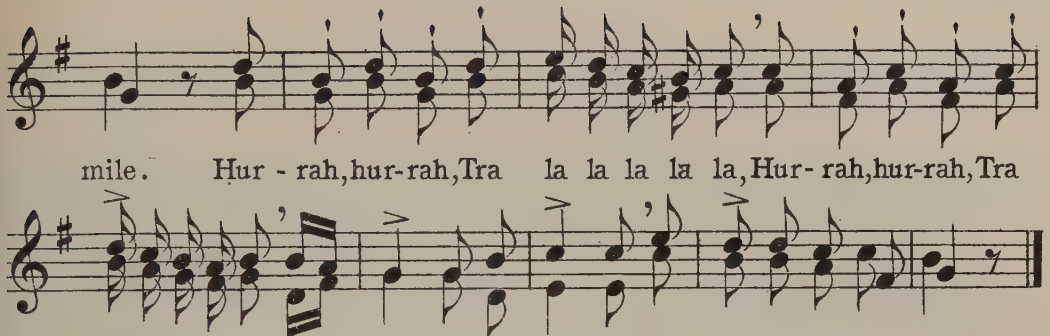

Now close your eyes, my lit - tle child, Sleep, sleep,
soft and warm. The snow lies deep, the wind is wild,
rit.
a tempo
Lie still and dream Till morning's beam; Sleep safe from cold and storm.

Marching Song

M. Louise Baum
From the German

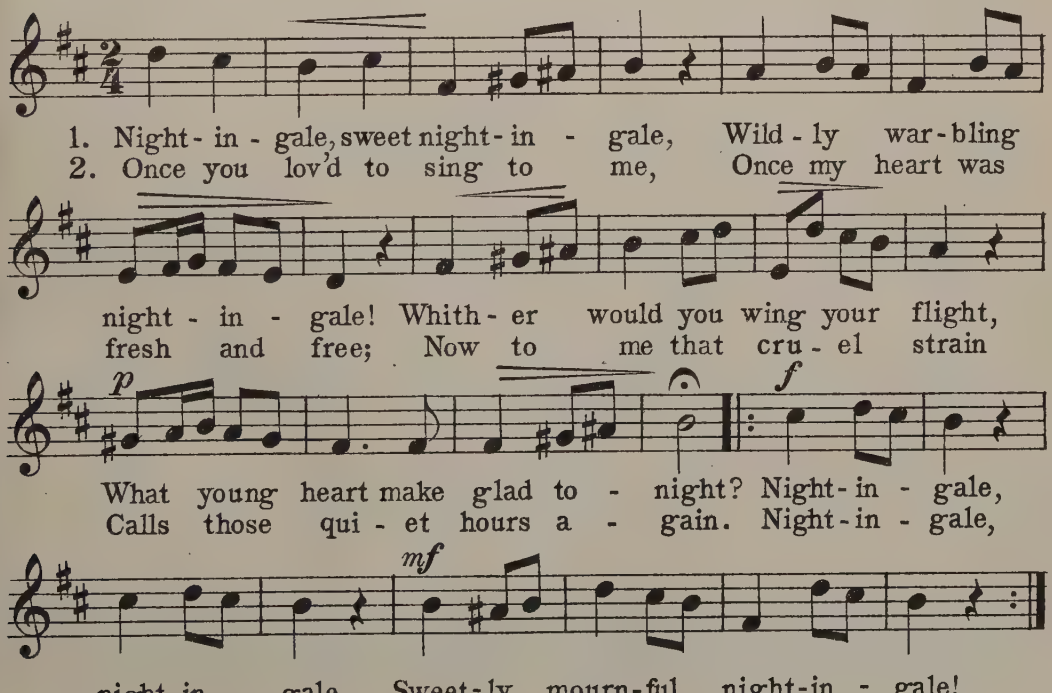
German Folk Song


1. The winds of March are call-ing loud, Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur - rah!
They sweep the blue all clean of cloud, Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur - rah!
2. The icebound brook has bro-ken loose, Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur - rah!
For sluggards now there's no ex-cuse, Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur - rah!
So leave the stu - pid house a-while, We'll all go march-ing
Let shoul-der true by shoul-der swing, While breez - es tou - sle,
mile on mile, A - march-ing, a - march-ing, A-marching mile on
tease, and sting, A - march-ing, a - march-ing, A-march ing-mile on



Nightingale, Sweet Nightingale

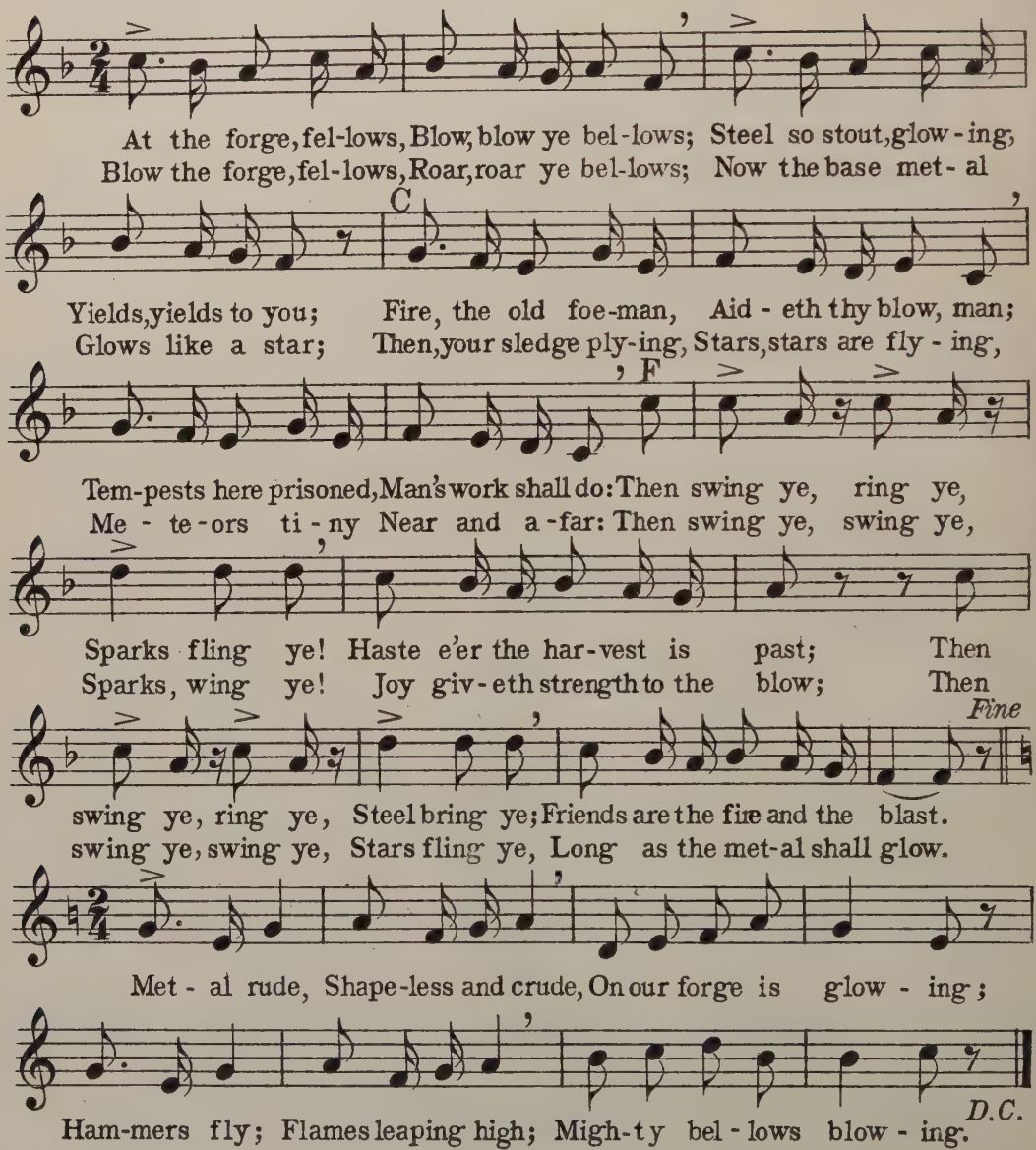
J. S. Stallybrass — Russian Folk Song


1. Night - in - gale, sweet night - in - gale, Wild - ly war - bling
2. Once you lov'd to sing to me, Once my heart was
night - in - gale! Whith - er would you wing your flight,
fresh and free; Now to me that cru - el strain
p
What young heart make glad to - night? Night - in - gale,
Calls those qui - et hours a - gain. Night - in - gale,
f
mf
night - in - gale, Sweet - ly mourn - ful night - in - gale!

At the Forge

Seymour Barnard
From the French

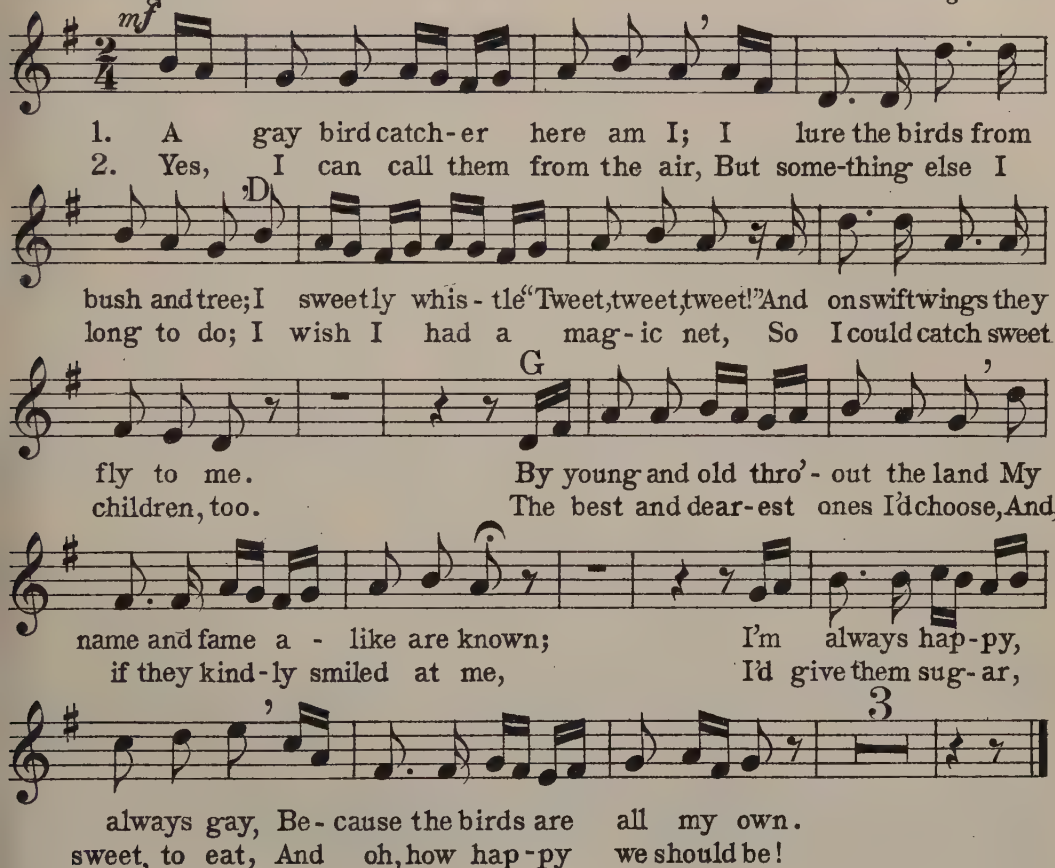
V. Miry


At the forge, fel-lows, Blow, blow ye bel-lows; Steel so stout, glow-ing;
Blow the forge, fel-lows, Roar, roar ye bel-lows; Now the base met-al
C
Yields, yields to you; Fire, the old foe-man, Aid-eth thy blow, man;
Glows like a star; Then, your sledge ply-ing, Stars, stars are fly-ing,
F
Tem-pests here prisoned, Man's work shall do: Then swing ye, ring ye,
Me-te-ors ti-ny Near and a-far: Then swing ye, swing ye,
Sparks fling ye! Haste e'er the har-vest is past; Then
Sparks, wing ye! Joy giv-eth strength to the blow; Then
Fine
swing ye, ring ye, Steel bring ye; Friends are the fire and the blast.
swing ye, swing ye, Stars fling ye, Long as the met-al shall glow.
Met-al rude, Shape-less and crude, On our forge is glow-ing;
Ham-mers fly; Flames leaping high; Migh-ty bel-lows blow-ing.
D.C.

The Bird Catcher

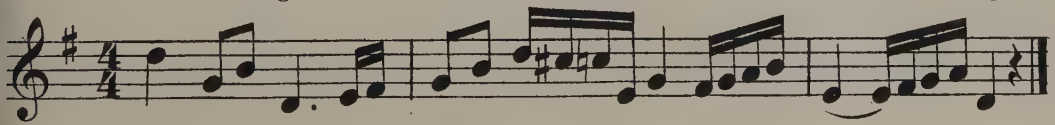
Virginia Baker — W. A. Mozart

Allegretto — From *The Magic Flute*


mf
1. A gay bird catch-er here am I; I lure the birds from
2. Yes, I can call them from the air, But some-thing else I
D
bush and tree; I sweet ly whis - tle "Tweet, tweet, tweet!" And on swift wings they
long to do; I wish I had a mag - ic net, So I could catch sweet
G
fly to me. By young and old thro' - out the land My
children, too. The best and dear-est ones I'd choose, And,
name and fame a - like are known; I'm always hap-py,
if they kind-ly smiled at me, I'd give them sug-ar,
3
always gay, Be - cause the birds are all my own.
sweet, to eat, And oh, how hap-py we should be!

Theme

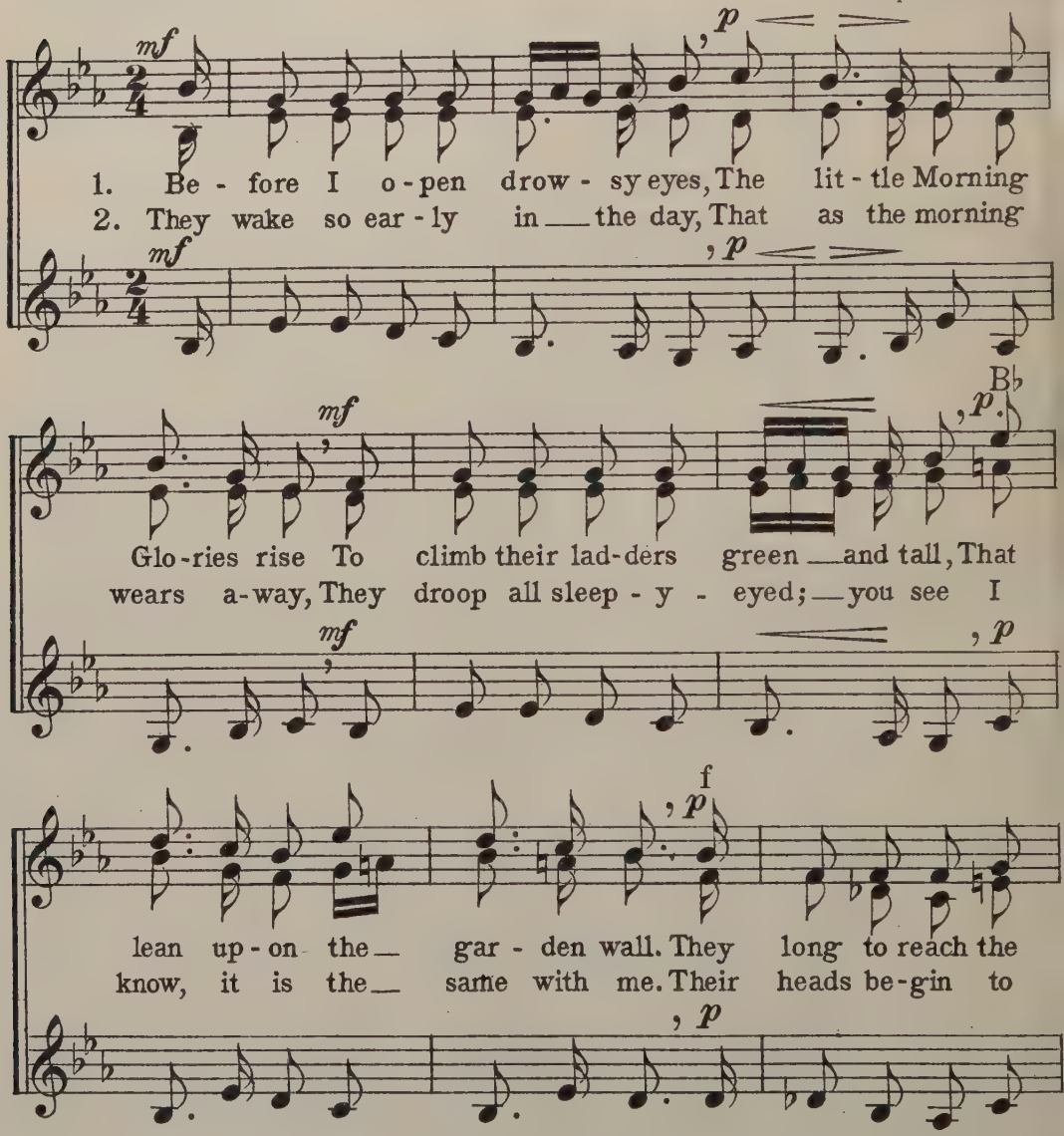
From *Die Meistersinger* — Richard Wagner

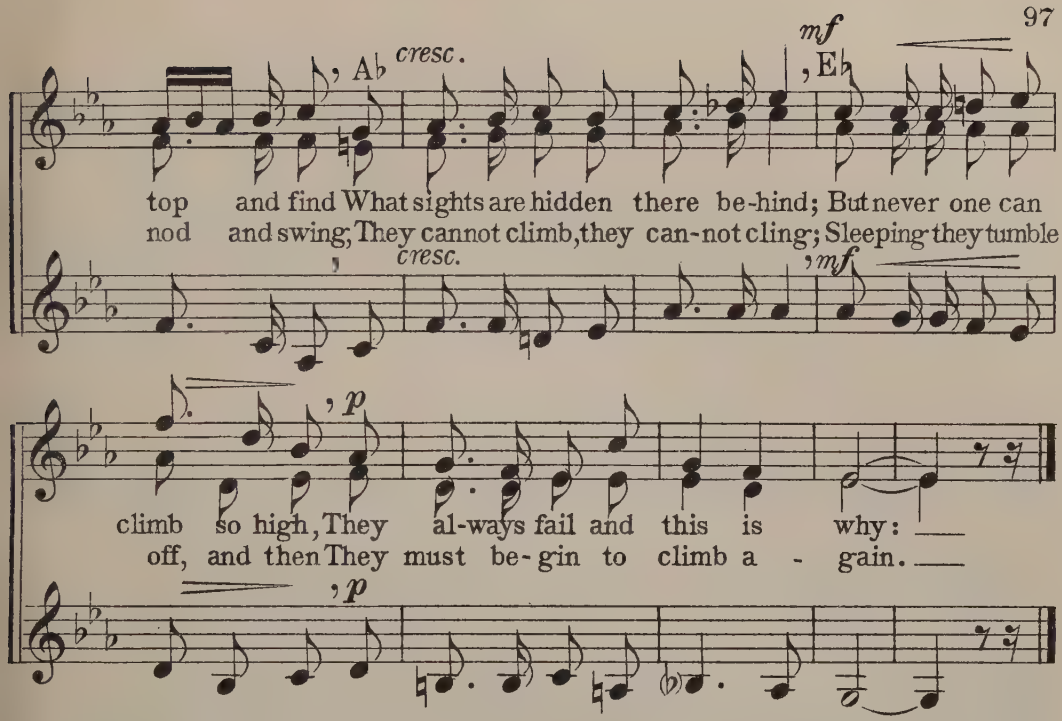


Before I Open Drowsy Eyes

Abbie Farwell Brown

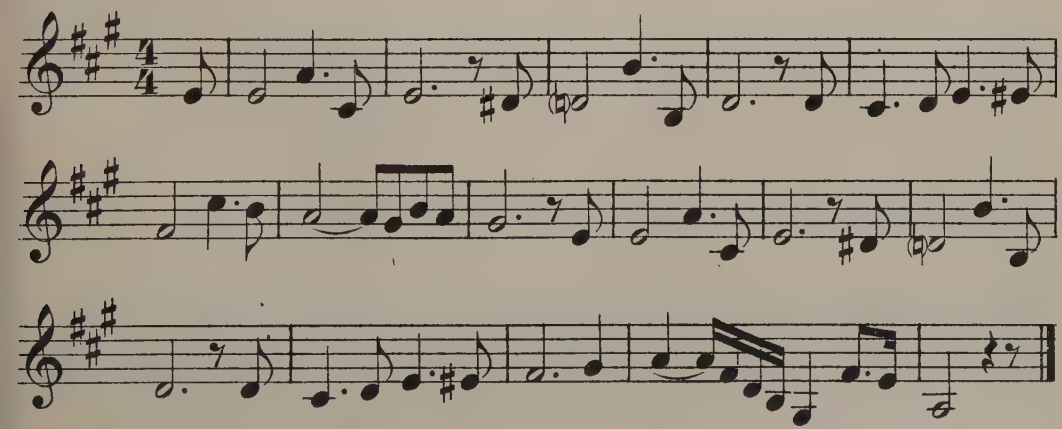
Georg Schumann
Composed for this Series


mf
p
1. Be - fore I o - pen drow - sy eyes, The lit - tle Morning
2. They wake so ear - ly in the day, That as the morning
mf
p
mf
p
Glo - ries rise To climb their lad - ders green and tall, That
wears a - way, They droop all sleep - y - eyed; you see I
mf
p
f
p
lean up - on the gar - den wall. They long to reach the
know, it is the same with me. Their heads be - gin to
p


cresc.
mf
top and find What sights are hidden there be-hind; But never one can
nod and swing; They cannot climb, they can-not cling; Sleeping they tumble
cresc.
mf
p
climb so high, They al-ways fail and this is why: —
off, and then They must be-gin to climb a - gain. —
p

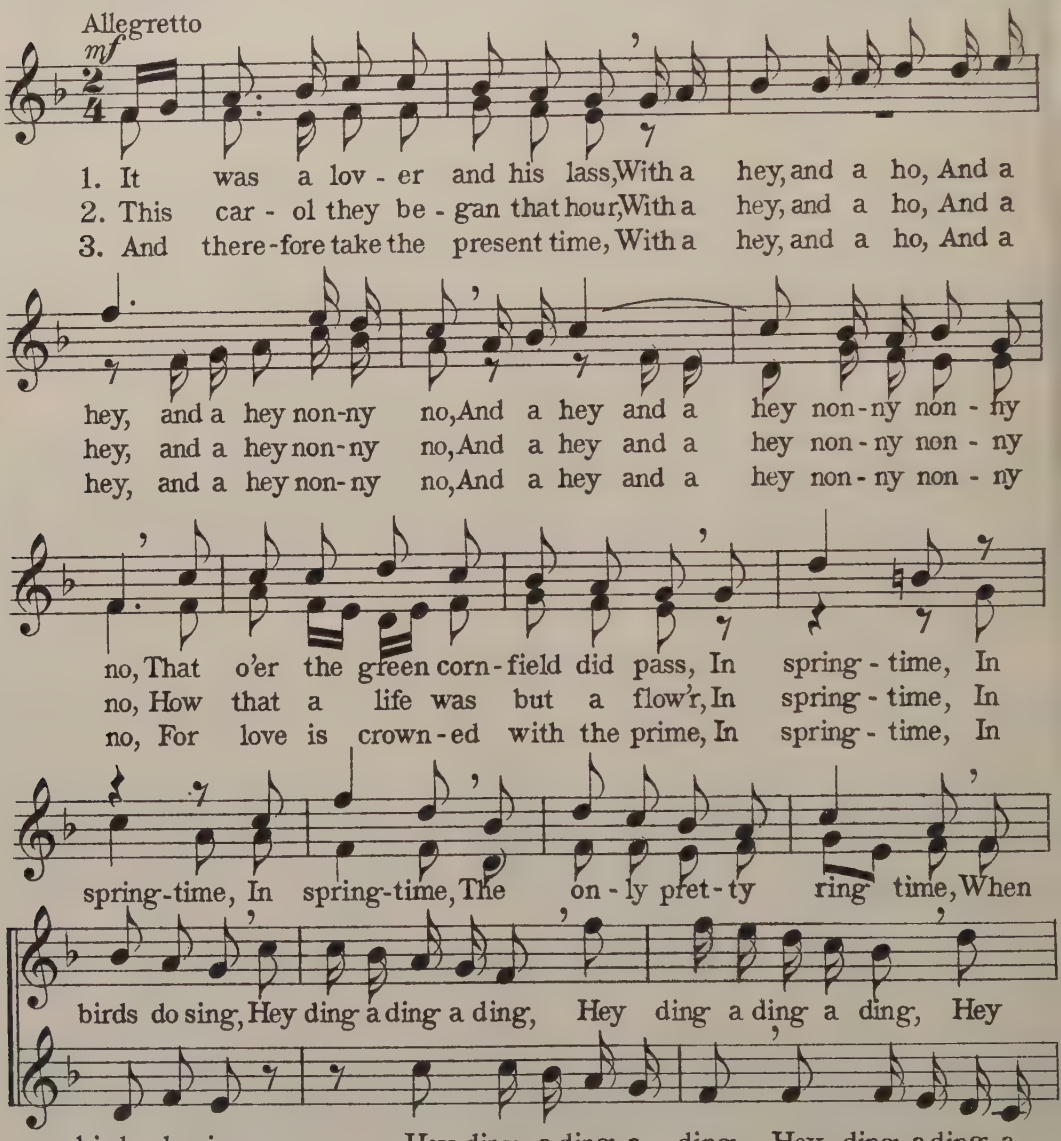
Theme

From *Oberon* — C. M. von Weber

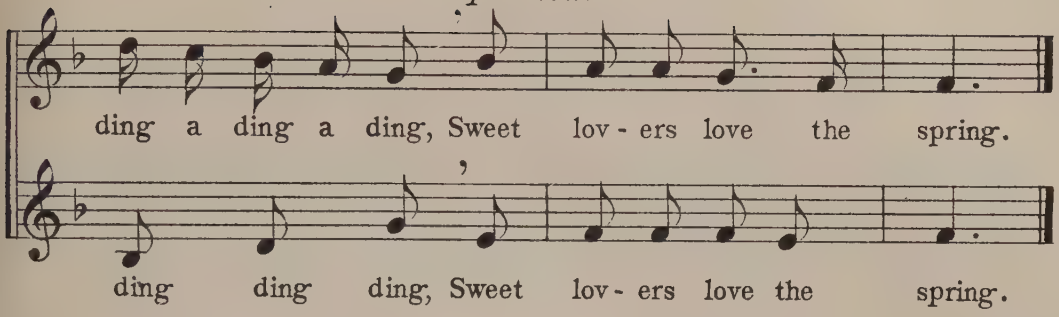


It Was A Lover and His Lass

William Shakespeare — Adapted from Thomas Morley


Allegretto
mf
1. It was a lov - er and his lass, With a hey, and a ho, And a
2. This car - ol they be - gan that hour, With a hey, and a ho, And a
3. And there-fore take the present time, With a hey, and a ho, And a
hey, and a hey non-ny no, And a hey and a hey non-ny non - ny
hey, and a hey non-ny no, And a hey and a hey non-ny non - ny
hey, and a hey non-ny no, And a hey and a hey non-ny non - ny
no, That o'er the green corn-field did pass, In spring - time, In
no, How that a life was but a flow'r, In spring - time, In
no, For love is crown-ed with the prime, In spring - time, In
spring-time, In spring-time, The on - ly pret - ty ring time, When
birds do sing, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey
birds do sing, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a

poco rall.

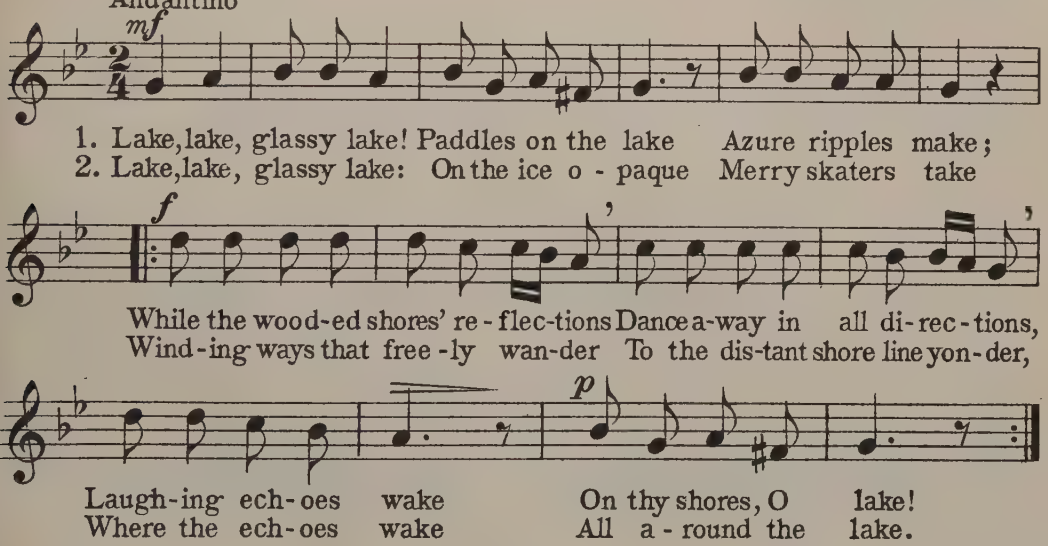


Glassy Lake

Nathan Haskell Dole

Hungarian Folk Song

Andantino

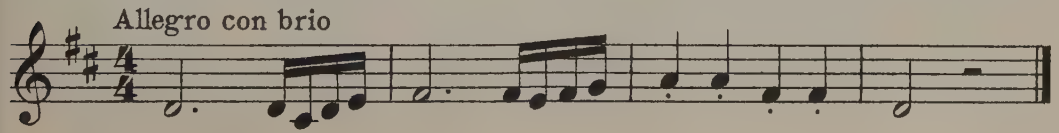

mf
1. Lake, lake, glassy lake! Paddles on the lake Azure ripples make;
2. Lake, lake, glassy lake: On the ice o - paque Merry skaters take
f
While the wood-ed shores' re - flec-tions Dance a-way in all di-rec-tions,
Wind-ing ways that free - ly wan-der To the dis-tant shore line yon-der,
p
Laugh-ing ech-oes wake On thy shores, O lake!
Where the ech-oes wake All a - round the lake.

Theme

From *The Second Symphony*

Ludwig van Beethoven

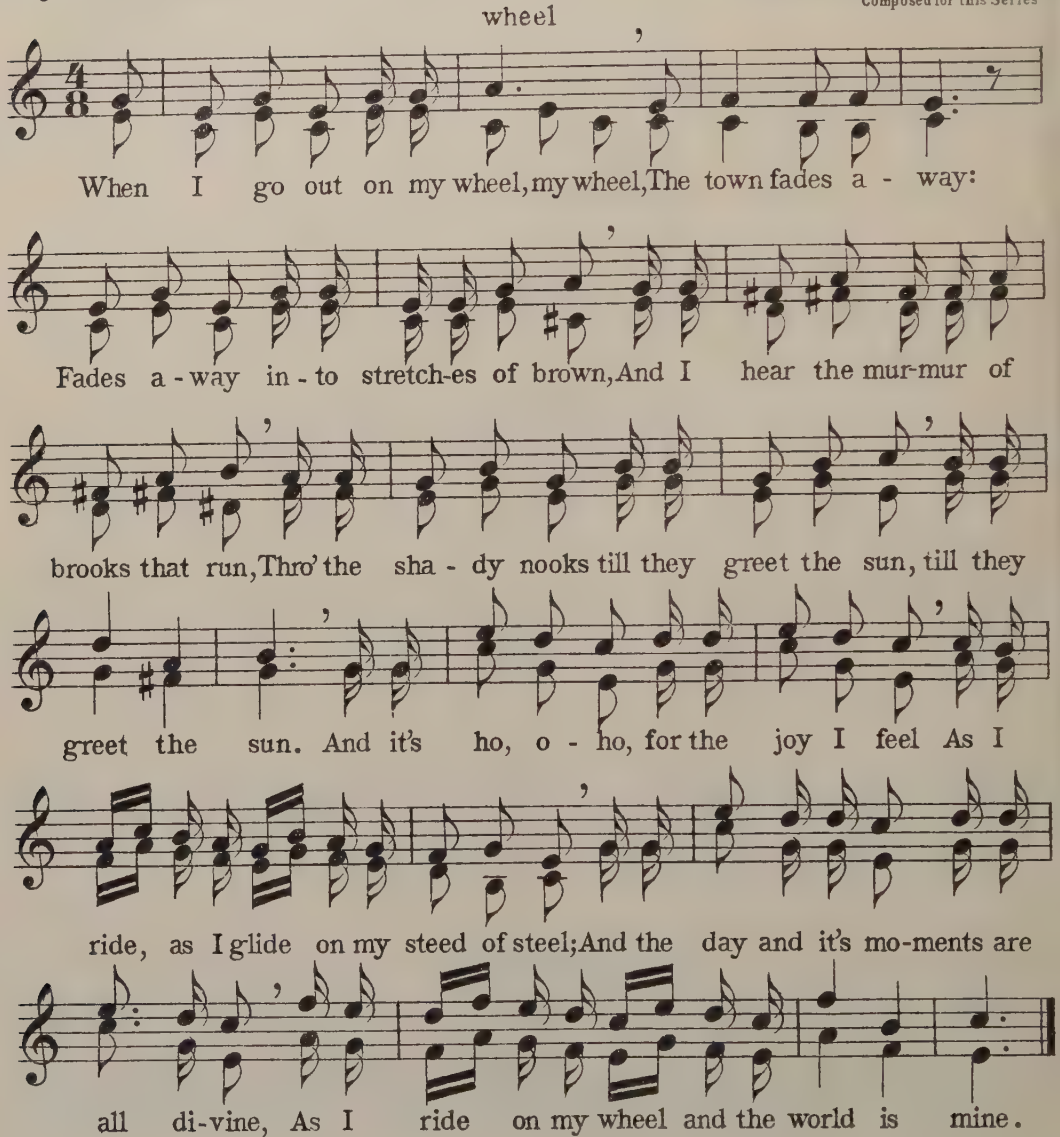
Allegro con brio



When I Go Out on My Wheel

A. J. Waterhouse

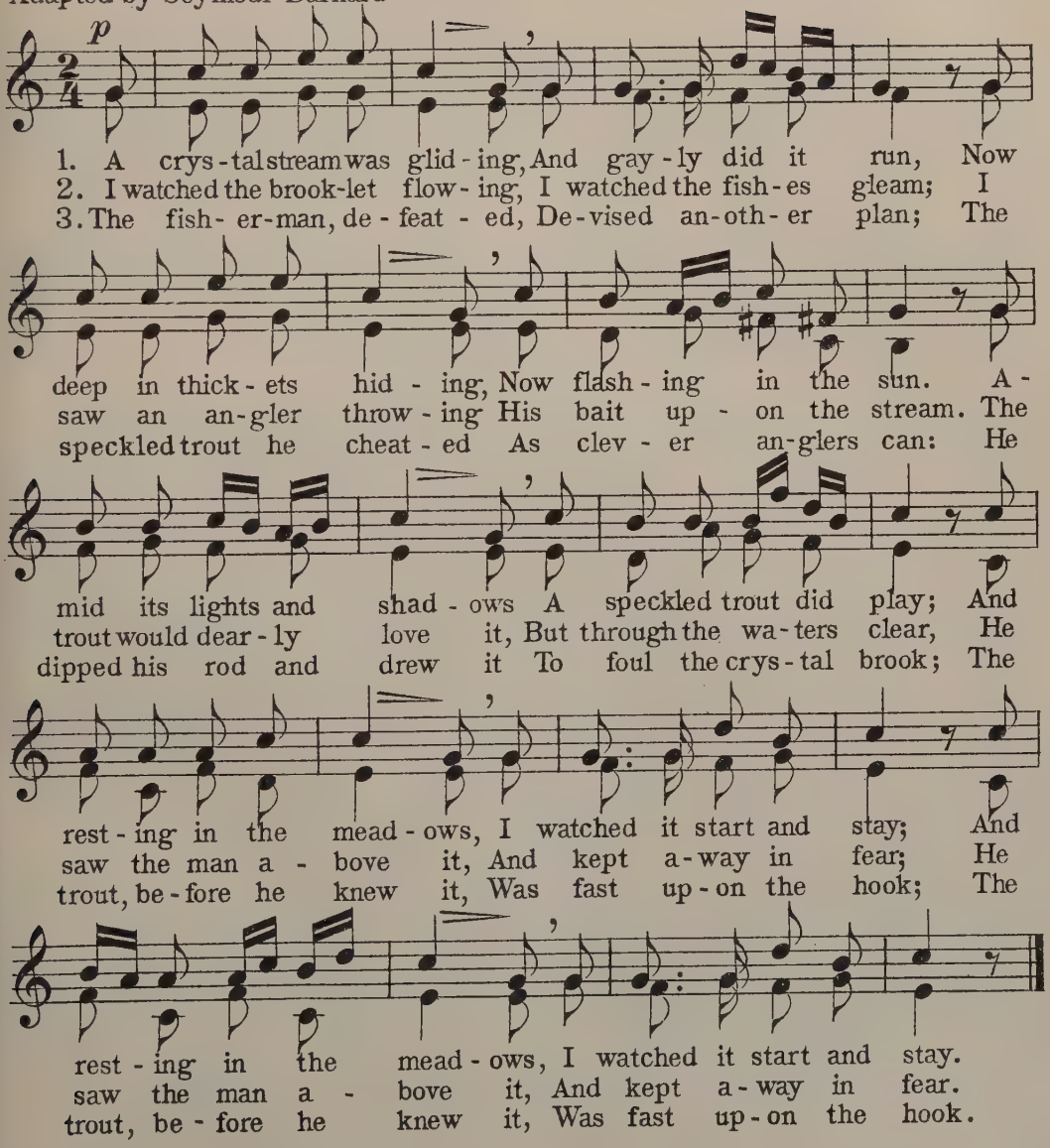
Peter Christian Lutkin
Composed for this Series


wheel
When I go out on my wheel, my wheel, The town fades a - way:
Fades a - way in - to stretch-es of brown, And I hear the mur-mur of
brooks that run, Thro' the sha - dy nooks till they greet the sun, till they
greet the sun. And it's ho, o - ho, for the joy I feel As I
ride, as I glide on my steed of steel; And the day and it's mo-ments are
all di-vine, As I ride on my wheel and the world is mine.

The Trout

A. J. Foxwell
Adapted by Seymour Barnard

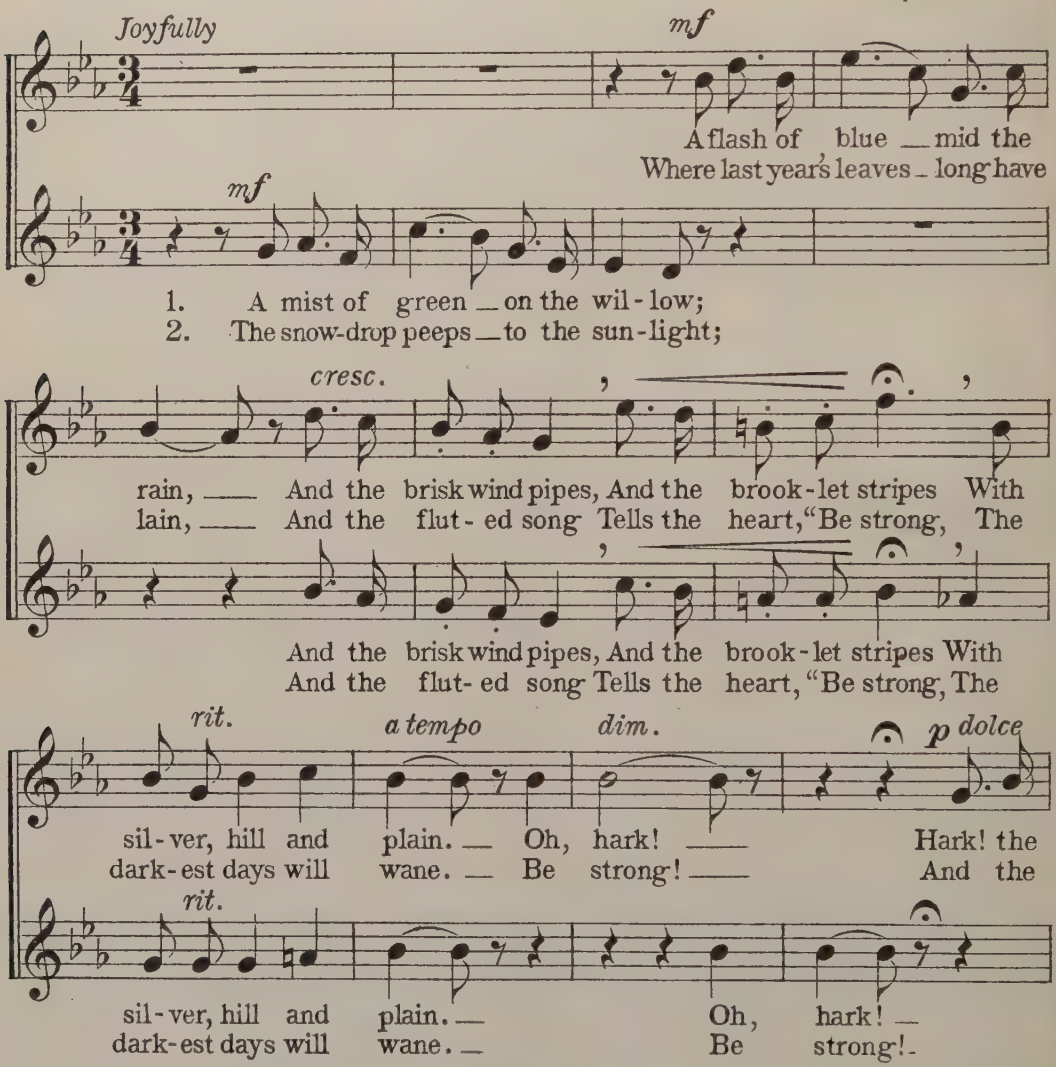
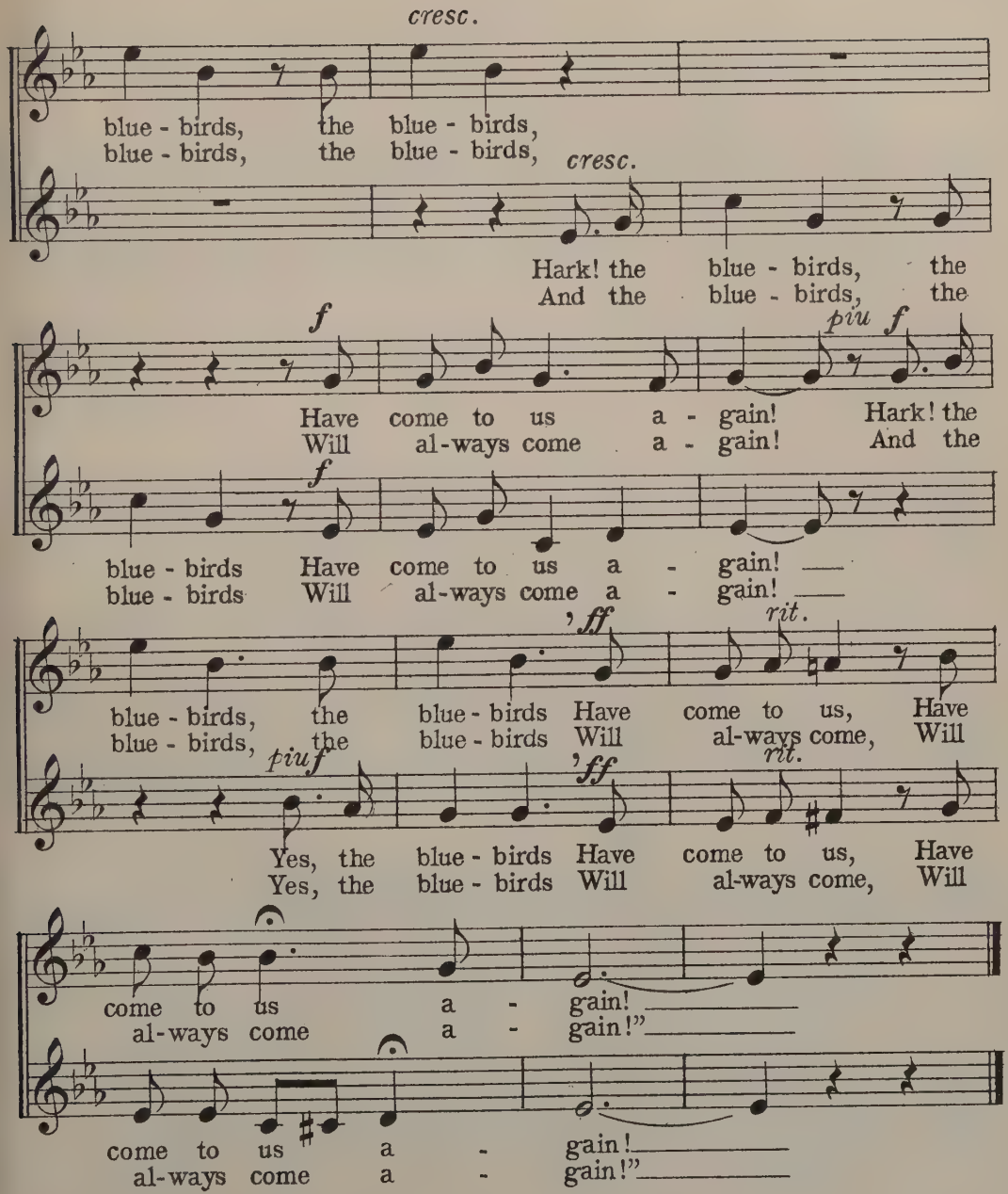
Franz Schubert


p
1. A crys-tal stream was glid-ing, And gay-ly did it run, Now
2. I watched the brook-let flow-ing, I watched the fish-es gleam; I
3. The fish-er-man, de-feat-ed, De-vised an-oth-er plan; The
deep in thick-ets hid-ing, Now flash-ing in the sun. A-
saw an an-gler throw-ing His bait up-on the stream. The
speckled trout he cheat-ed As clev-er an-glers can: He
mid its lights and shad-ows A speckled trout did play; And
trout would dear-ly love it, But through the wa-ters clear, He
dipped his rod and drew it To foul the crys-tal brook; The
rest-ing in the mead-ows, I watched it start and stay; And
saw the man a-bove it, And kept a-way in fear; He
trout, be-fore he knew it, Was fast up-on the hook; The
rest-ing in the mead-ows, I watched it start and stay.
saw the man a-bove it, And kept a-way in fear.
trout, be-fore he knew it, Was fast up-on the hook.

The Bluebirds

George Cooper

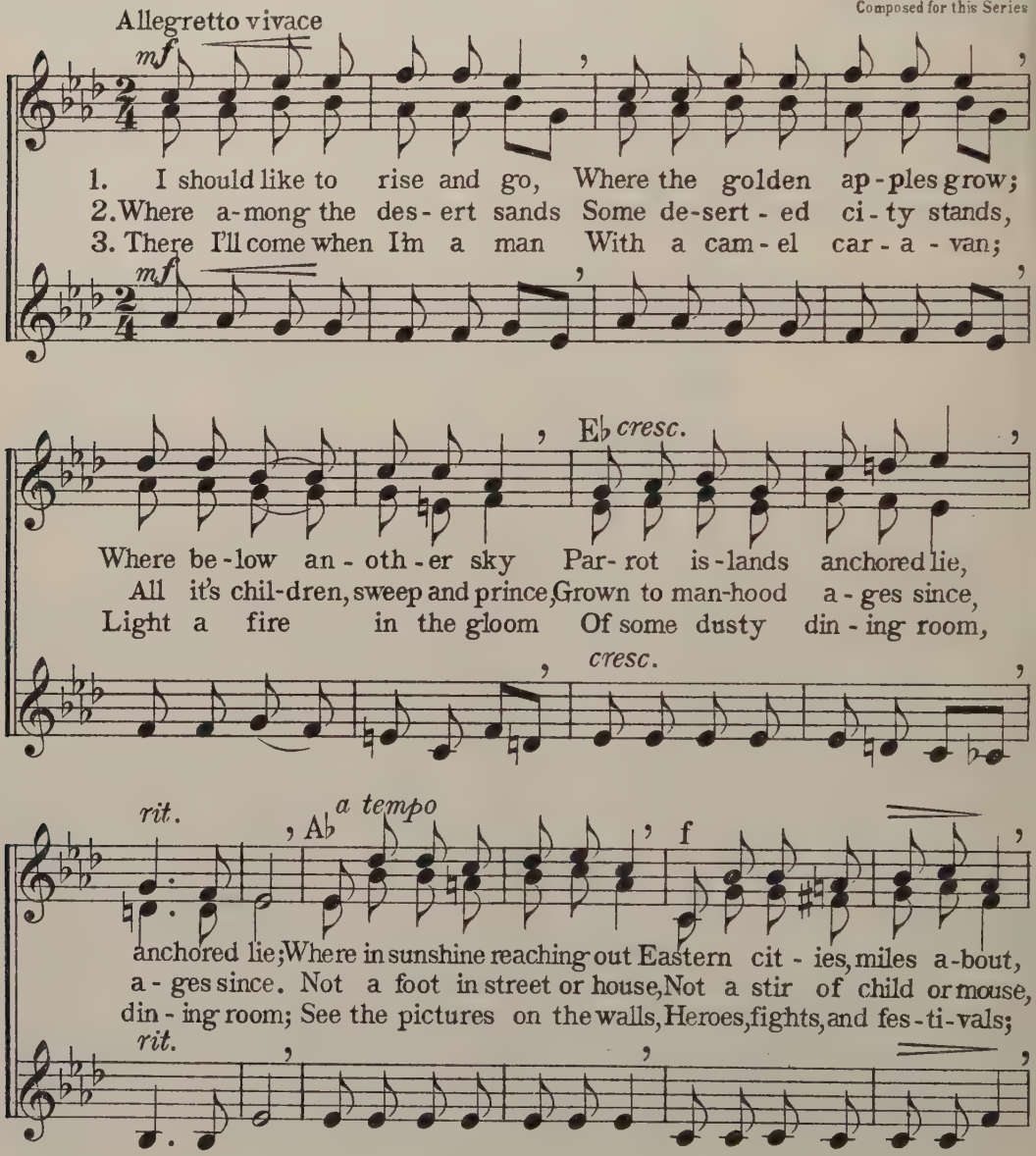
Myles B. Foster
Composed for this Series

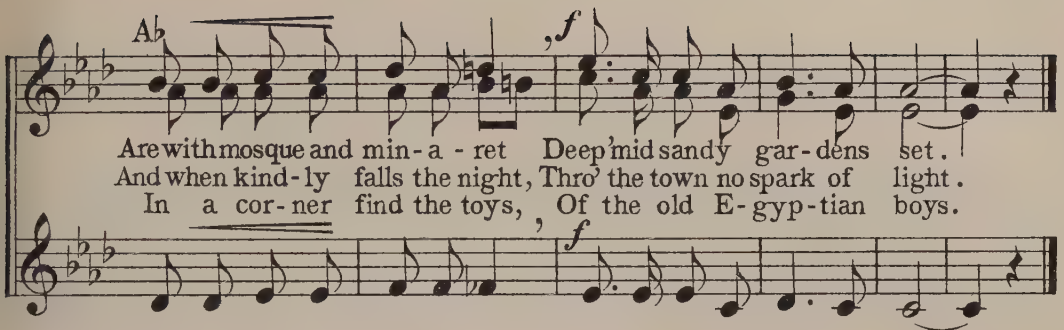

Joyfully
mf
A flash of blue mid the
Where last year's leaves long have
mf
1. A mist of green on the wil-low;
2. The snow-drop peeps to the sun-light;
cresc.
rain, And the brisk wind pipes, And the brook-let stripes With
lain, And the flut-ed song Tells the heart, "Be strong, The
And the brisk wind pipes, And the brook-let stripes With
And the flut-ed song Tells the heart, "Be strong, The
rit.
a tempo
dim.
p dolce
sil-ver, hill and plain. Oh, hark! Hark! the
dark-est days will wane. Be strong! And the
rit.
sil-ver, hill and plain. Oh, hark!
dark-est days will wane. Be strong!

cresc.
blue - birds, the blue - birds,
blue - birds, the blue - birds,
cresc.
Hark! the blue - birds, the
And the blue - birds, the
f
piu f
Have come to us a - gain! Hark! the
Will al-ways come a - gain! And the
f
blue - birds Have come to us a - gain!
blue - birds Will al-ways come a - gain!
ff
rit.
blue - birds, the blue - birds Have come to us, Have
blue - birds, the blue - birds Will al-ways come, Will
piuf
ff
rit.
Yes, the blue - birds Have come to us, Have
Yes, the blue - birds Will al-ways come, Will
come to us a - gain!
al-ways come a - gain!"
come to us a - gain!
al-ways come a - gain!"

Travel

Robert Louis Stevenson

Daniel Protheroe
Composed for this Series

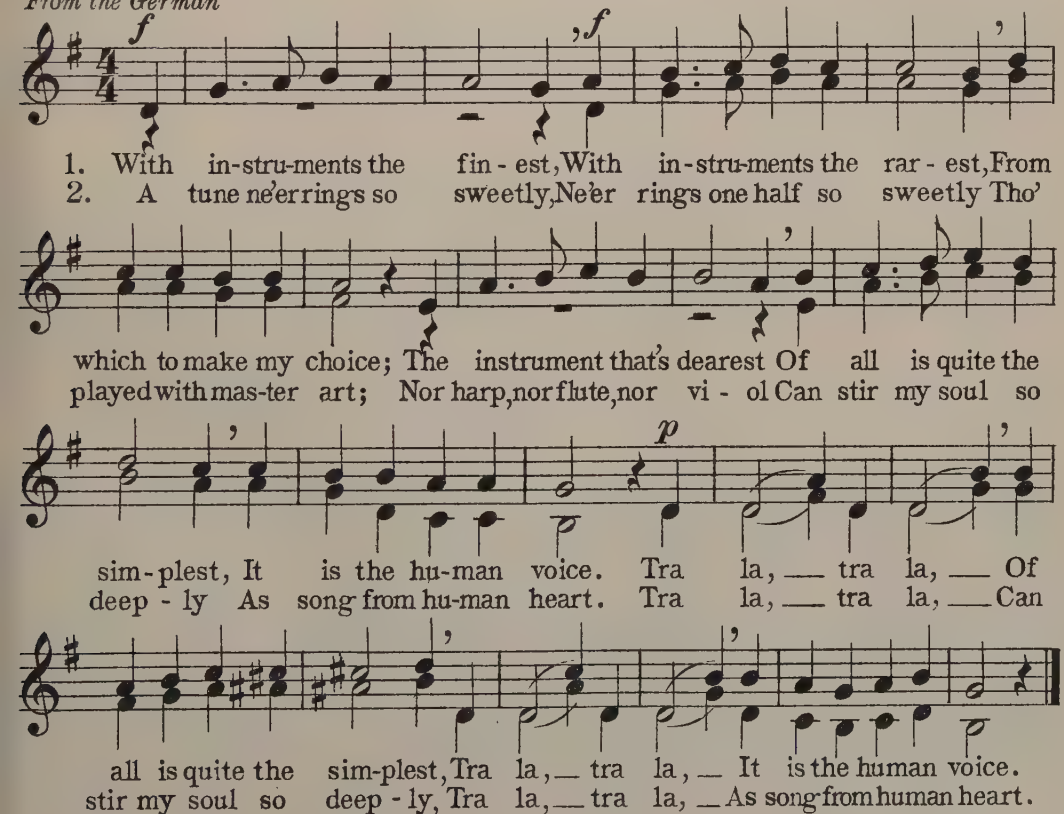

Allegretto vivace
mf
1. I should like to rise and go, Where the golden ap-ples grow;
2. Where a-mong the des-ert sands Some de-sert-ed ci-ty stands,
3. There I'll come when I'm a man With a cam-el car-a-van;
E♭ cresc.
Where be-low an-oth-er sky Par-rot is-lands anchored lie,
All it's chil-dren, sweep and prince, Grown to man-hood a-ges since,
Light a fire in the gloom Of some dusty din-ing room,
cresc.
rit.
A♭ a tempo
f
anchored lie; Where in sunshine reaching out Eastern cit-ies, miles a-bout,
a-ges since. Not a foot in street or house, Not a stir of child or mouse,
din-ing room; See the pictures on the walls, Heroes, fights, and fes-ti-vals;
rit.


Ab
f
Are with mosque and min-a-ret Deep 'mid sandy gar-dens set.
And when kind-ly falls the night, Thro' the town no spark of light.
In a cor-ner find the toys, Of the old E-gyp-tian boys.
f

The Best Instrument

Genevieve Fox — Ernst Schmid

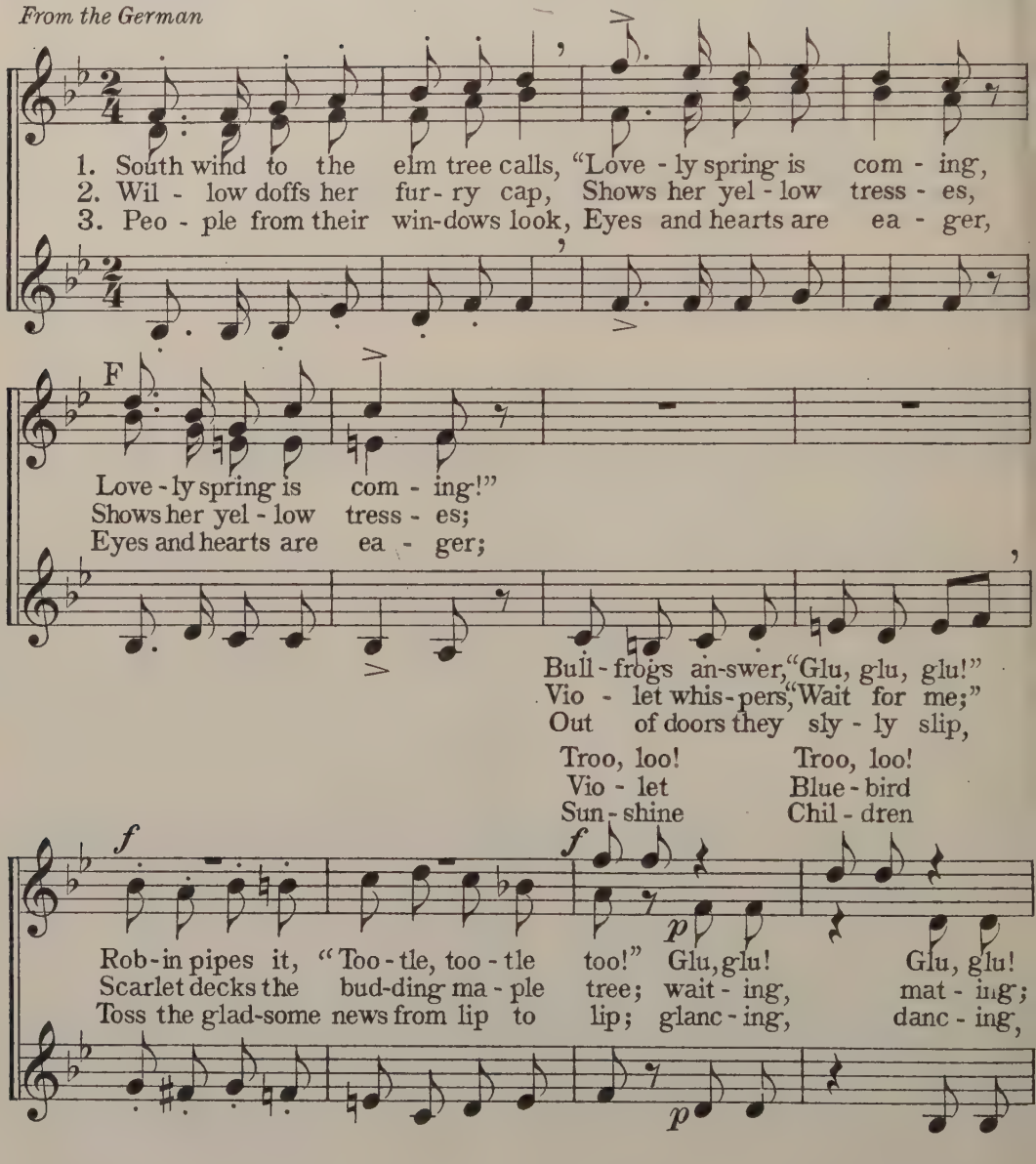
From the German

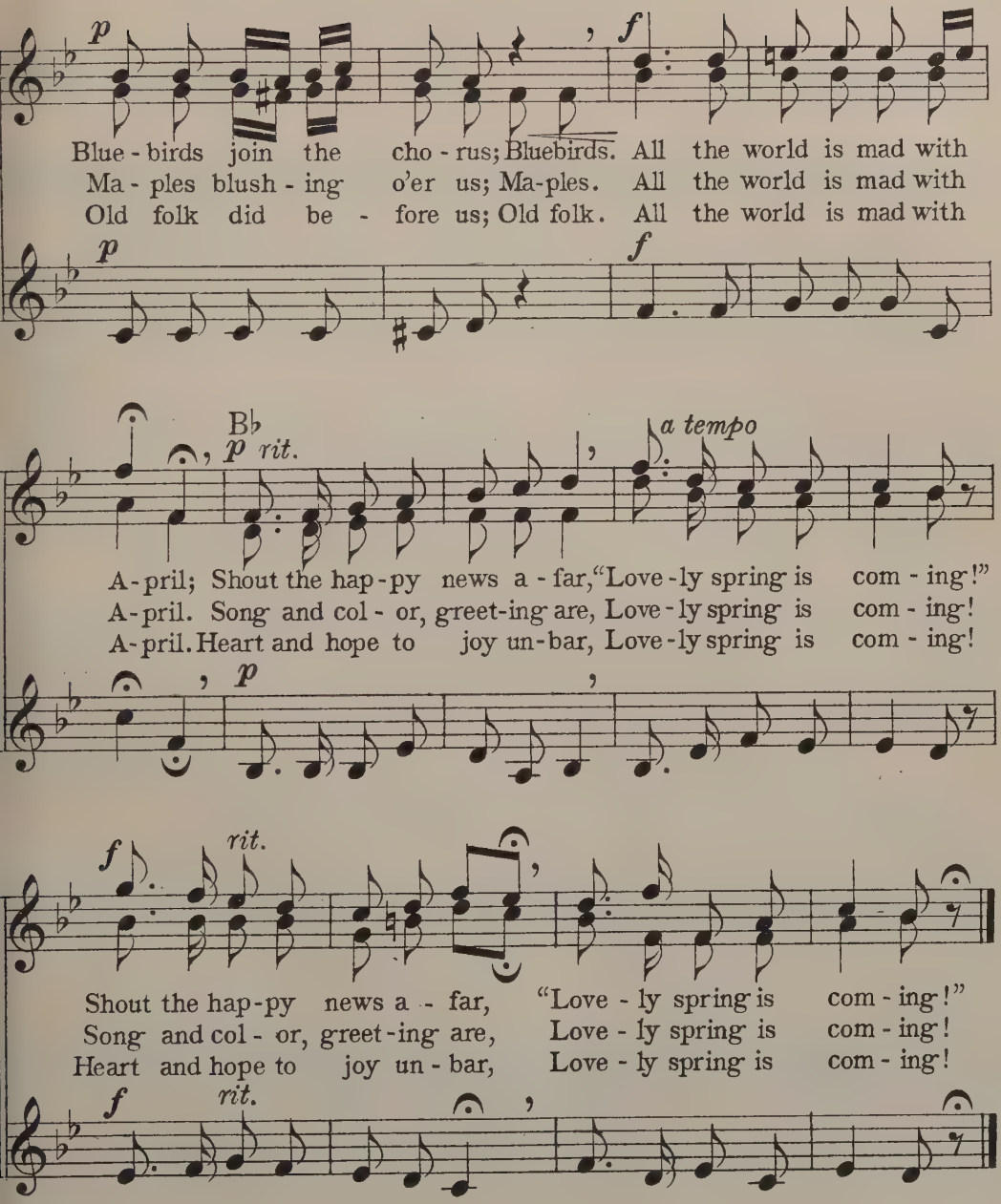

f
f
1. With in-stru-ments the fin-est, With in-stru-ments the rar-est, From
2. A tune ne'er rings so sweetly, Ne'er rings one half so sweetly Tho'
which to make my choice; The instrument that's dearest Of all is quite the
played with mas-ter art; Nor harp, nor flute, nor vi-ol Can stir my soul so
p
sim-plest, It is the hu-man voice. Tra la, — tra la, — Of
deep-ly As song from hu-man heart. Tra la, — tra la, — Can
all is quite the sim-plest, Tra la, — tra la, — It is the human voice.
stir my soul so deep-ly, Tra la, — tra la, — As song from human heart.

The April Folk

M. Louise Baum
From the German

Max Bruch


1. South wind to the elm tree calls, "Love - ly spring is com - ing,
2. Wil - low doffs her fur - ry cap, Shows her yel - low tress - es,
3. Peo - ple from their win-dows look, Eyes and hearts are ea - ger,
F
Love - ly spring is com - ing!"
Shows her yel - low tress - es;
Eyes and hearts are ea - ger;
Bull - frogs an-swer, "Glu, glu, glu!"
Vio - let whis - pers, "Wait for me;"
Out of doors they sly - ly slip,
Troo, loo! Troo, loo!
Vio - let Blue - bird
Sun - shine Chil - dren
f
f
p
Rob - in pipes it, "Too - tle, too - tle too!" Glu, glu! Glu, glu!
Scarlet decks the bud-ding ma - ple tree; wait - ing, mat - ing;
Toss the glad-some news from lip to lip; glanc - ing, danc - ing,
p


p
f
Blue - birds join the cho - rus; Bluebirds. All the world is mad with
Ma - ples blush - ing o'er us; Ma-ples. All the world is mad with
Old folk did be - fore us; Old folk. All the world is mad with
p
f
B♭
p rit.
a tempo
A - pril; Shout the hap - py news a - far, "Love - ly spring is com - ing!"
A - pril. Song and col - or, greet-ing are, Love - ly spring is com - ing!
A - pril. Heart and hope to joy un - bar, Love - ly spring is com - ing!
p
f
rit.
Shout the hap - py news a - far, "Love - ly spring is com - ing!"
Song and col - or, greet - ing are, Love - ly spring is com - ing!
Heart and hope to joy un - bar, Love - ly spring is com - ing!
f
rit.

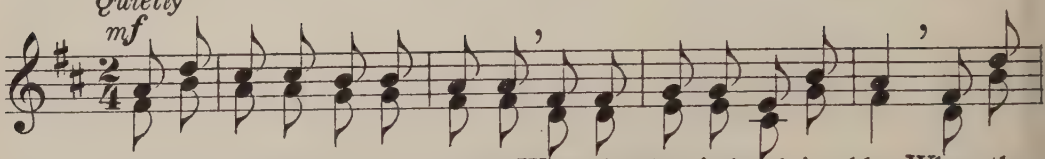
Gay Liesel

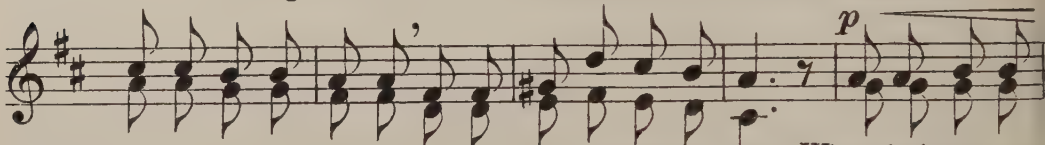
Alice C.D.Riley
From the German

Karl Wahlstedt

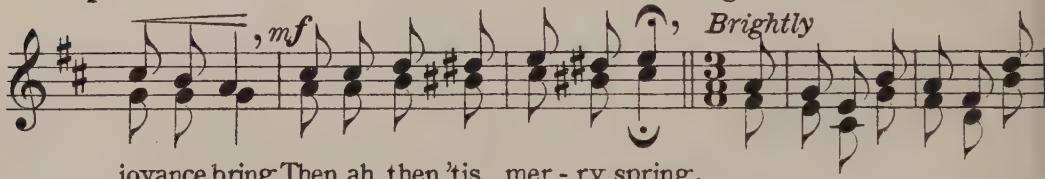
Quietly

mf



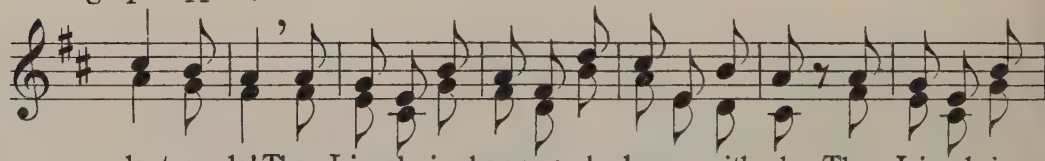
1. When the Maybells all are ring-ing; When the sky o'erhead is blue, When the
2. When the fields of grain are waving; When the lambs frisk on the lea, When the
3. When the flocks go hith-er, thith-er, Grazing wide up-on the wold, When the

happy birds are singing And the cro-cus buds are new, When the breez-es
waves the shores are laving And the ships plow thro' the sea, When the rose is
pods of milk-weed wither And the trees rain floods of gold, When the pur-ple

p

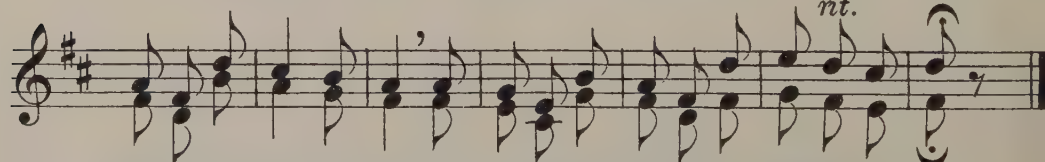


joyance bring; Then, ah, then 'tis mer-ry spring.
in its prime, Then 'tis love-ly sum-mer time. Then Liesel is happy, Tra-
grapes appear, Then is mel-low autumn here.

mf *Brightly*



la, tra-la! Then Liesel is happy and dances with glee. Then Liesel is

rit.

happy, Tra-la, tra-la! For Liesel is good as a maiden can be.

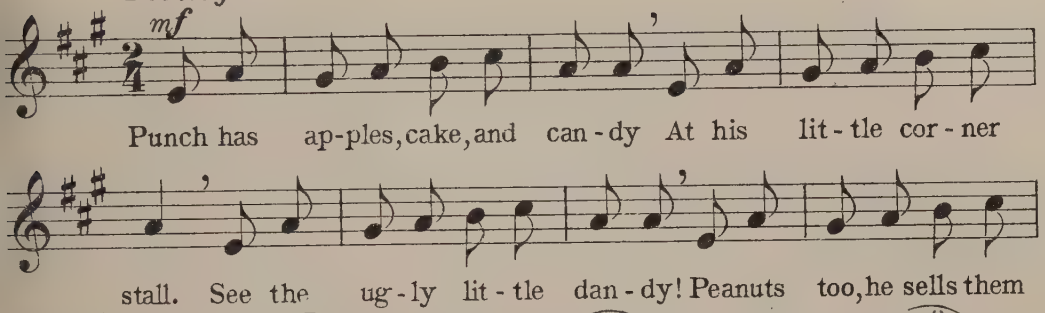
Punchinello

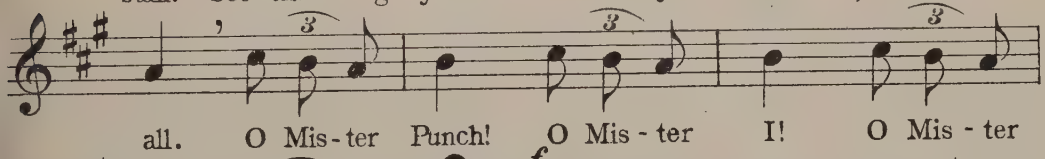
Abbie Farwell Brown

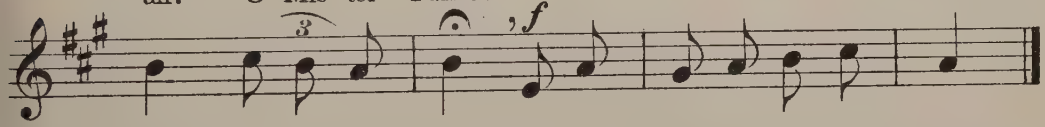
French Folk Song

From the French

Not too fast



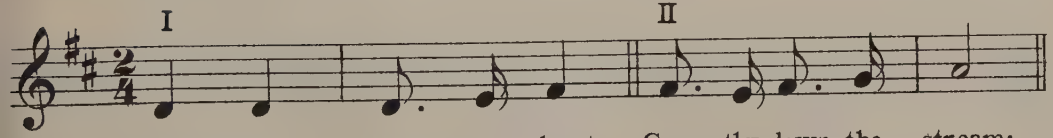


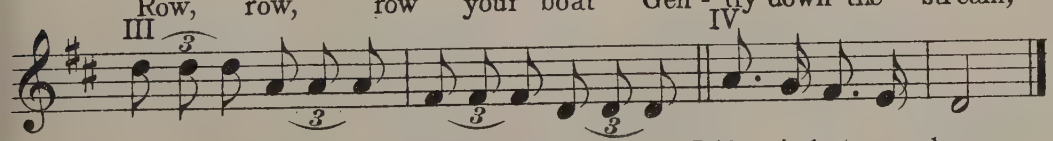


Row, Row, Row Your Boat

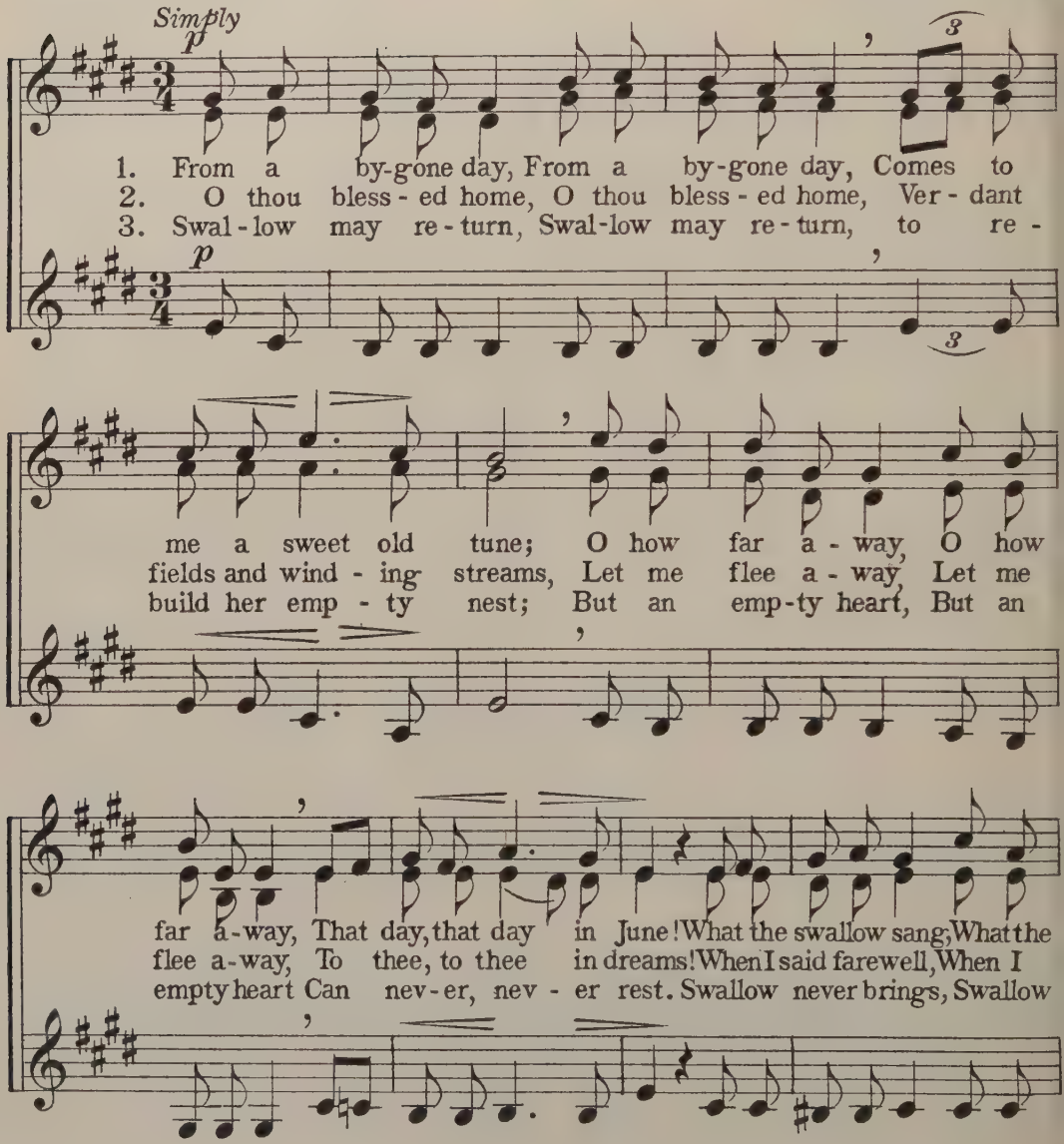
FOUR-PART ROUND

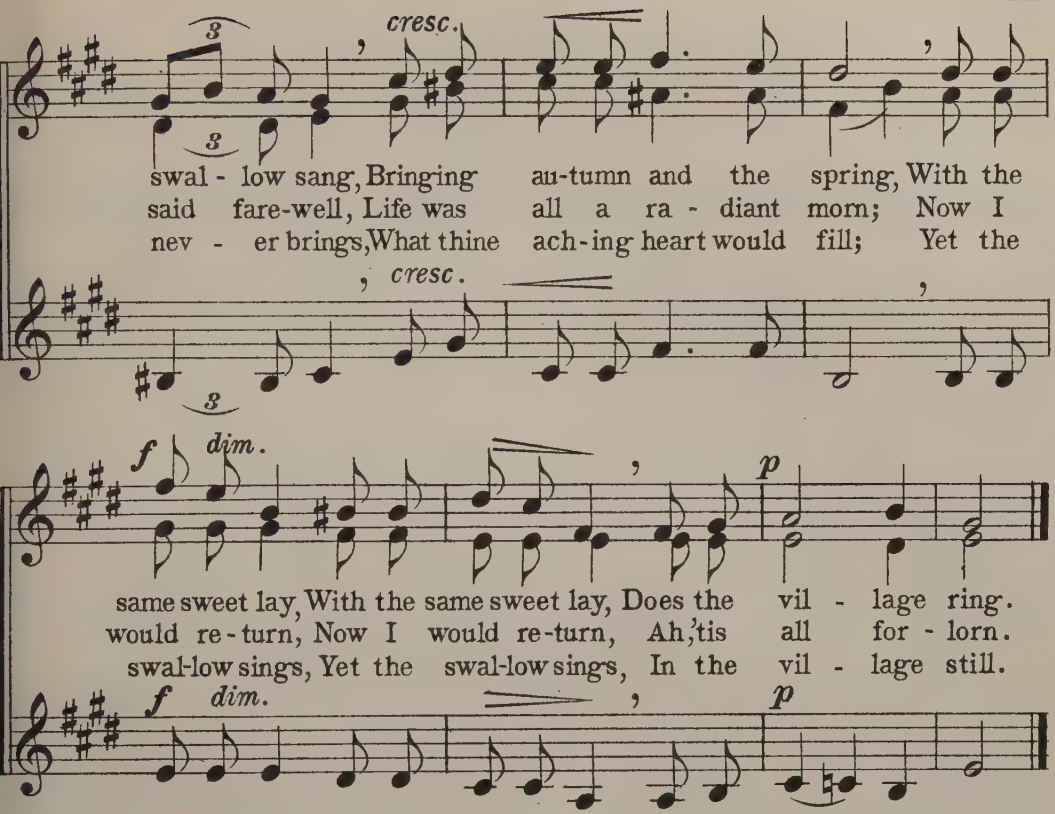
E.O. Lyte





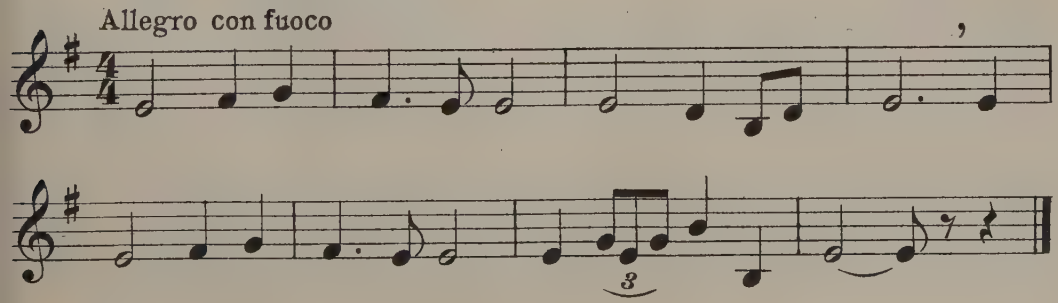
From a Bygone Day

George L. Osgood — German Folk Song

Simply
p
1. From a by-gone day, From a by-gone day, Comes to
2. O thou bless-ed home, O thou bless-ed home, Ver-dant
3. Swal-low may re-turn, Swal-low may re-turn, to re-
p
me a sweet old tune; O how far a-way, O how
fields and wind-ing streams, Let me flee a-way, Let me
build her emp-ty nest; But an emp-ty heart, But an
far a-way, That day, that day in June! What the swallow sang; What the
flee a-way, To thee, to thee in dreams! When I said farewell, When I
empty heart Can nev-er, nev-er rest. Swallow never brings, Swallow


cresc.
swal - low sang, Bringing au-tumn and the spring; With the
said fare-well, Life was all a ra - diant morn; Now I
nev - er brings, What thine ach-ing heart would fill; Yet the
cresc.
f dim.
p
same sweet lay, With the same sweet lay, Does the vil - lage ring.
would re-turn, Now I would re-turn, Ah, 'tis all for - lorn.
swal-low sings, Yet the swal-low sings, In the vil - lage still.
f dim.
p

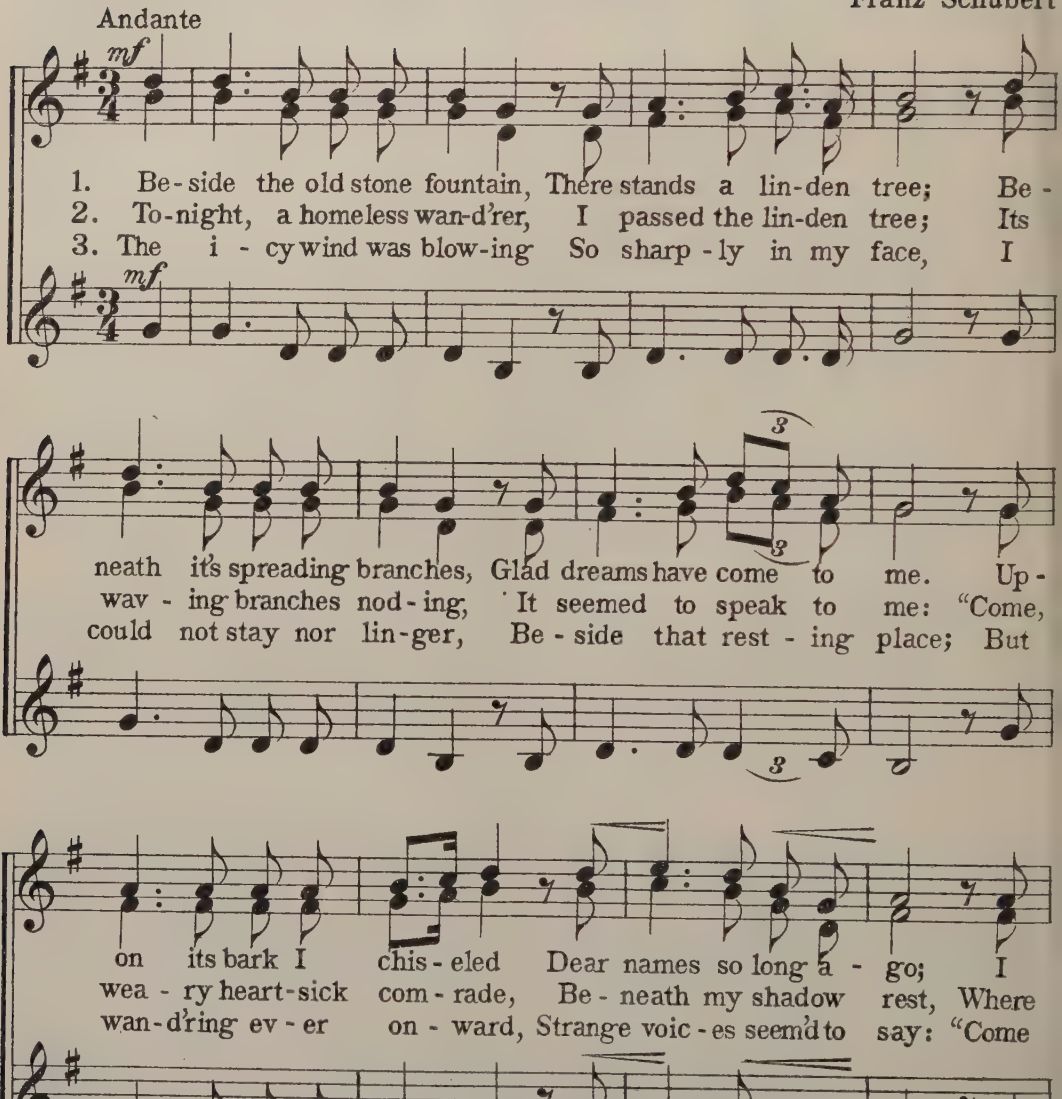
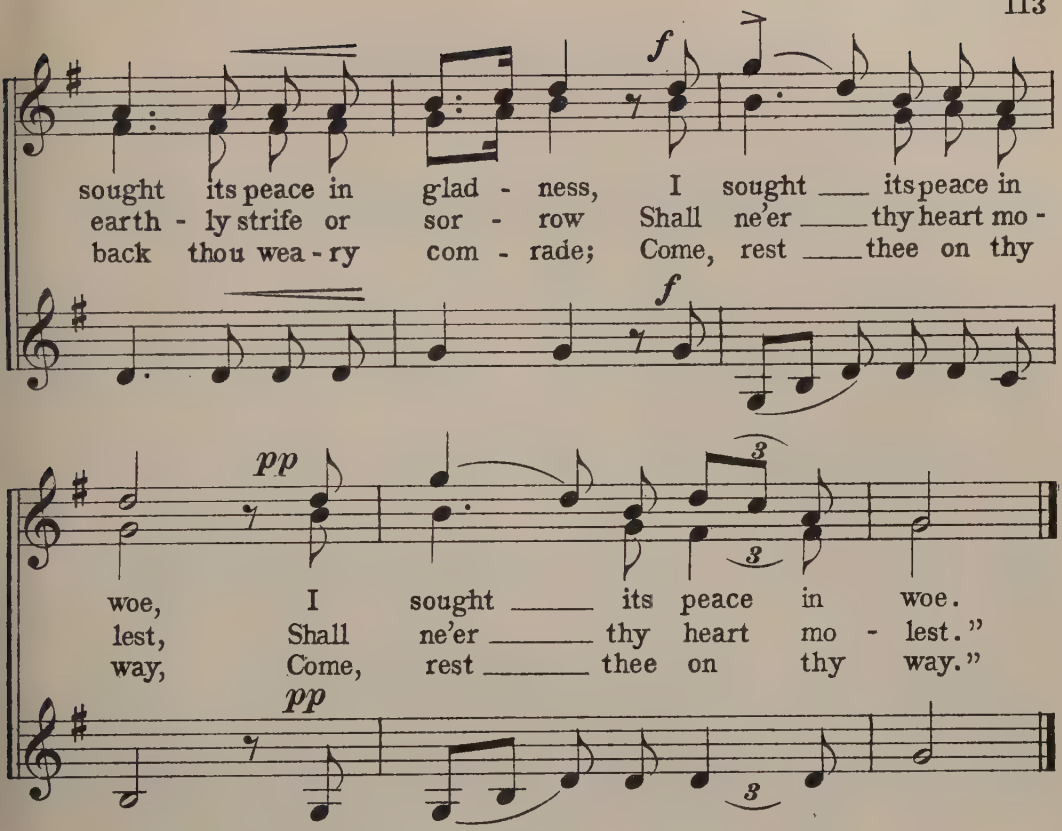
Theme

From *The "New World" Symphony* — Anton Dvořák



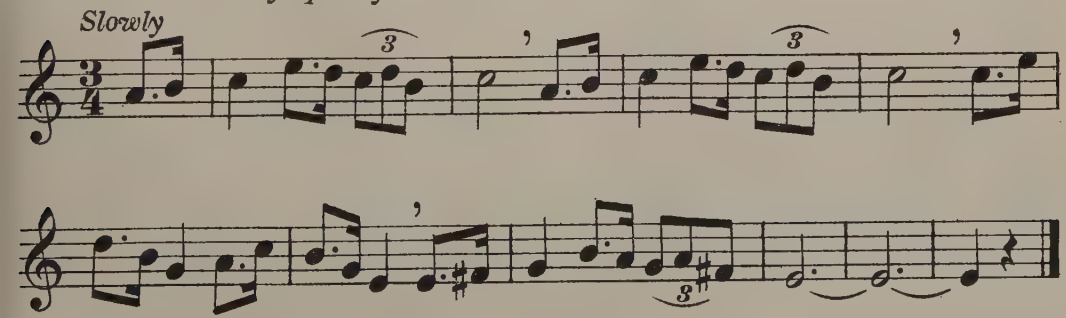
The Linden Tree

Franz Schubert


Andante
mf
1. Be-side the old stone fountain, There stands a lin-den tree; Be-
2. To-night, a homeless wan-d'rer, I passed the lin-den tree; Its
3. The i-cy wind was blow-ing So sharp-ly in my face, I
mf
neath it's spreading branches, Glad dreams have come to me. Up-
wav-ing branches nod-ing, It seemed to speak to me: "Come,
could not stay nor lin-ger, Be-side that rest-ing place; But
on its bark I chis-eled Dear names so long a-go; I
wea-ry heart-sick com-rade, Be-neath my shadow rest, Where
wan-d'ring ev-er on-ward, Strange voic-es seem'd to say: "Come

sought its peace in glad - ness, I sought ___ its peace in
earth - ly strife or sor - row Shall ne'er ___ thy heart mo -
back thou wea - ry com - rade; Come, rest ___ thee on thy
f
f
pp
woe, I sought ___ its peace in woe.
lest, Shall ne'er ___ thy heart mo - lest."
way, Come, rest ___ thee on thy way."
pp

Theme

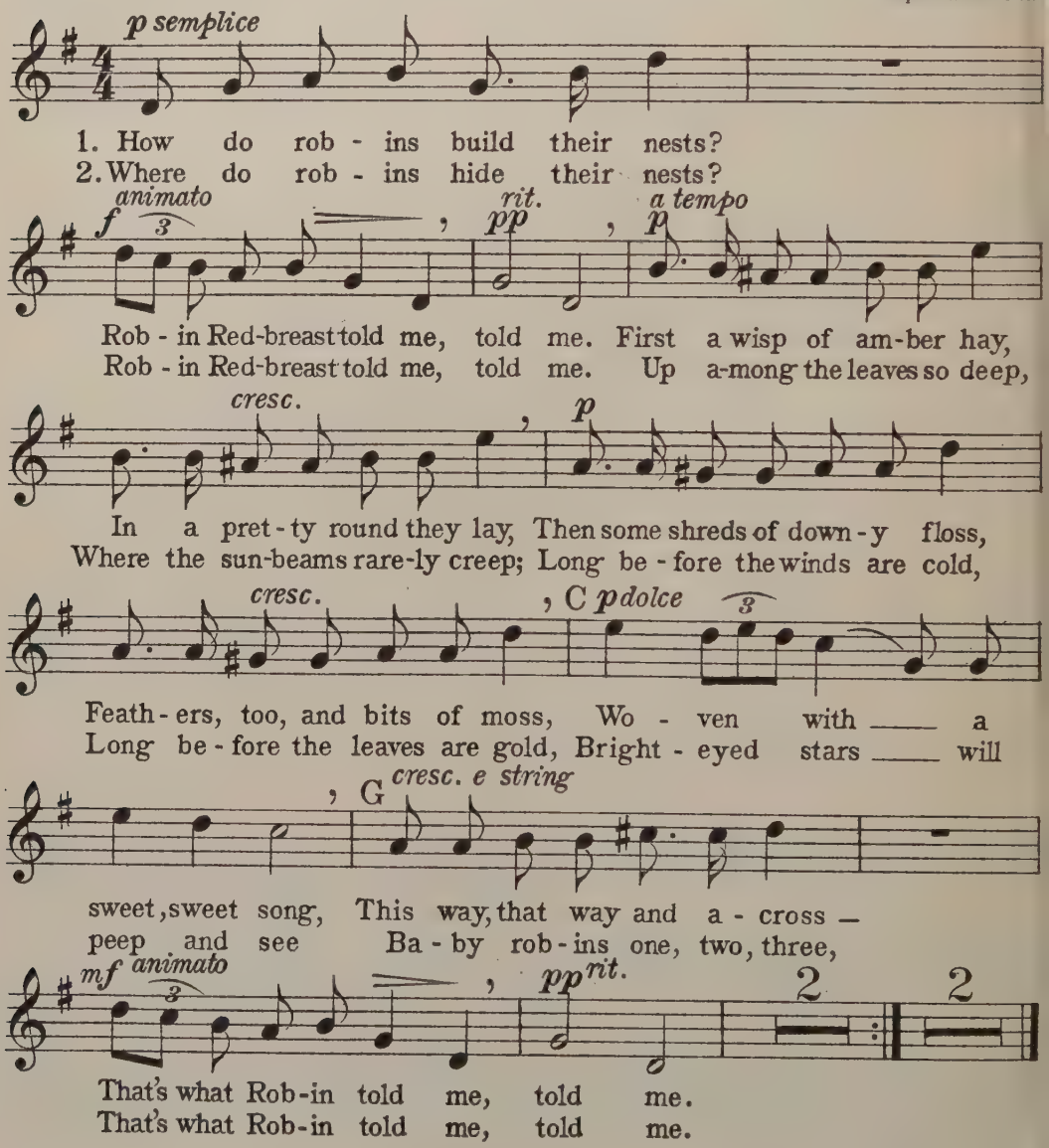
From *The Fourth Symphony* — Robert Schumann



Robin Redbreast Told Me

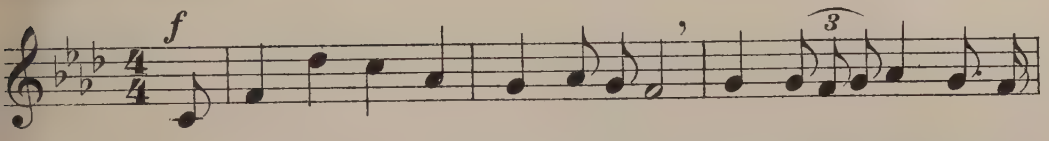
George Cooper

Julius Röntgen
Composed for this Series

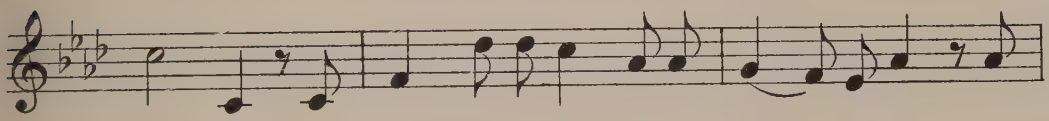

p semplice
1. How do rob - ins build their nests?
2. Where do rob - ins hide their nests?
animato
f
rit.
pp
a tempo
p
Rob - in Red-breast told me, told me. First a wisp of am-ber hay,
Rob - in Red-breast told me, told me. Up a-mong the leaves so deep,
cresc.
p
In a pret - ty round they lay, Then some shreds of down - y floss,
Where the sun-beams rare-ly creep; Long be - fore the winds are cold,
cresc.
C p dolce
Feath - ers, too, and bits of moss, Wo - ven with a
Long be - fore the leaves are gold, Bright - eyed stars will
G
cresc. e string
sweet, sweet song, This way, that way and a - cross
peep and see Ba - by rob - ins one, two, three,
mf animato
pp rit.
2
2
That's what Rob-in told me, told me.
That's what Rob-in told me, told me.

A Sailor's Life

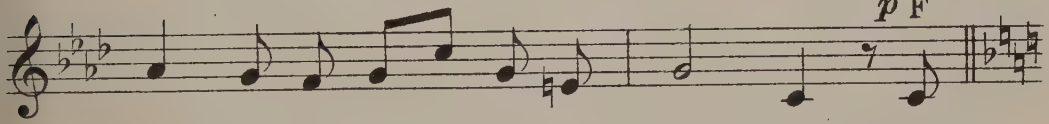
Nellie Poorman — Hendrika van Tussenbroek



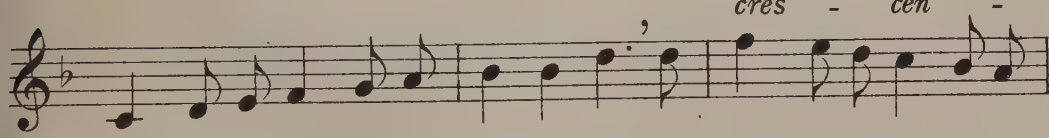
1. An an - gry tem-pest sweeps o'er the sea, Storm-beaten the wild waves are
2. The bleak wind shrieks and wails o'er the ship, Grim, ravenous waves high are



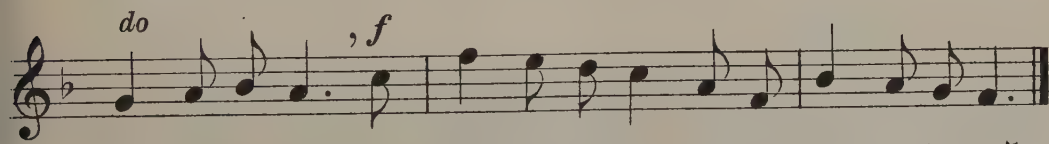
lash - ing; Un - leashed, tossing bil - lows go rac - ing by With
tow - 'ring; The drear, storming sky wears a hos - tile face, And



clam - or and roar - ing and crash - ing. But
low scud - ding clouds black are low - 'ring. Un -



sail - ors are fear - less, they nev - er quail, Their hearts are de - fi - ant, tho'
daunt - ed, the good ves - sel sails a - long, Her stout keel is stead - y, her

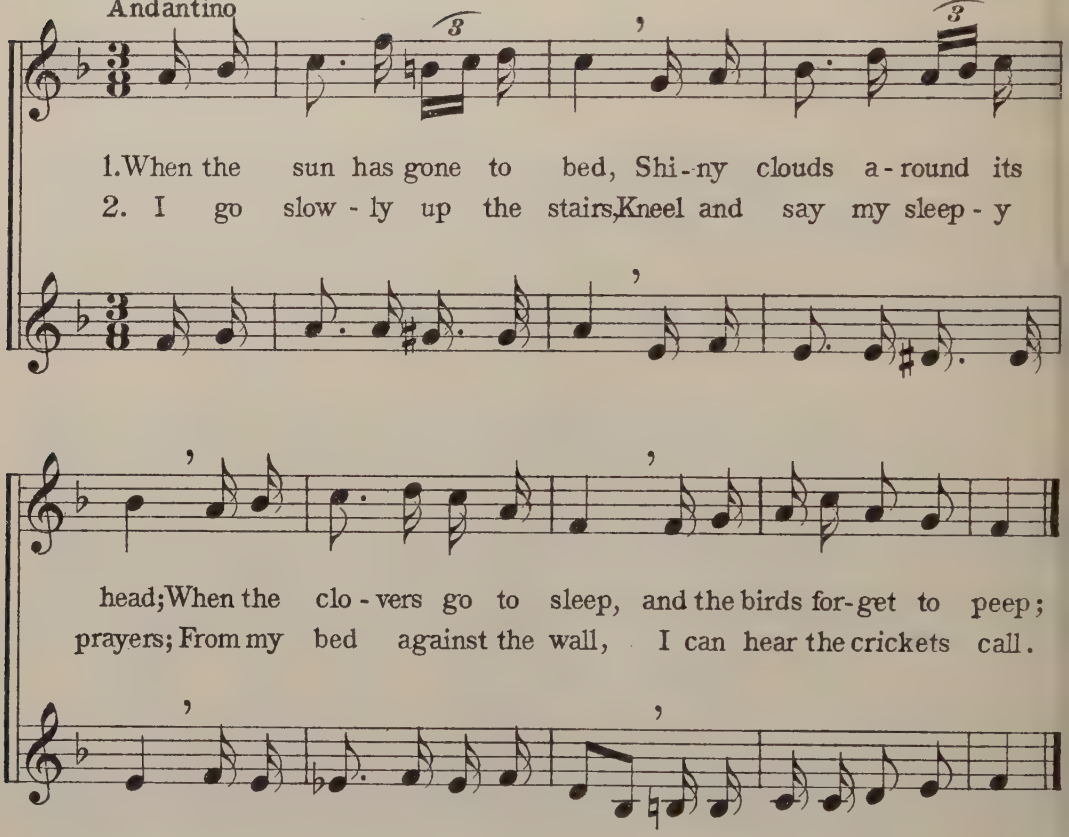


threat'ning the gale; With songs on their lips, thro' the tem - pest they sail.
tim - bers are strong, Her crew mock the storm with a rol - lick - ing song.

My Bedtime

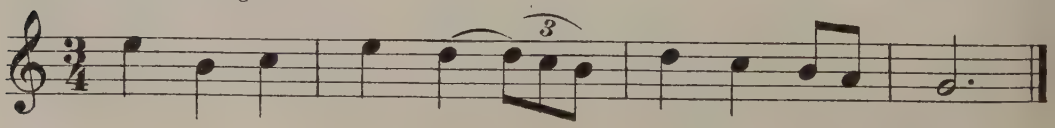
May Elizabeth White

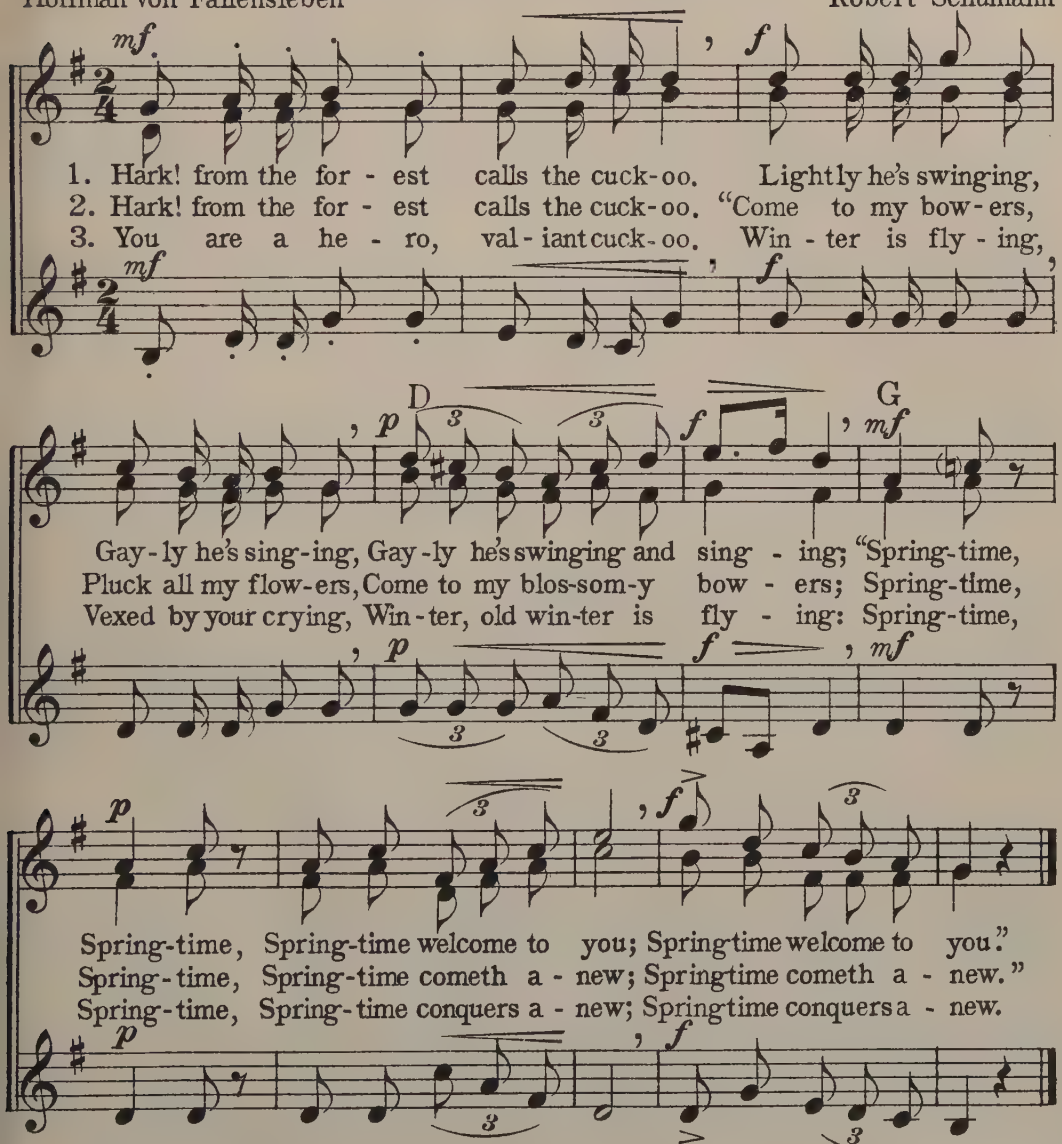
Horatio Parker
Composed for this Series


Andantino
1. When the sun has gone to bed, Shi-ny clouds a-round its
2. I go slow-ly up the stairs, Kneel and say my sleep-y
head; When the clo-vers go to sleep, and the birds for-get to peep;
prayers; From my bed against the wall, I can hear the crickets call.

Theme

From *Die Meistersinger*
Prize Song

Richard Wagner

Spring's Messenger

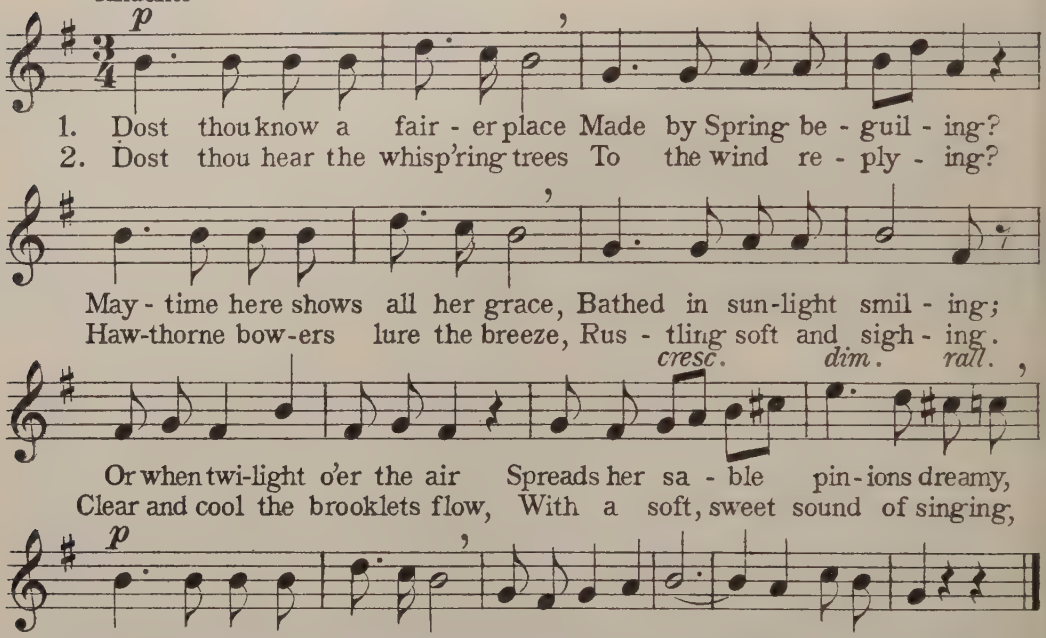
Hoffman von Fallensleben — Robert Schumann

mf
f
1. Hark! from the for - est calls the cuck-oo. Lightly he's swinging,
2. Hark! from the for - est calls the cuck-oo. "Come to my bow-ers,
3. You are a he - ro, val - iant cuck-oo. Win - ter is fly - ing,
p
D
f
G
mf
Gay-ly he's sing-ing, Gay-ly he's swinging and sing - ing; "Spring-time,
Pluck all my flow-ers, Come to my blos-som-y bow - ers; Spring-time,
Vexed by your crying, Win-ter, old win-ter is fly - ing: Spring-time,
Spring-time, Spring-time welcome to you; Spring-time welcome to you."
Spring-time, Spring-time cometh a - new; Spring-time cometh a - new."
Spring-time, Spring-time conquers a - new; Spring-time conquers a - new.

The Hillside

Ethel B. Howard
From the German

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

Andante



1. Dost thou know a fair - er place Made by Spring be - guil - ing?
2. Dost thou hear the whisp'ring trees To the wind re - ply - ing?

May - time here shows all her grace, Bathed in sun-light smil - ing;
Haw-thorne bow-ers lure the breeze, Rus - tling soft and sigh - ing.

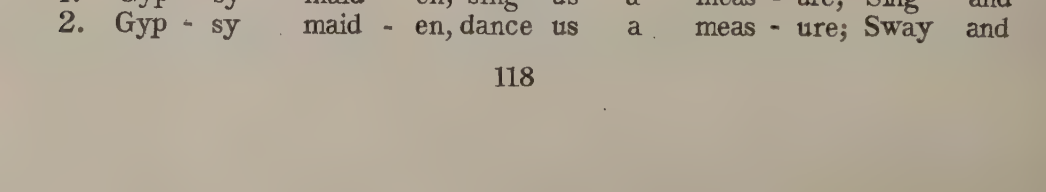
Or when twi-light o'er the air Spreads her sa - ble pin - ions dreamy,
Clear and cool the brooklets flow, With a soft, sweet sound of singing,

Here the young moon, slim and fair, Sheds her silver gleams, Casts crystal beams.
Fair-hued flow-ers bud and blow, Thus to greet the Spring Smiles ev-'ry-thing.

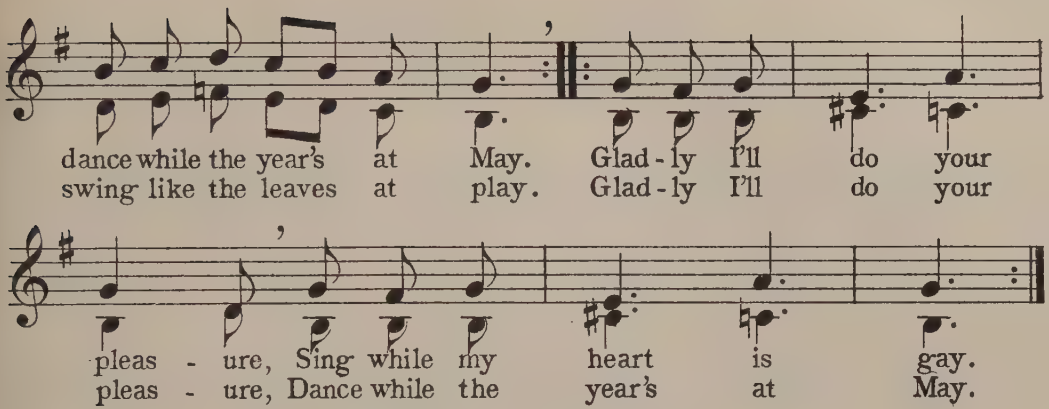
Gypsy Maidens

Alice E. Sollitt

Gypsy Song



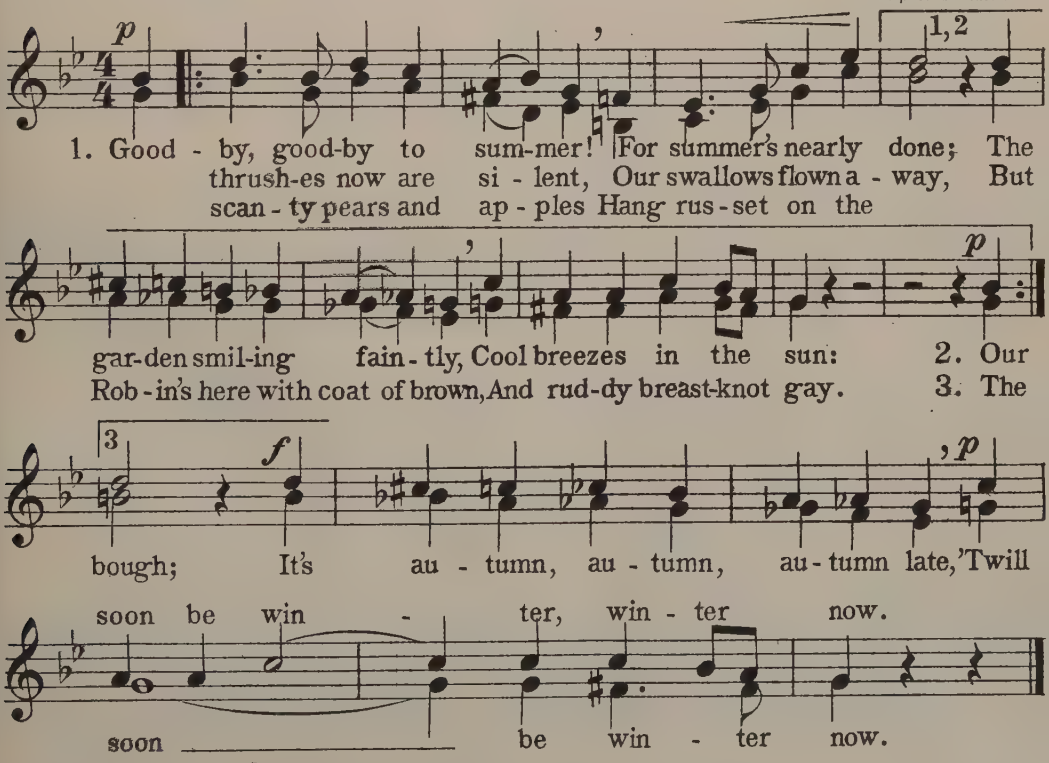
1. Gyp - sy maid - en, sing us a meas - ure; Sing and
2. Gyp - sy maid - en, dance us a meas - ure; Sway and


dance while the year's at May. Glad - ly I'll do your
swing like the leaves at play. Glad - ly I'll do your
pleas - ure, Sing while my heart is gay.
pleas - ure, Dance while the year's at May.

Robin Redbreast

William Allingham

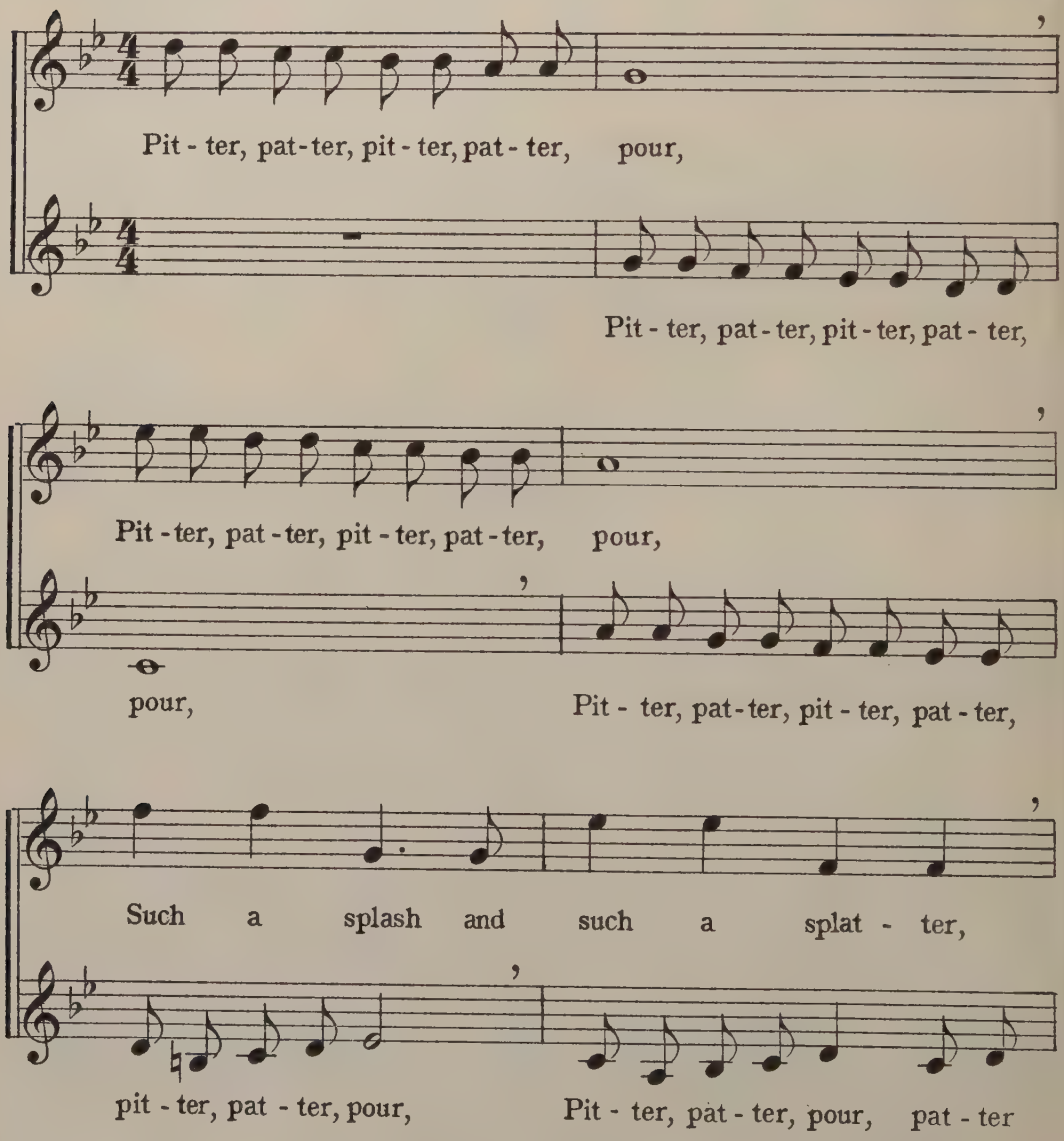
Fr. Gernsheim
Composed for this Series

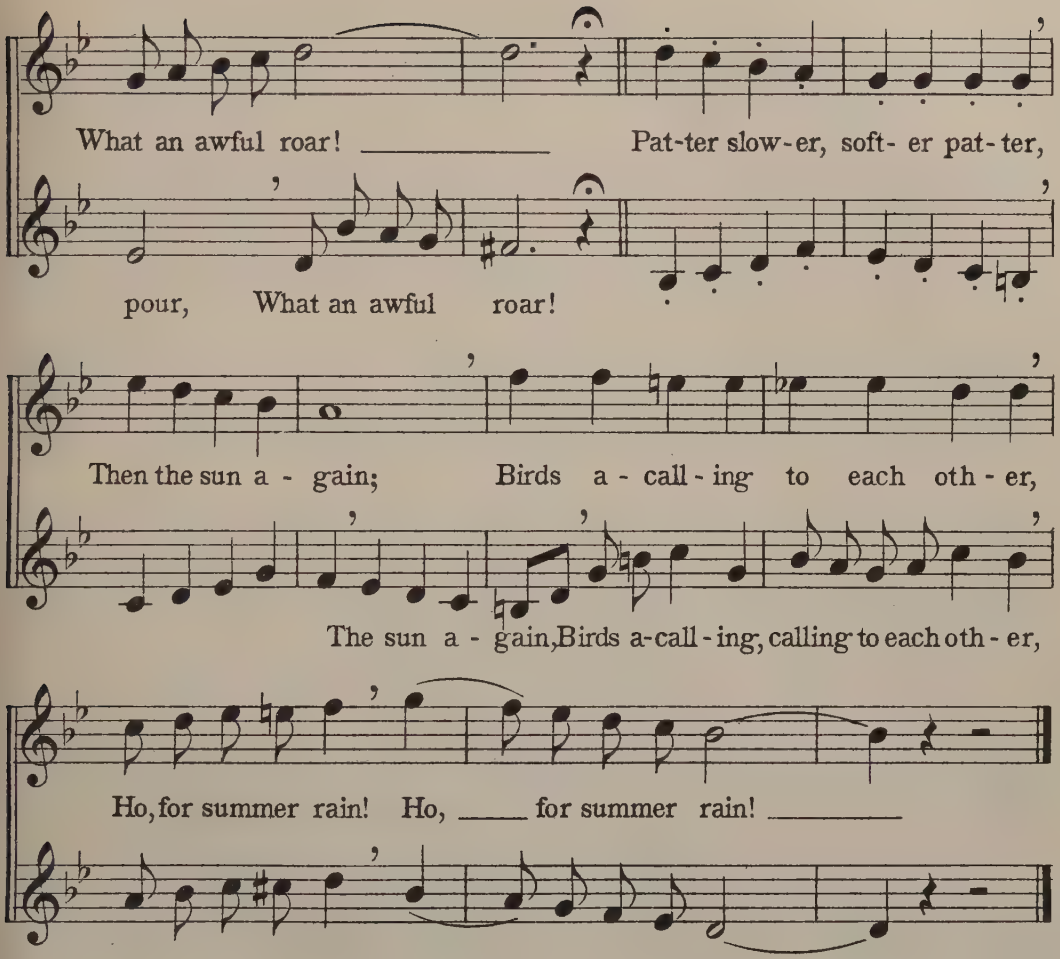

p
1,2
1. Good - by, good-by to sum-mer! For summer's nearly done; The
thrush-es now are si - lent, Our swallows flown a - way, But
scan - ty pears and ap - ples Hang rus - set on the
p
gar-den smil-ing fain - tly, Cool breezes in the sun: 2. Our
Rob - in's here with coat of brown, And rud-dy breast-knot gay. 3. The
3
f
p
bough; It's au - tumn, au - tumn, au - tumn late, 'Twill
soon be win - ter, win - ter now.
soon be win - ter now.

Rain in Summer

May Morgan

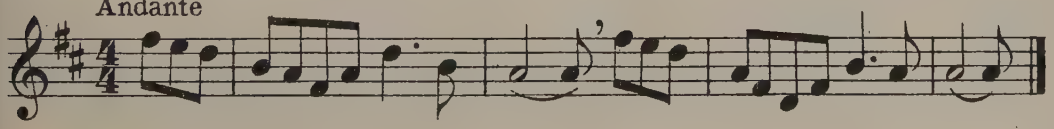
W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series


Pit - ter, pat-ter, pit - ter, pat - ter, pour,
Pit - ter, pat - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter,
Pit - ter, pat - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter, pour,
pour,
Pit - ter, pat-ter, pit - ter, pat - ter,
Such a splash and such a splat - ter,
pit - ter, pat - ter, pour,
Pit - ter, pat - ter, pour, pat - ter


What an awful roar! Pat-ter slow-er, soft- er pat-ter,
pour, What an awful roar!
Then the sun a - gain; Birds a - call - ing to each oth - er,
The sun a - gain, Birds a-call - ing, calling to each oth - er,
Ho, for summer rain! Ho, for summer rain!

Theme

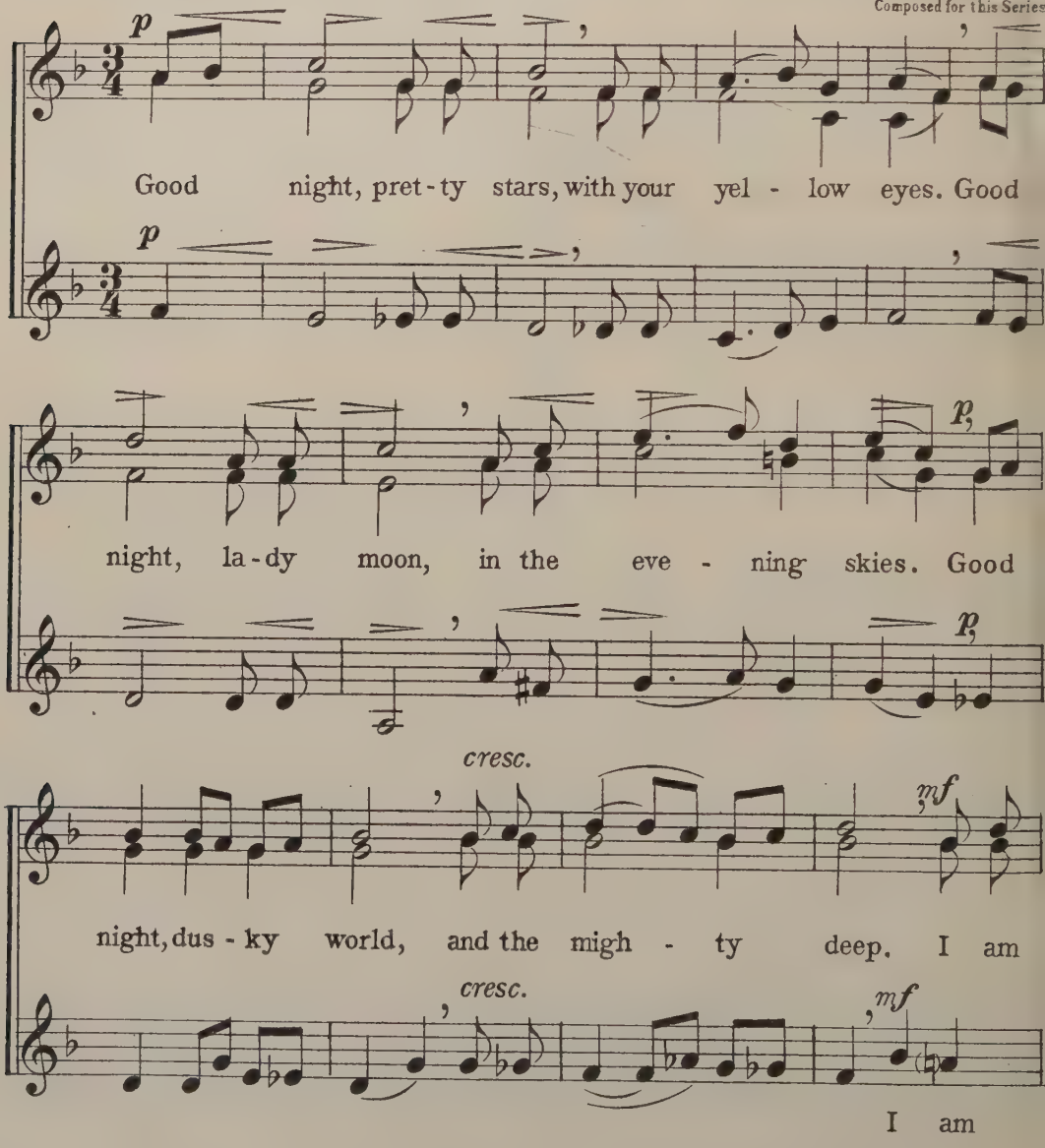
From *The Sixth Symphony* — Peter I. Tschaikowsky

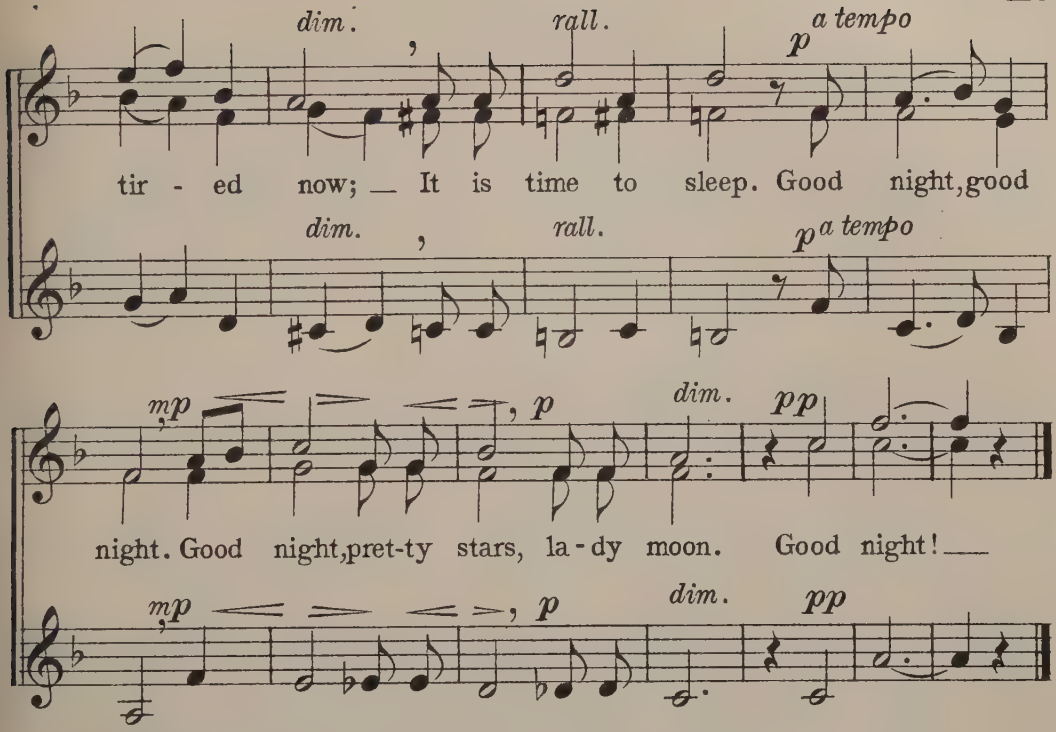


Good Night, Pretty Stars

From *Old Fashioned Rhymes and Poems*

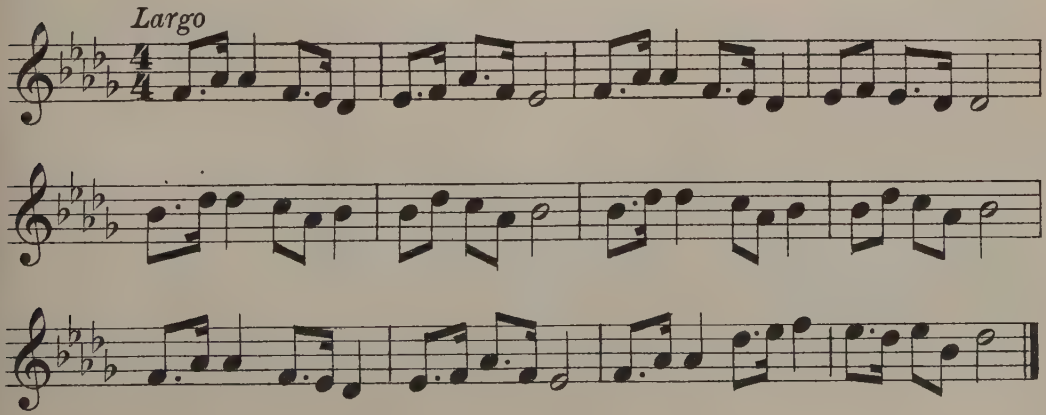
Georg Schumann
Composed for this Series





Theme

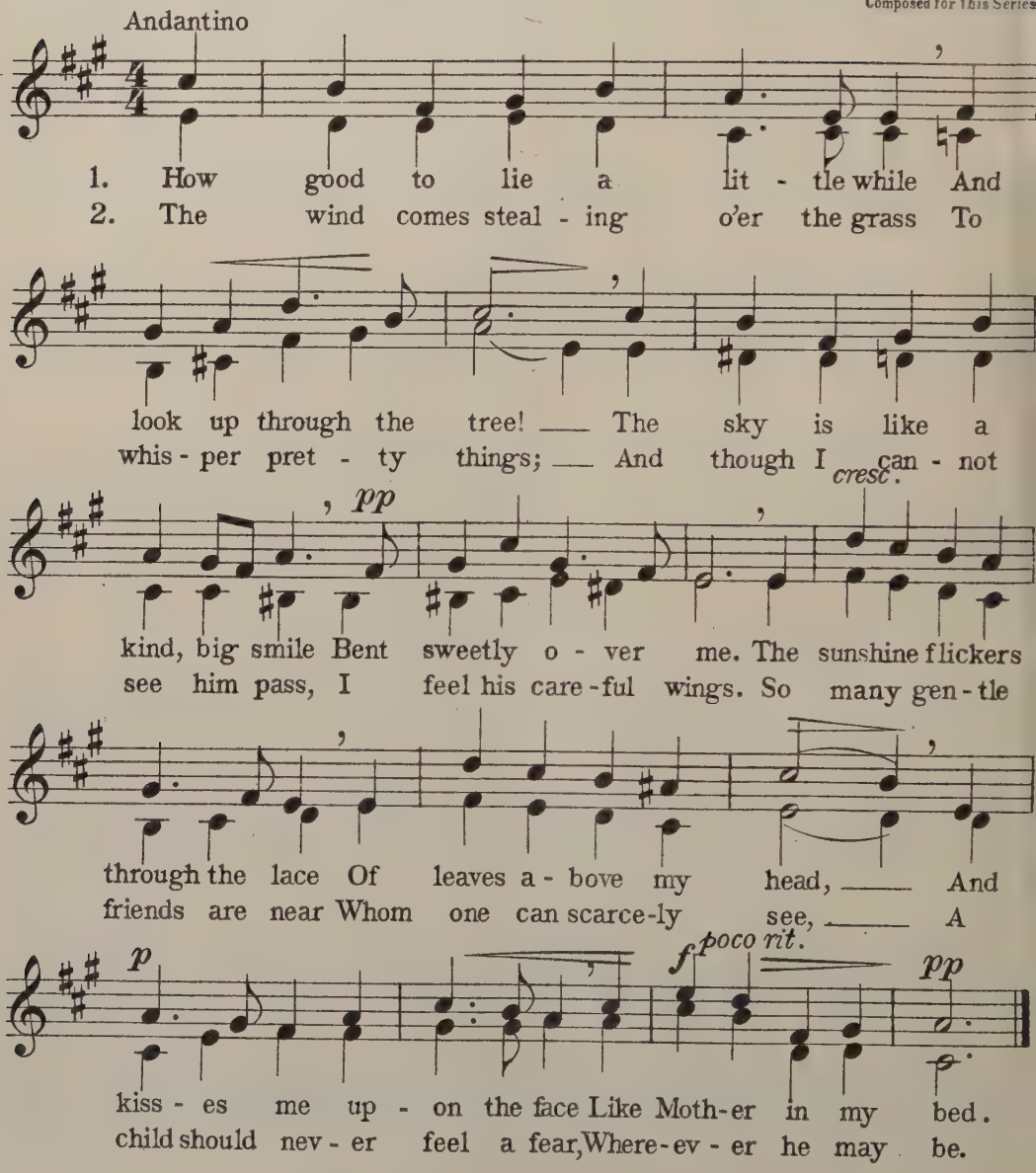
From *The "New World" Symphony* — Anton Dvořák



Friends

Abbie Farwell Brown

Mrs H.H.A.Beach
Composed for this Series

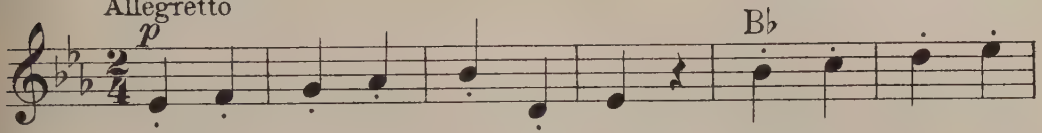

Andantino
1. How good to lie a lit - tle while And
2. The wind comes steal - ing o'er the grass To
look up through the tree! The sky is like a
whis - per pret - ty things; And though I can - not
pp
cresc.
kind, big smile Bent sweetly o - ver me. The sunshine flickers
see him pass, I feel his care - ful wings. So many gen - tle
through the lace Of leaves a - bove my head, And
friends are near Whom one can scarce - ly see, A
p
f
poco rit.
pp
kiss - es me up - on the face Like Moth - er in my bed.
child should nev - er feel a fear, Where - ev - er he may be.

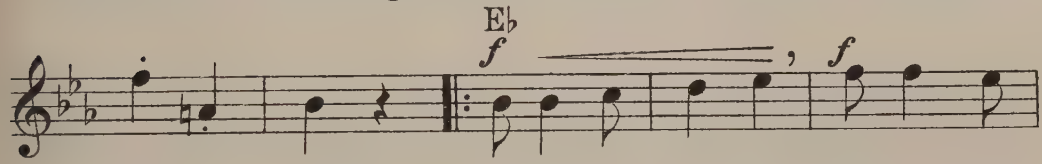
The Squirrels

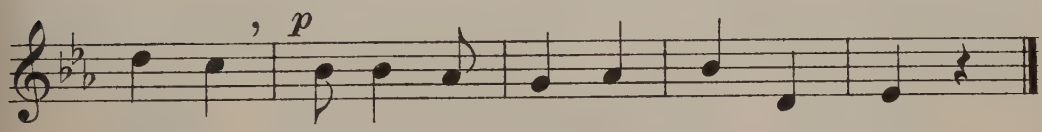
Nathan Haskell Dole

Hungarian Folk Song

Allegretto



1. Jack Frost thro' the woods has passed: Leaves are turn - ing,
2. Chil - dren hunt - ing 'mid the leaves Squir - rels look up -

nuts fall fast. As they go scat - t'ring, Squir - rels are
on as thieves! Chestnuts and wal - nuts, A - corns and



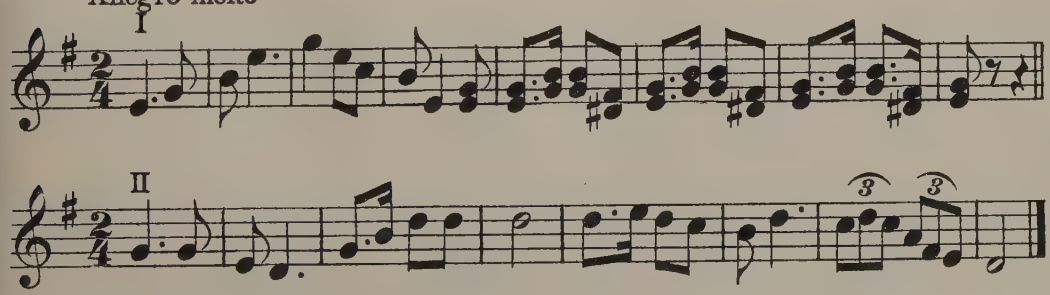
chat - t'ring, Hap - py 'tis har - vest time at last!
all nuts, Are theirs a - lone, so each be - lieves!

Theme

From *The "New World" Symphony*

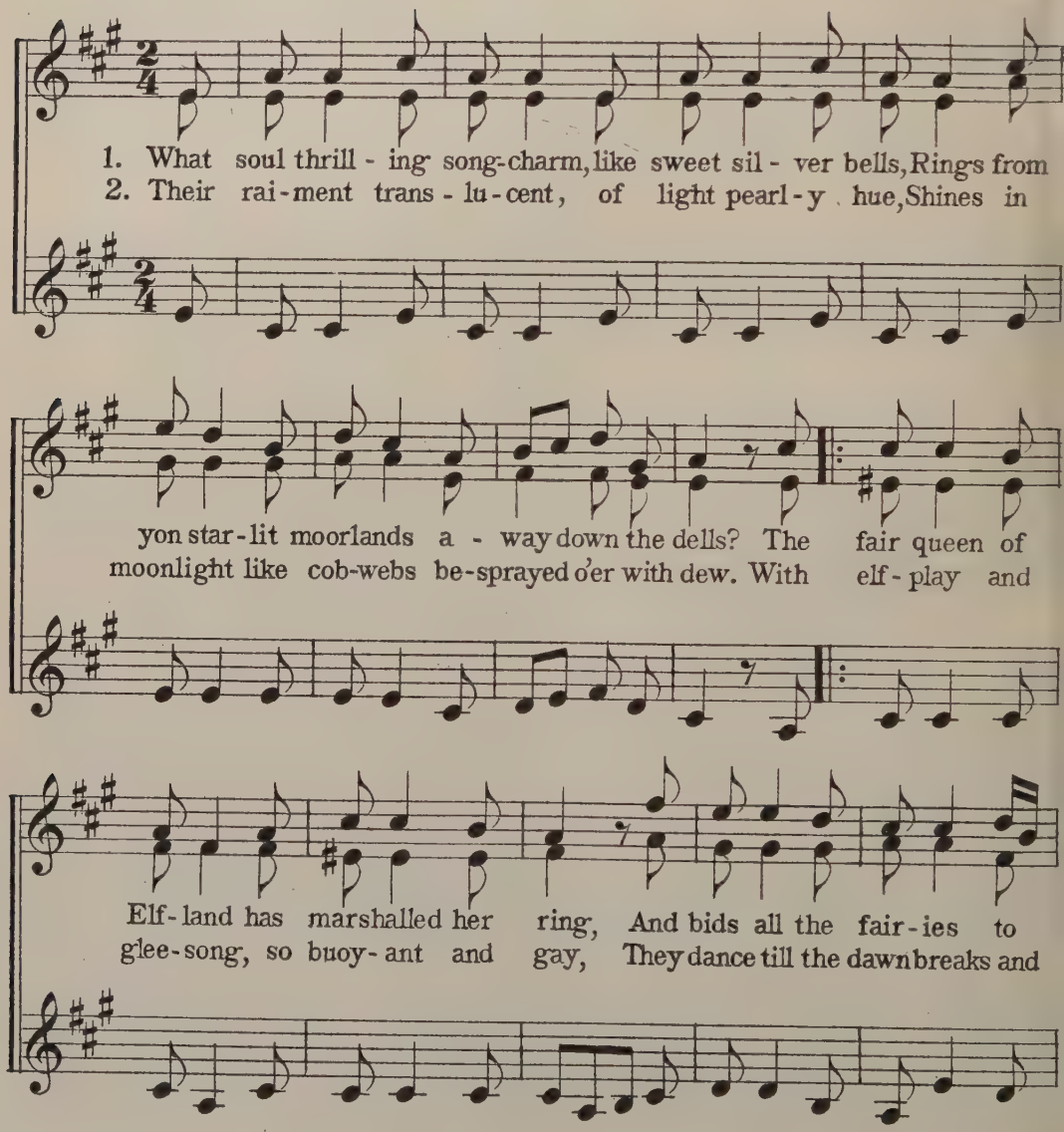
Anton Dvořák

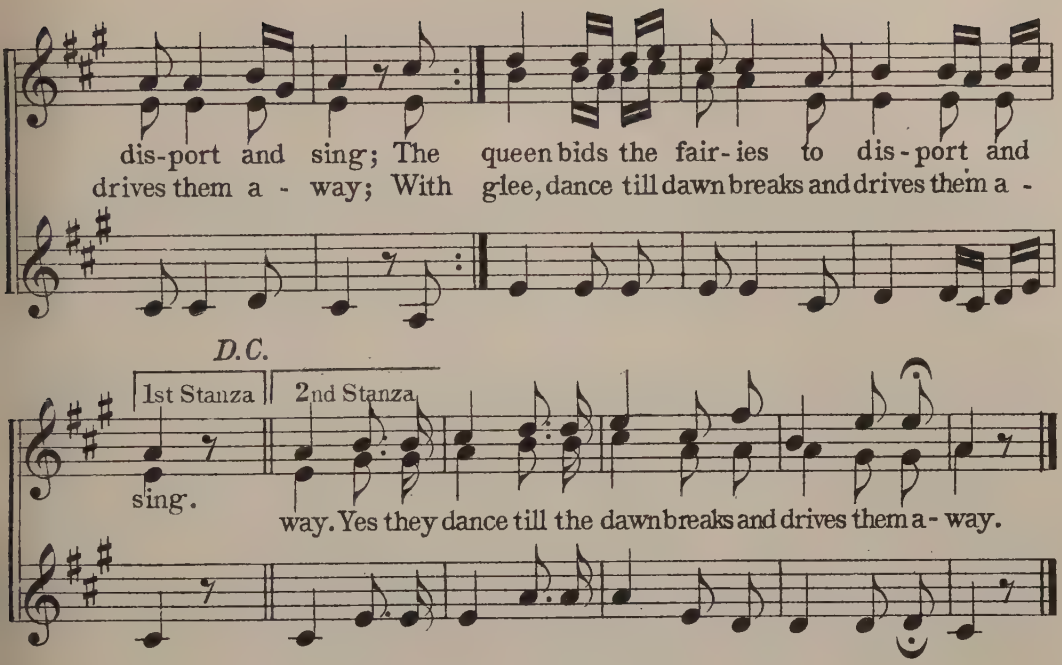
Allegro molto



Fairy Revelry

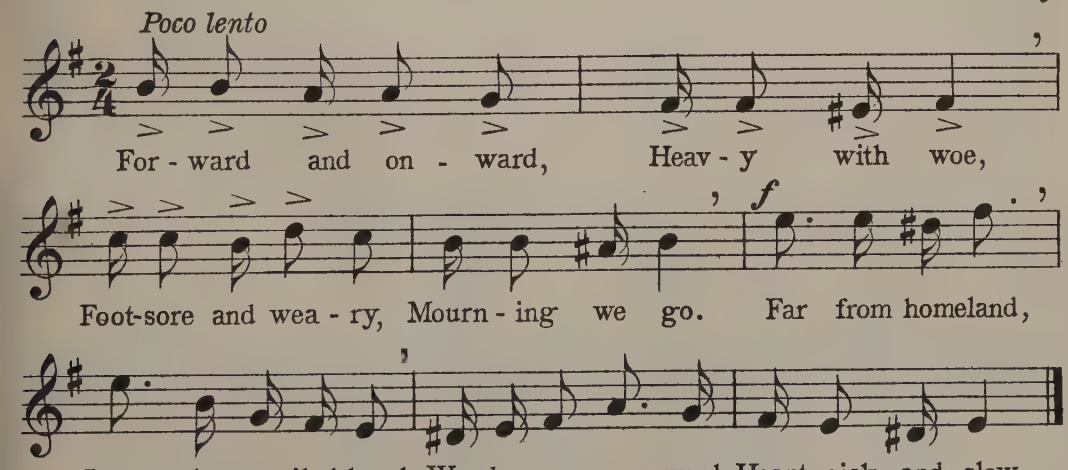
Edward Payson Jackson — Gioachino Rossini


1. What soul thrill - ing song-charm, like sweet sil - ver bells, Rings from
2. Their rai-ment trans - lu - cent, of light pearl - y hue, Shines in
yon star-lit moorlands a - way down the dells? The fair queen of
moonlight like cob-webs be-sprayed o'er with dew. With elf - play and
Elf-land has marshalled her ring, And bids all the fair-ies to
glee-song, so buoy-ant and gay, They dance till the dawn breaks and


dis-port and sing; The queen bids the fair-ies to dis-port and
drives them a - way; With glee, dance till dawn breaks and drives them a -
D.C.
1st Stanza
2nd Stanza
sing.
way. Yes they dance till the dawn breaks and drives them a - way.

The Exiles

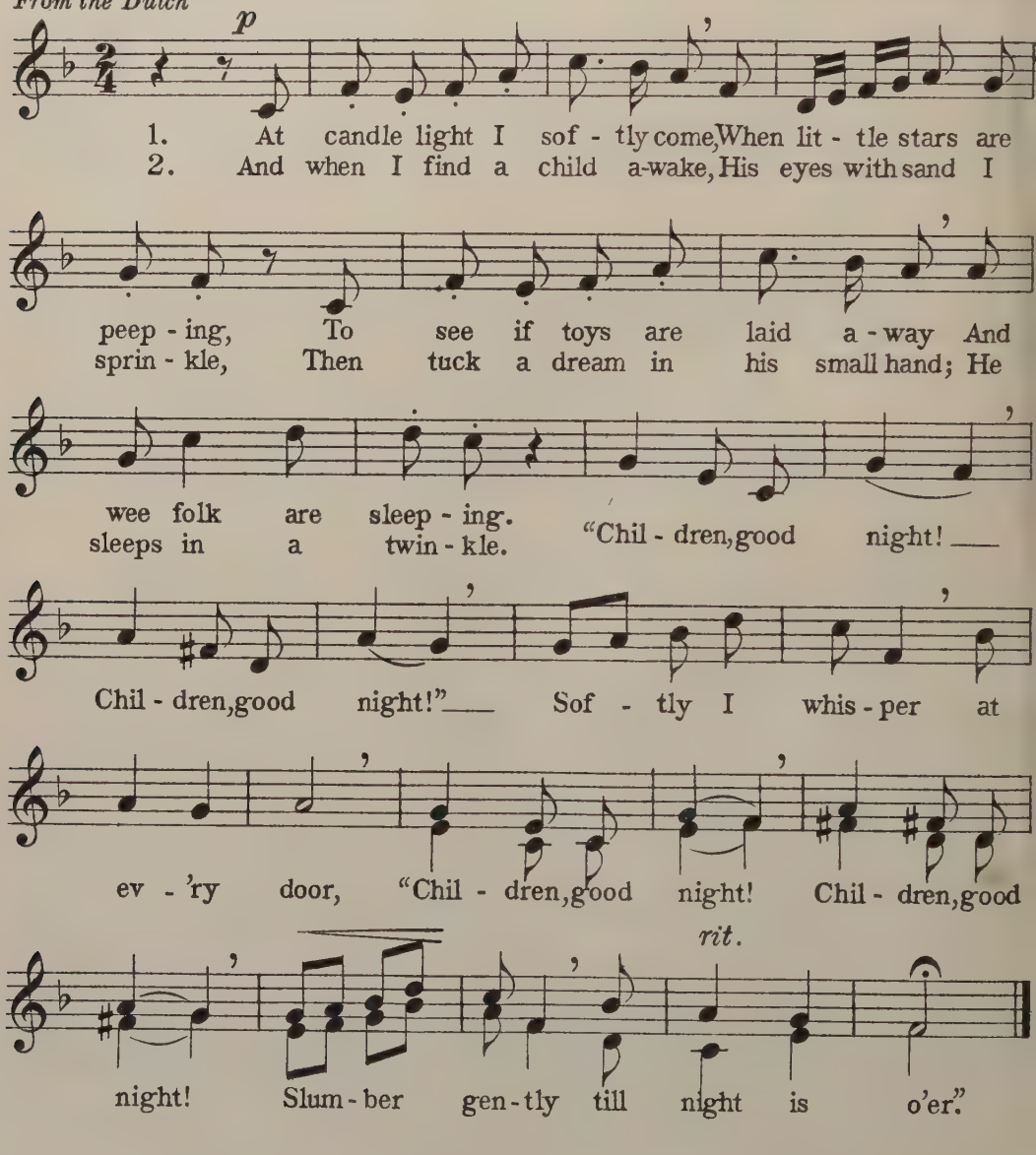
Ethel B. Howard — Hebrew Melody


Poco lento
For - ward and on - ward, Heav - y with woe,
f
Foot-sore and wea - ry, Mourn - ing we go. Far from homeland,
Lone - ly, ex - iled band, Wander we on - ward, Heart - sick and slow.

The Sandman

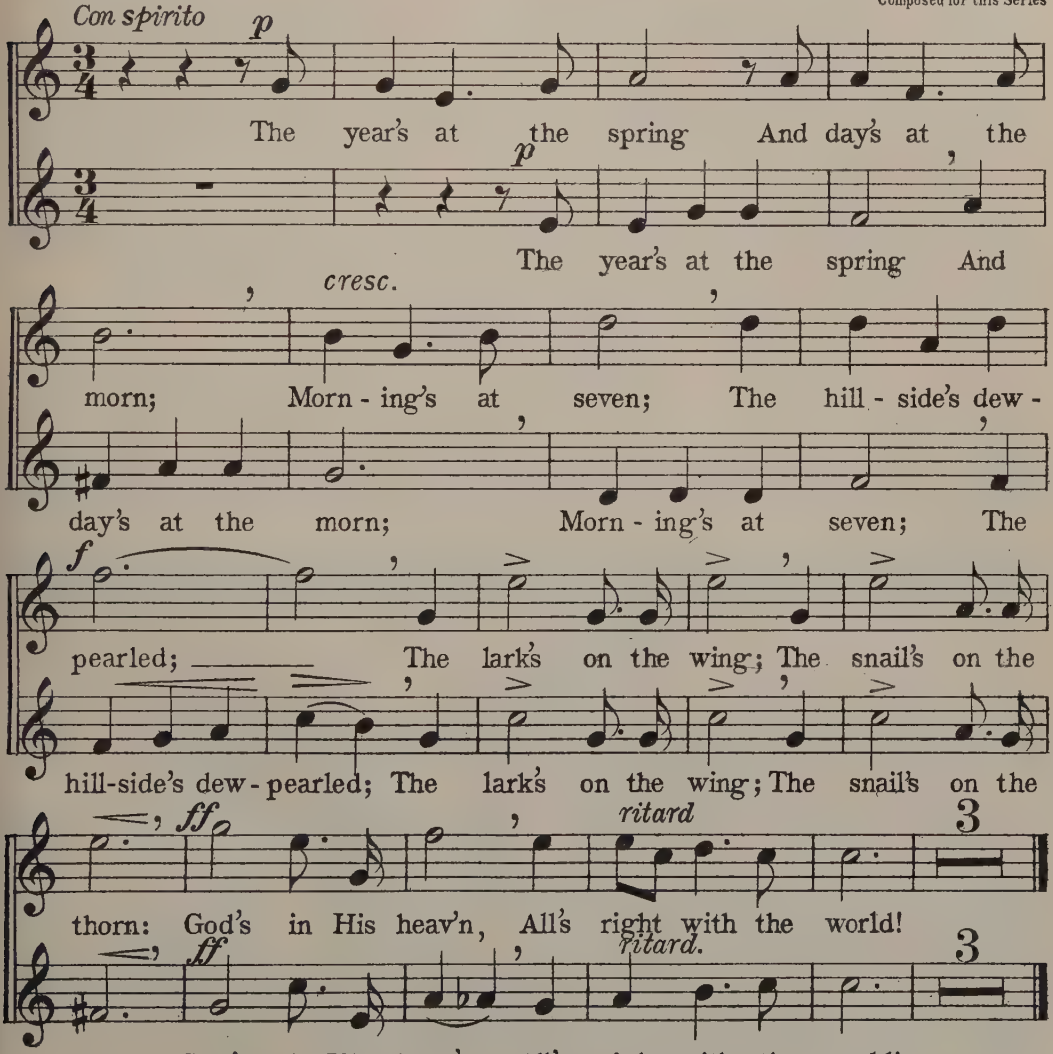
Genevieve Fox
From the Dutch

Catharina van Rennes


p
1. At candle light I sof - tly come, When lit - tle stars are peep - ing, To see if toys are laid a - way And
2. And when I find a child a-wake, His eyes with sand I sprin - kle, Then tuck a dream in his small hand; He
wee folk are sleep - ing.
sleeps in a twin - kle.
"Chil - dren, good night!
Chil - dren, good night!"
Sof - tly I whis - per at
ev - 'ry door, "Chil - dren, good night! Chil - dren, good
rit.
night! Slum - ber gen - tly till night is o'er."

Pippa's Song

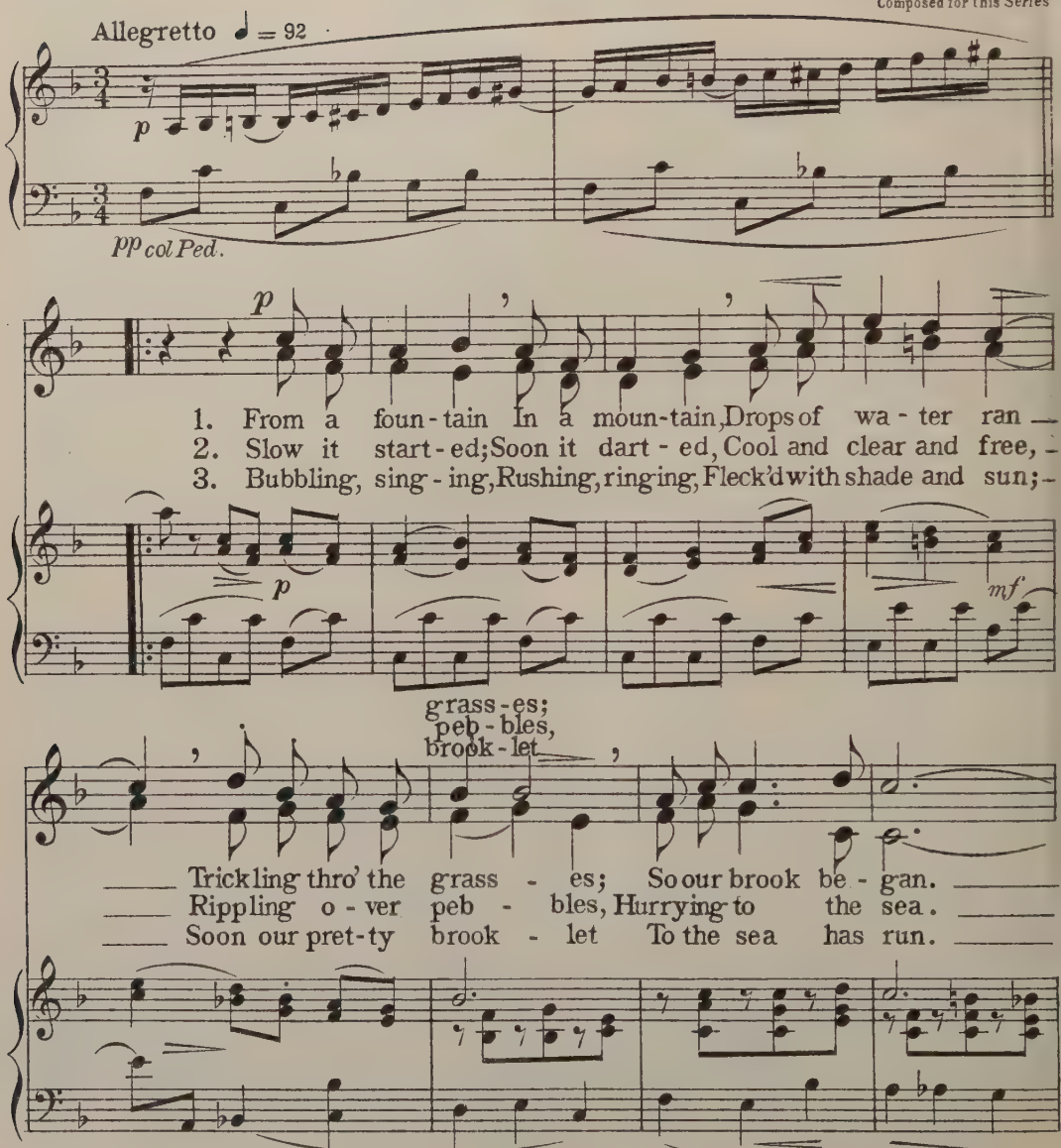
Robert Browning

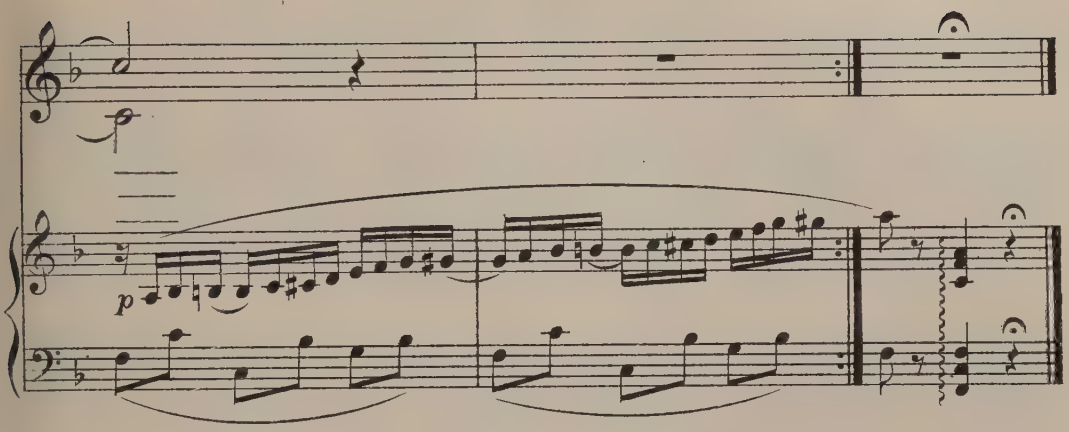
William G. Hammond
Composed for this Series

Con spirito
p
The year's at the spring And day's at the
p
The year's at the spring And
cresc.
morn; Morn - ing's at seven; The hill - side's dew -
day's at the morn; Morn - ing's at seven; The
f
pearled; The lark's on the wing; The snail's on the
hill-side's dew - pearled; The lark's on the wing; The snail's on the
ff
ritard
3
thorn: God's in His heav'n, All's right with the world!
ff
ritard.
3
thorn: God's in His heav'n, All's right with the world!

The Brook

Ellen Soule

Edward Elgar
Composed for this Series

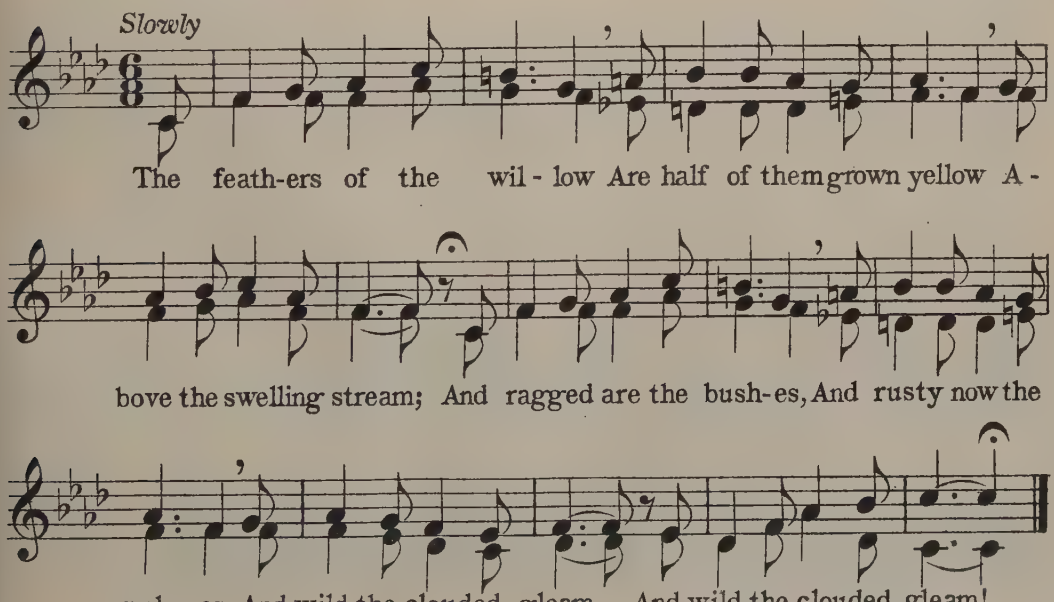

Allegretto ♩ = 92
p
pp col Ped.
p
1. From a foun - tain In a moun - tain, Drops of wa - ter ran
2. Slow it start - ed; Soon it dart - ed, Cool and clear and free,
3. Bubbling, sing - ing, Rushing, ring - ing, Fleck'd with shade and sun;
p
mf
grass - es;
peb - bles,
brook - let
Trickling thro' the grass - es; So our brook be - gan.
Rippling o - ver peb - bles, Hurrying to the sea.
Soon our pret - ty brook - let To the sea has run.



Autumn Song

Richard Watson Dixon

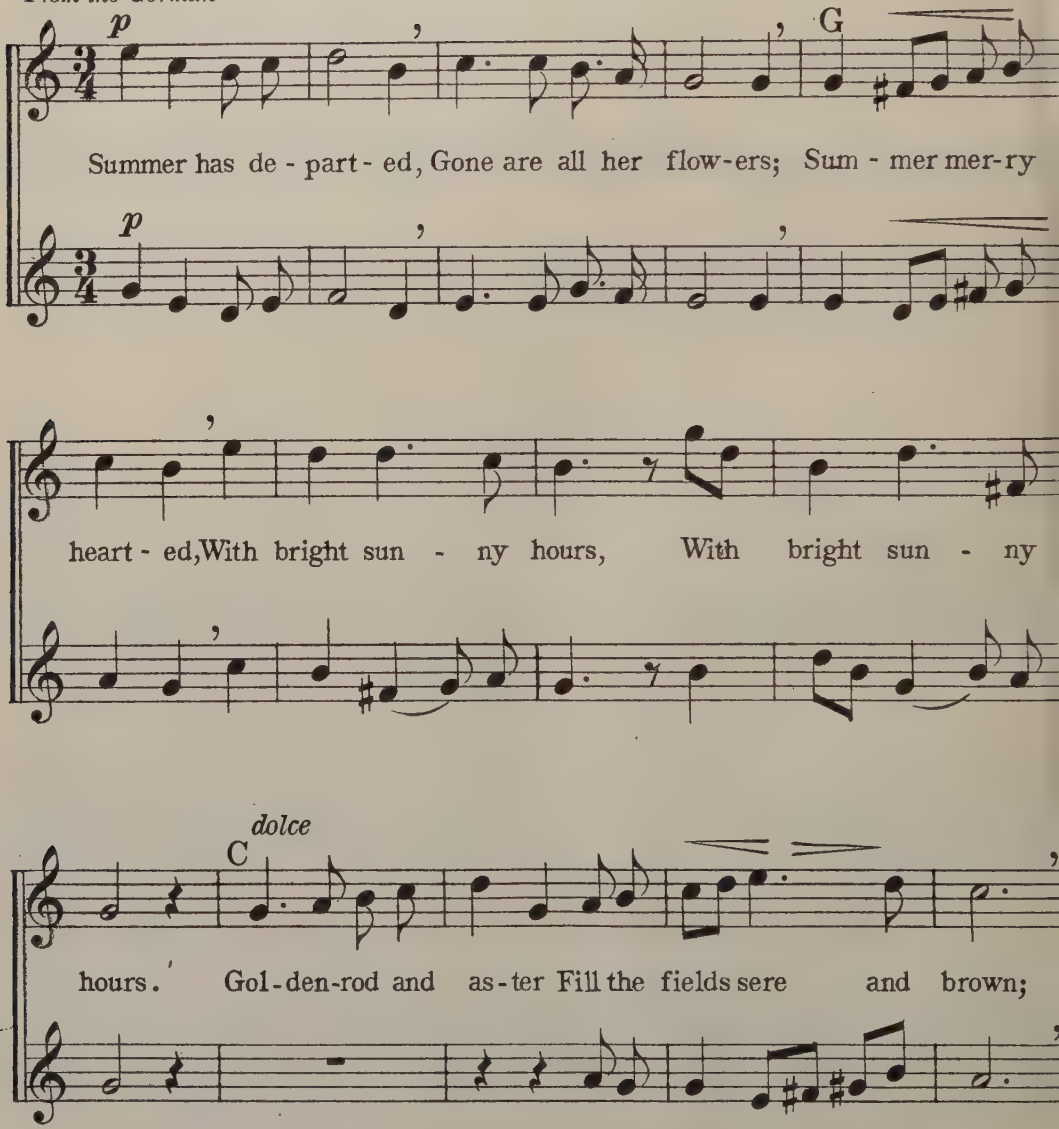
Jean Sibelius
Composed for this Series

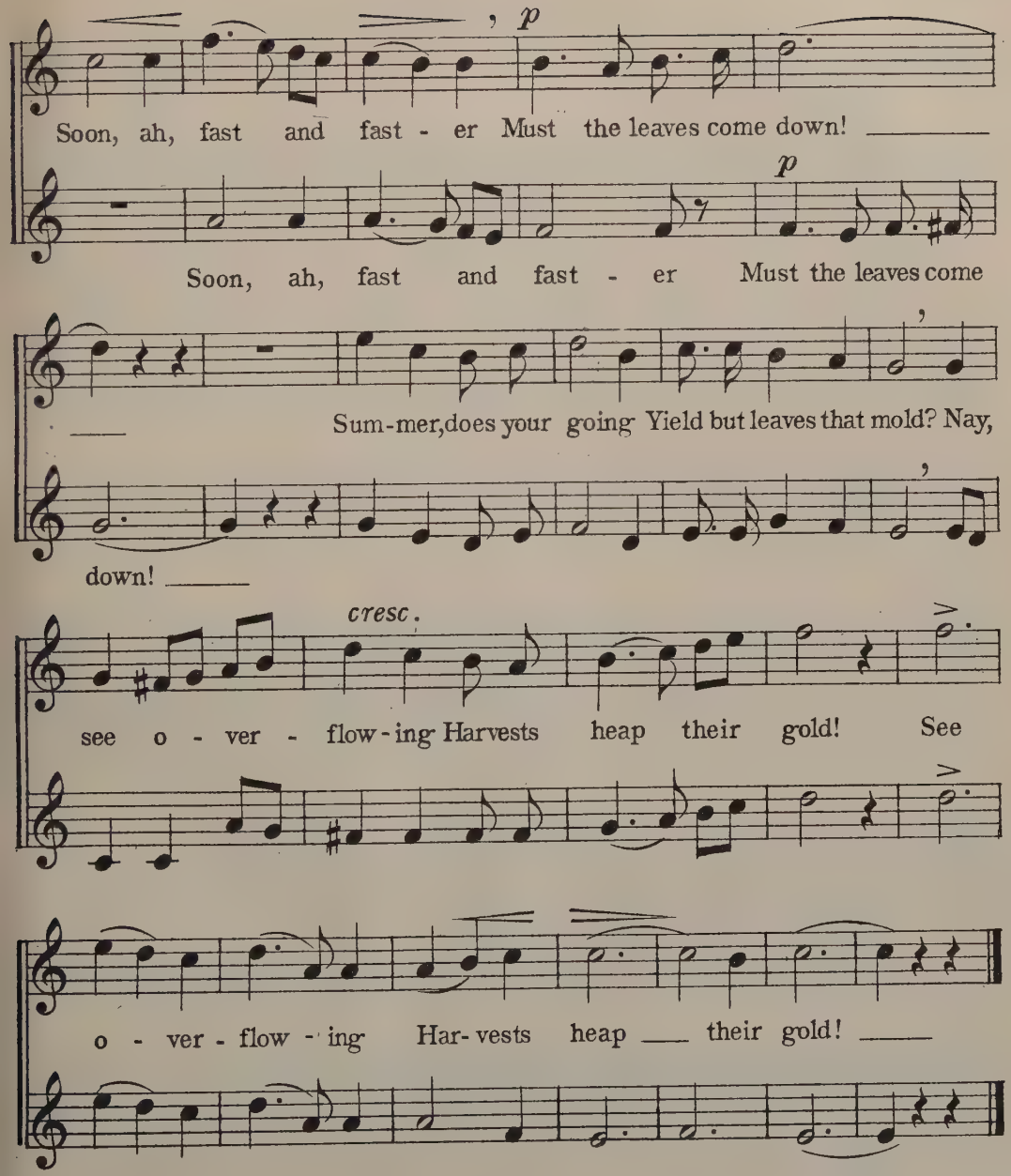

Slowly
The feath-ers of the wil - low Are half of them grown yellow A -
bove the swelling stream; And ragged are the bush-es, And rusty now the
rush - es, And wild the clouded gleam, _ And wild the clouded gleam! _

End of Summer

George Jay Smith
From the German

Max Bruch


p
G
Summer has de - part - ed, Gone are all her flow-ers; Sum - mer mer-ry
p
heart - ed, With bright sun - ny hours, With bright sun - ny
C
dolce
hours. Gol-den-rod and as-ter Fill the fields sere and brown;


p
Soon, ah, fast and fast - er Must the leaves come down!
p
Soon, ah, fast and fast - er Must the leaves come
Sum-mer, does your going Yield but leaves that mold? Nay,
down!
cresc.
see o - ver - flow - ing Harvests heap their gold! See
o - ver - flow - ing Har- vests heap their gold!

Harvest Slumber Song

William Wilfred Campbell

E. Humperdinck
Composed for this Series

Andantino

f

1. Sleep, lit-tle Ba-by, sleep, sleep, sleep. — Red is the moon in the
2. Soft in the lap of Moth-er Night — Wee ba-by stars, all a-
3. Sleep, lit-tle Ba-by, sleep, sleep, sleep. — Red is the moon in the

night's still deep; — White are the stars with their sil-ver wings —
glow and bright, — Flut-ter their sil-ve-ry wings and crow —
night's still deep; — Wee ba-by stars all are hushed and kissed, —

Fold-ed in dreamings of beau-ti-ful things; And o-ver their
Gen-tly to breez-es that kiss as they blow, — A-round air-y
Fold-ed in cra-dles of lu-mi-nous mist; — If ev-er they

p

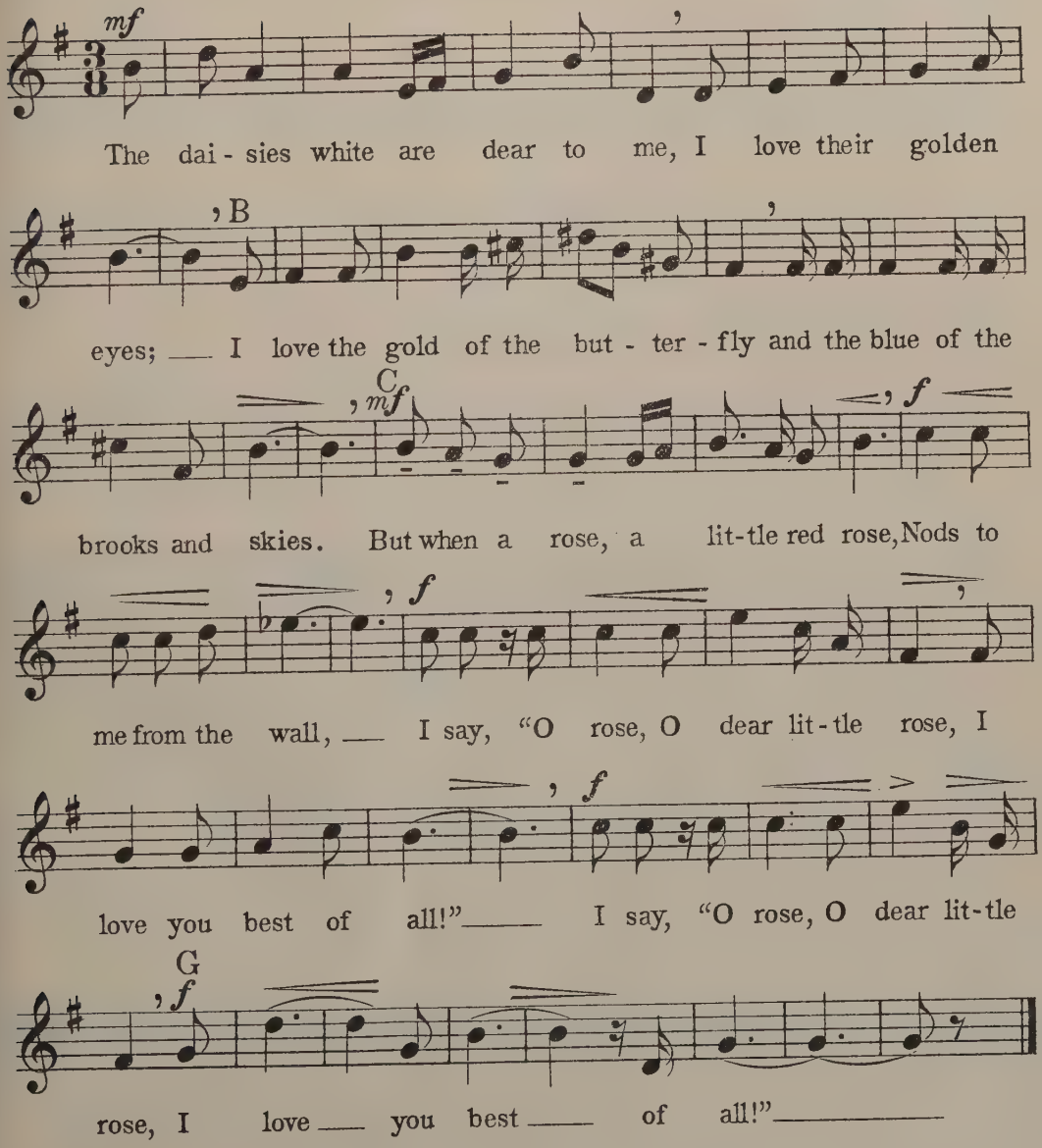
cra-dle the night wind sings; Sleep, lit-tle Ba-by, sleep, sleep, sleep;
cra-dles that swing so low; Sleep, lit-tle Ba-by, sleep, sleep, sleep;
wak-en the winds cry, "Whist!" Sleep, lit-tle Ba-by, sleep, sleep, sleep;

5

Sleep, lit-tle Ba-by, sleep, sleep, sleep!

What I Love

Hugo Kaun
Composed for this Series

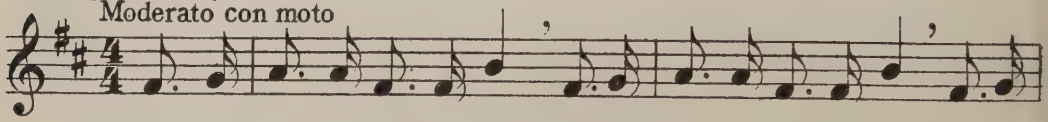

mf
The dai - sies white are dear to me, I love their golden
B
eyes; I love the gold of the but - ter - fly and the blue of the
C
mf
f
brooks and skies. But when a rose, a lit-tle red rose, Nods to
f
me from the wall, I say, "O rose, O dear lit - tle rose, I
f
love you best of all!" I say, "O rose, O dear lit-tle
G
f
rose, I love you best of all!"

A Song For Hal

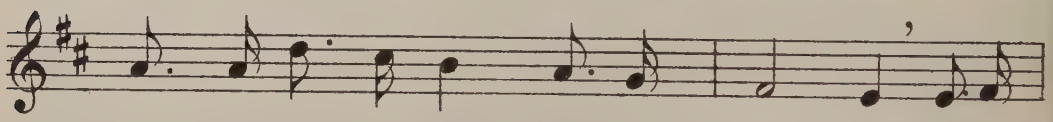
Laura E. Richards
From *In My Nursery*
Copyright, 1890, by Roberts Brothers

Daniel Protheroe
Composed for this Series

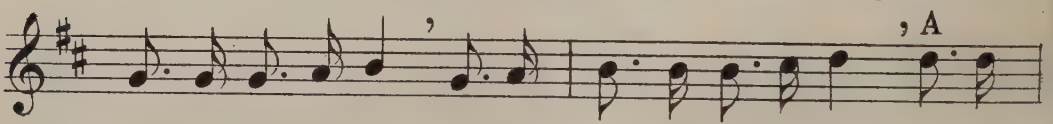
Moderato con moto

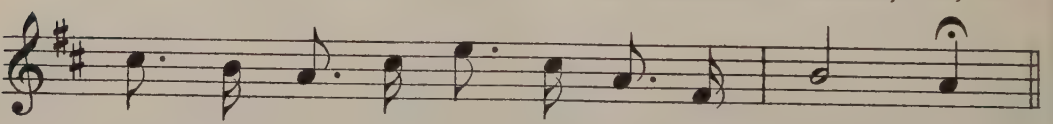


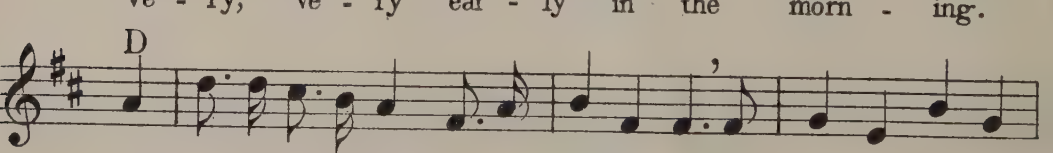
1. Once I saw a lit - tle boat, such a pret - ty lit - tle boat, As the
2. All the fish - es were a-sleep, in their caves so cool and deep When the
3. But just then up jumps the sun, and the fish - es ev - 'ry one For their



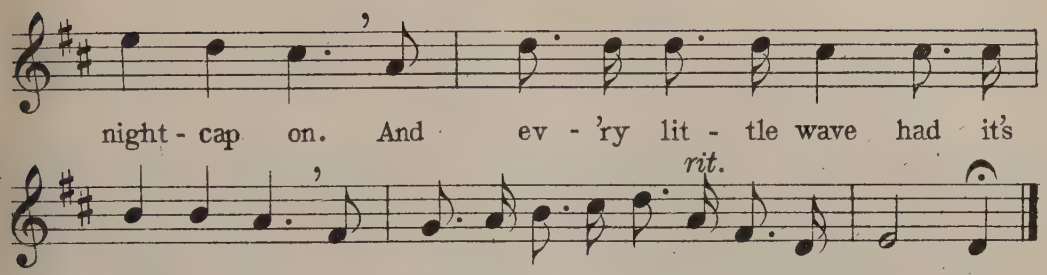
morn - ing light the hill was a - dorn - ing; Quickly
rip - ple round my keel flashed a warn - ing. Said the
laz - i - ness at once fell a - mourn - ing. But I



in - to it I jumped and a - way then I did float, Oh, so
min - now to the skate, "We must cer - tain - ly be late, Though I
stayed to hear no more, for my boat had reach'd the shore, Oh, so

ve - ry, ve - ry ear - ly in the morn - ing.
thought 'twas ve - ry ear - ly in the morn - ing."
ve - ry, ve - ry ear - ly in the morn - ing.



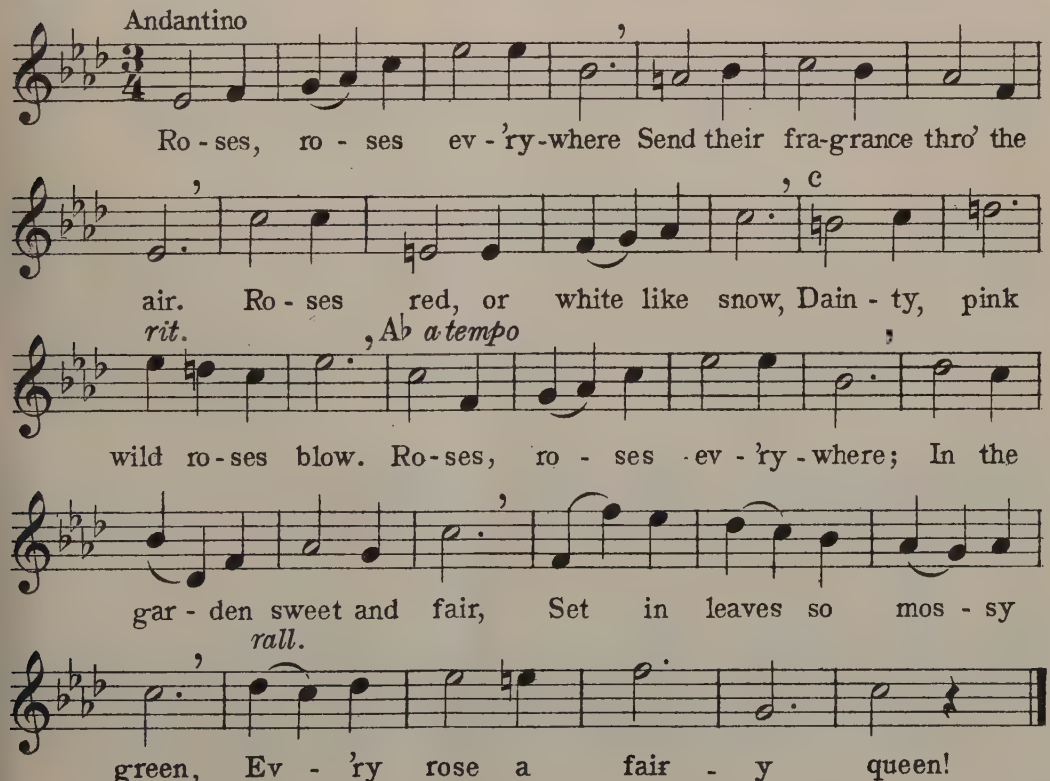
And ev-'ry lit - tle wave had it's nightcap on, It's night-cap, white cap,



Roses

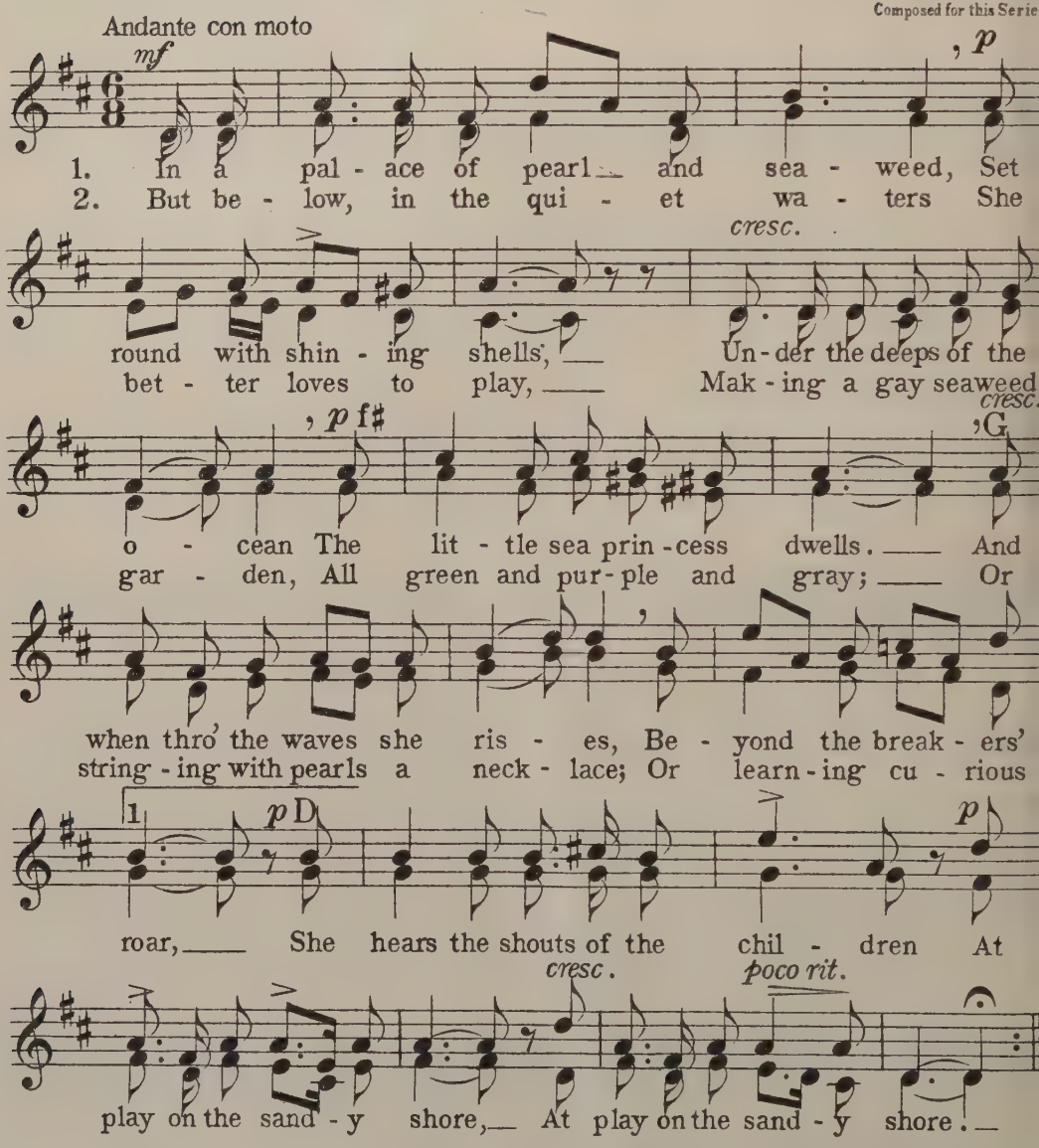
Estelle P. Cushman

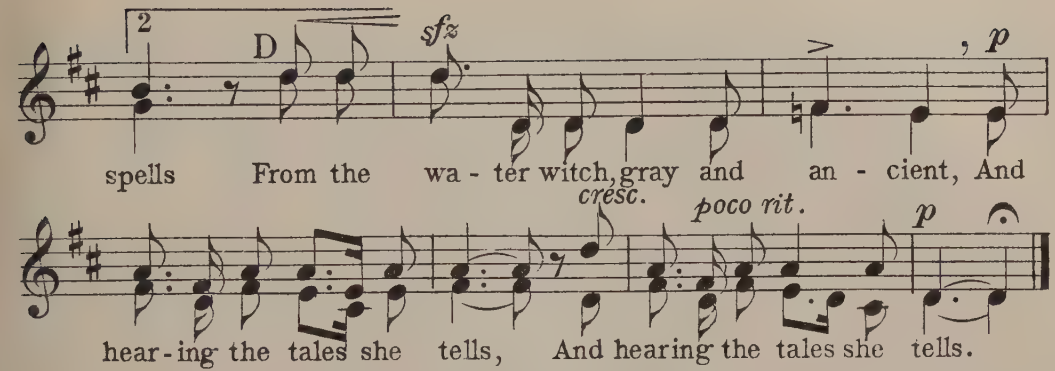
Estelle P. Cushman


Andantino
Ro - ses, ro - ses ev - 'ry - where Send their fra-grance thro' the
air. Ro - ses red, or white like snow, Dain - ty, pink
rit.
A♭ a tempo
wild ro - ses blow. Ro - ses, ro - ses ev - 'ry - where; In the
gar - den sweet and fair, Set in leaves so mos - sy
rall.
green, Ev - 'ry rose a fair - y queen!

The Sea Princess

Max Bruch
Composed for this Serie


Andante con moto
mf
p
1. In a pal - ace of pearl and sea - weed, Set
2. But be - low, in the qui - et wa - ters She
cresc.
round with shin - ing shells,
bet - ter loves to play,
Un - der the deeps of the
Mak - ing a gay seaweed
cresc.
p f♯
G
o - cean The lit - tle sea prin - cess dwells. And
gar - den, All green and pur - ple and gray; Or
when thro' the waves she ris - es, Be - yond the break - ers'
string - ing with pearls a neck - lace; Or learn - ing cu - rious
1
p D
p
roar, She hears the shouts of the chil - dren At
cresc.
poco rit.
play on the sand - y shore, At play on the sand - y shore.

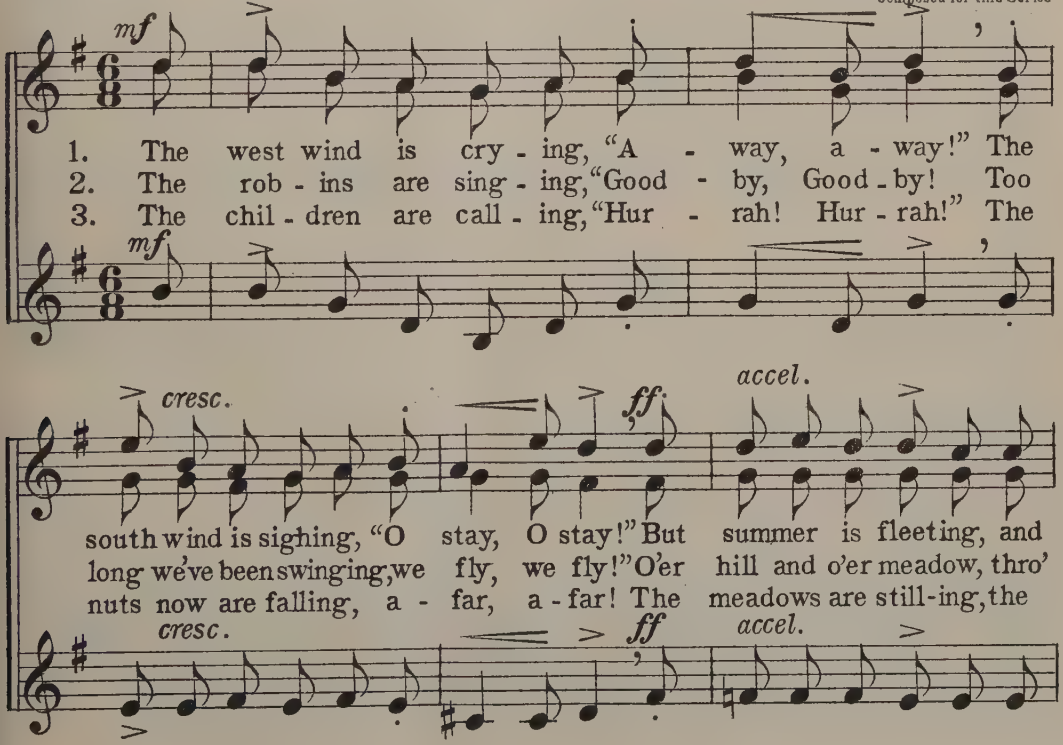


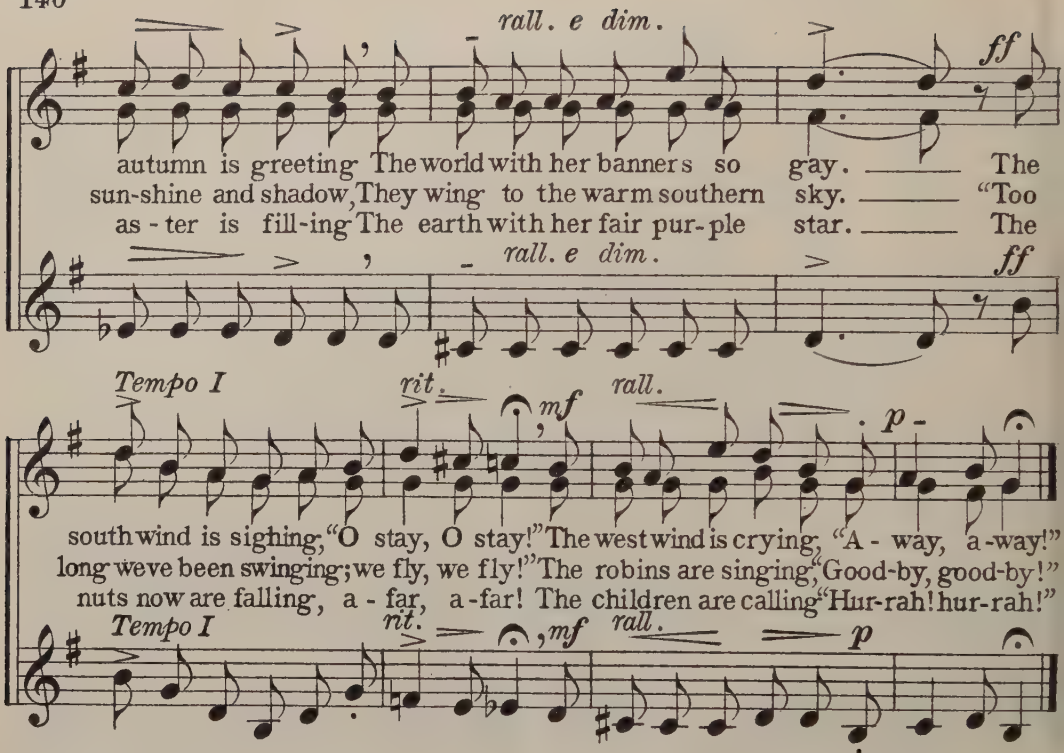
Summer's Good-by

Elsie Cobb

Reginald de Koven

Composed for this Series

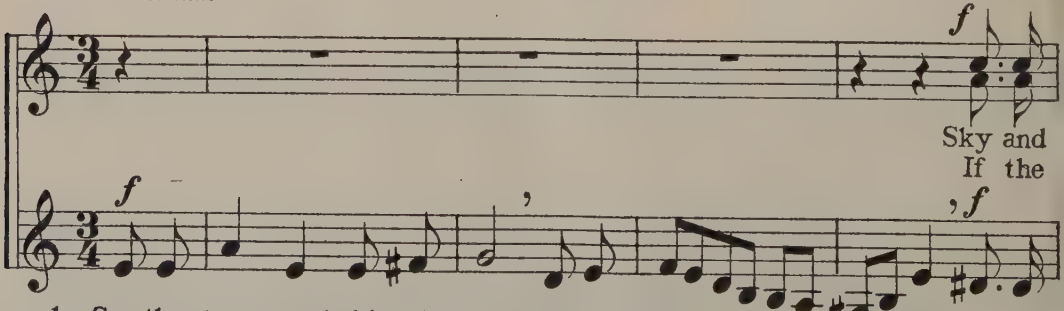

mf
1. The west wind is cry - ing, "A - way, a - way!" The
2. The rob - ins are sing - ing, "Good - by, Good - by! Too
3. The chil - dren are call - ing, "Hur - rah! Hur - rah!" The
mf
cresc.
ff
accel.
south wind is sighing, "O stay, O stay!" But summer is fleeting, and
long we've been swinging, we fly, we fly!" O'er hill and o'er meadow, thro'
nuts now are falling, a - far, a - far! The meadows are still-ing, the
cresc.
ff
accel.


rall. e dim.
ff
autumn is greeting The world with her banners so gay. The
sun-shine and shadow, They wing to the warm southern sky. "Too
as-ter is fill-ing The earth with her fair pur-ple star. The
rall. e dim.
ff
Tempo I
rit.
mf
rall.
p
south wind is sighing; "O stay, O stay!" The west wind is crying, "A-way, a-way!"
long we've been swinging; we fly, we fly!" The robins are singing, "Good-by, good-by!"
nuts now are falling, a-far, a-far! The children are calling "Hur-rah! hur-rah!"
Tempo I
rit.
mf
rall.
p

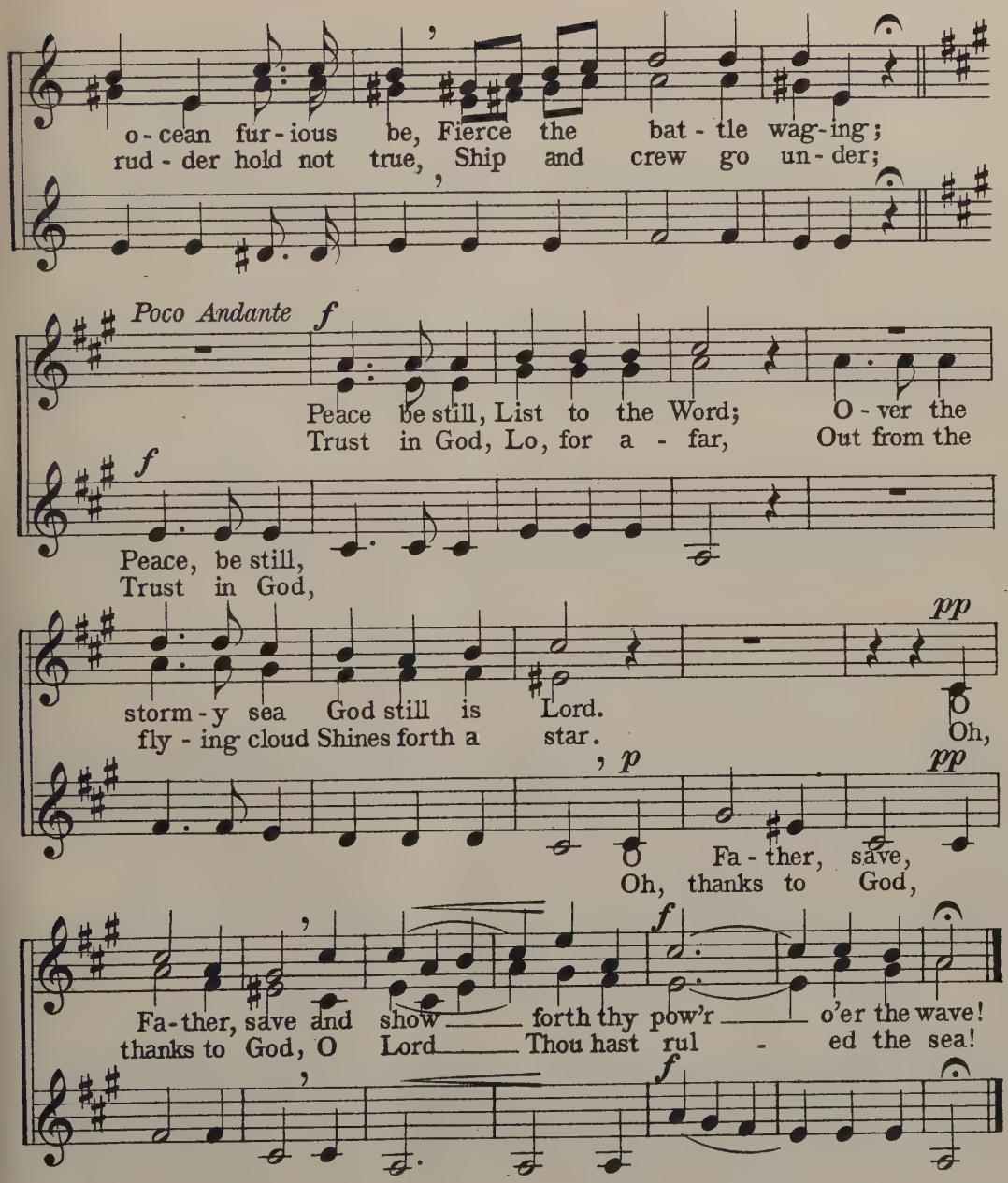
Storm at Sea

M. Louise Baum
From the German

Julius Dürner



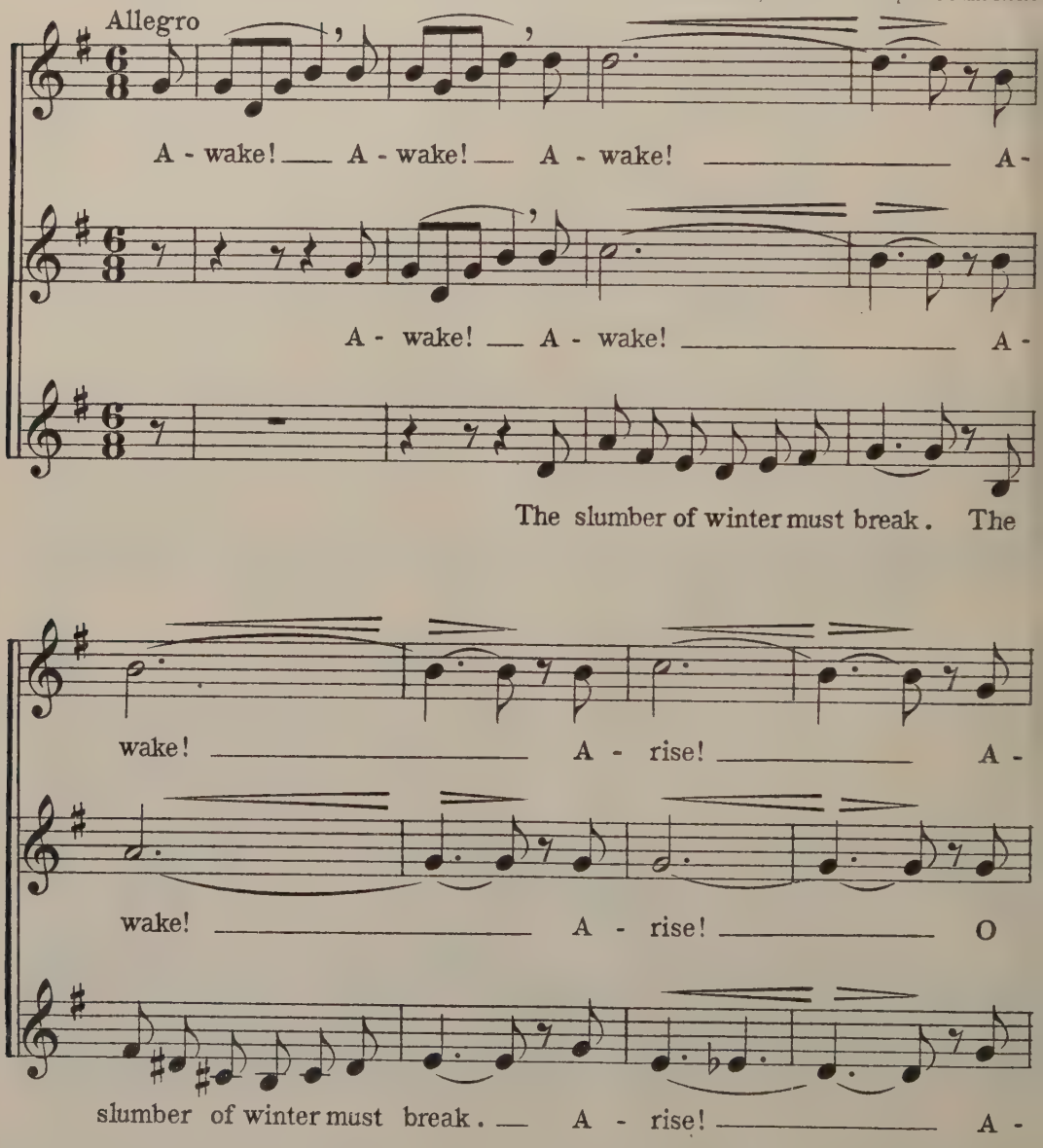
1. See the storm wrack drive the sea, Till the waves go rag-ing;
2. See the stars are lost to view, Hear the roll - ing thun-der;

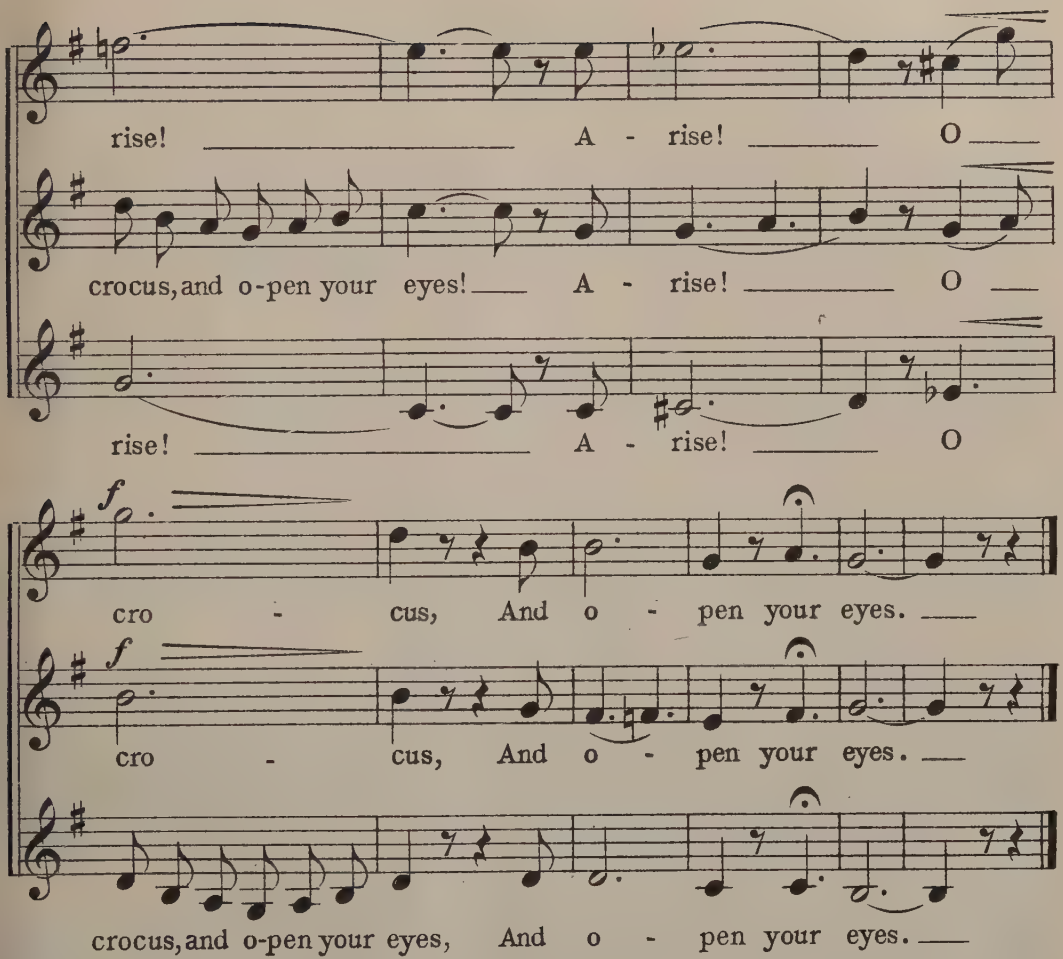

o - cean fur - ious be, Fierce the bat - tle wag - ing;
rud - der hold not true, Ship and crew go un - der;
Poco Andante
f
Peace be still, List to the Word; O - ver the
Trust in God, Lo, for a - far, Out from the
f
Peace, be still,
Trust in God,
pp
storm - y sea God still is Lord.
fly - ing cloud Shines forth a star.
O Oh,
p
pp
O Fa - ther, save,
Oh, thanks to God,
f
Fa - ther, save and show forth thy pow'r o'er the wave!
thanks to God, O Lord Thou hast rul - ed the sea!
f

A Trumpet Call of Spring

May Morgan

W. Otto Miessner
Composed for this Series

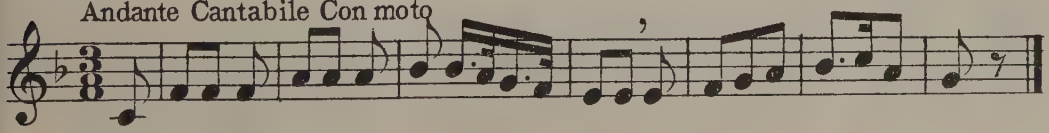

Allegro
A - wake! A - wake! A - wake! A -
A - wake! A - wake! A -
The slumber of winter must break. The
wake! A - rise! A -
wake! A - rise! O
slumber of winter must break. A - rise! A -


rise! A - rise! O
crocus, and o-pen your eyes. A - rise! O
rise! A - rise! O
f
cro - cus, And o - pen your eyes.
f
cro - cus, And o - pen your eyes.
crocus, and o-pen your eyes, And o - pen your eyes.

Theme

From *The First Symphony* — Ludwig van Beethoven

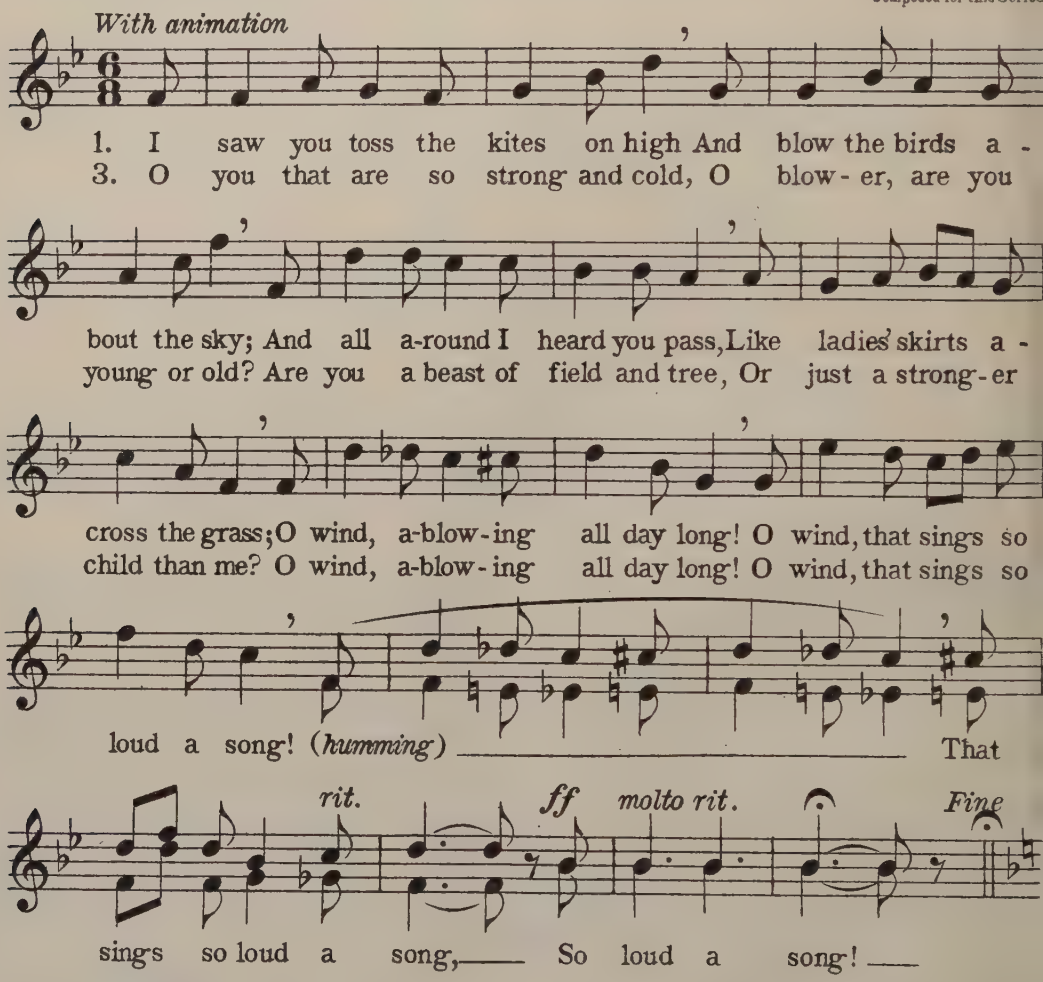
Andante Cantabile Con moto

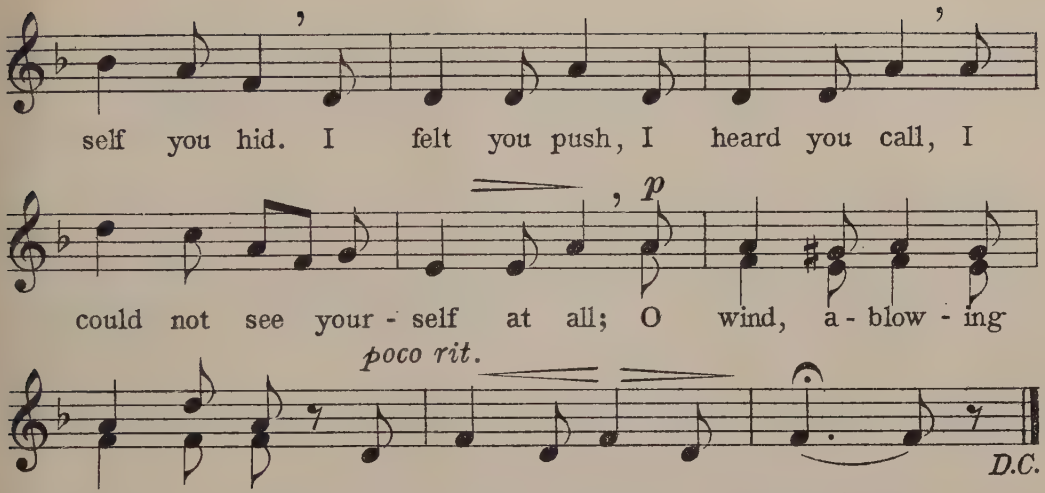


The Wind

Robert Louis Stevenson

Victor Herbert
Composed for this Series

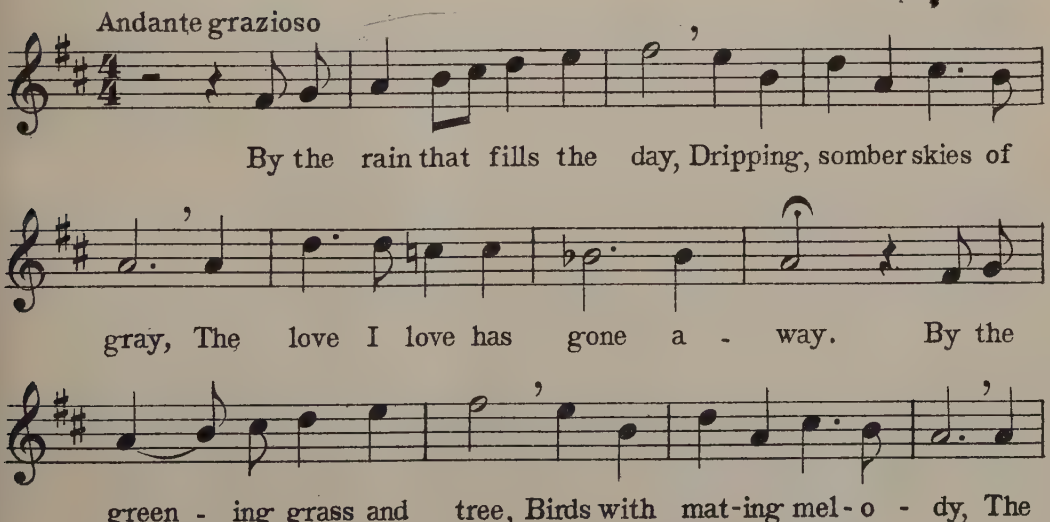

With animation
1. I saw you toss the kites on high And blow the birds a -
3. O you that are so strong and cold, O blow - er, are you
bout the sky; And all a-round I heard you pass, Like ladies' skirts a -
young or old? Are you a beast of field and tree, Or just a strong - er
cross the grass; O wind, a-blow - ing all day long! O wind, that sings so
child than me? O wind, a-blow - ing all day long! O wind, that sings so
loud a song! (humming) That
rit.
ff
molto rit.
Fine
sings so loud a song, So loud a song!
a tempo
2. I saw the different things you did, But al-ways you your -

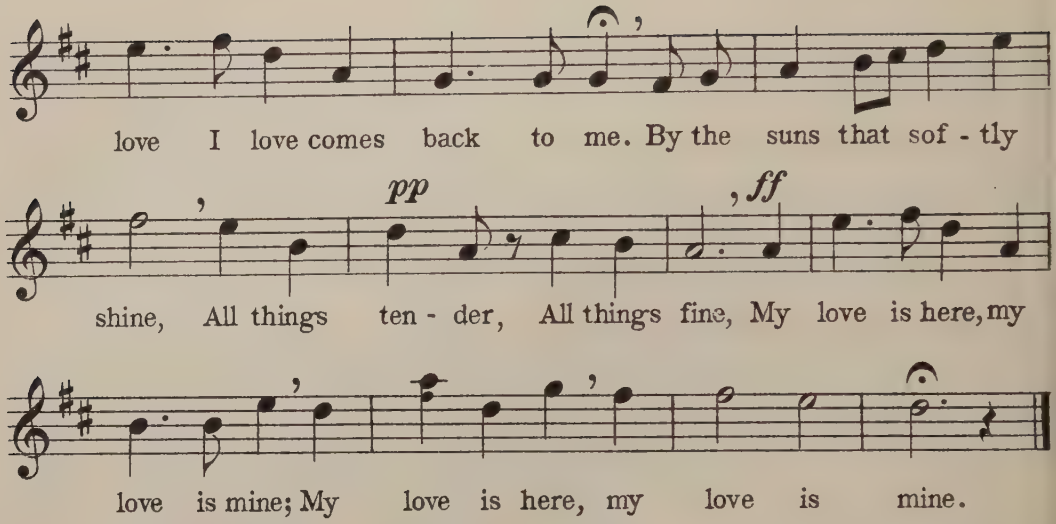

self you hid. I felt you push, I heard you call, I
p
could not see your - self at all; O wind, a - blow - ing
poco rit.
all day long, That sings so loud a song!
D.C.

By the Rain

Wallace Rice

C. H. Mills
Composed for this Series

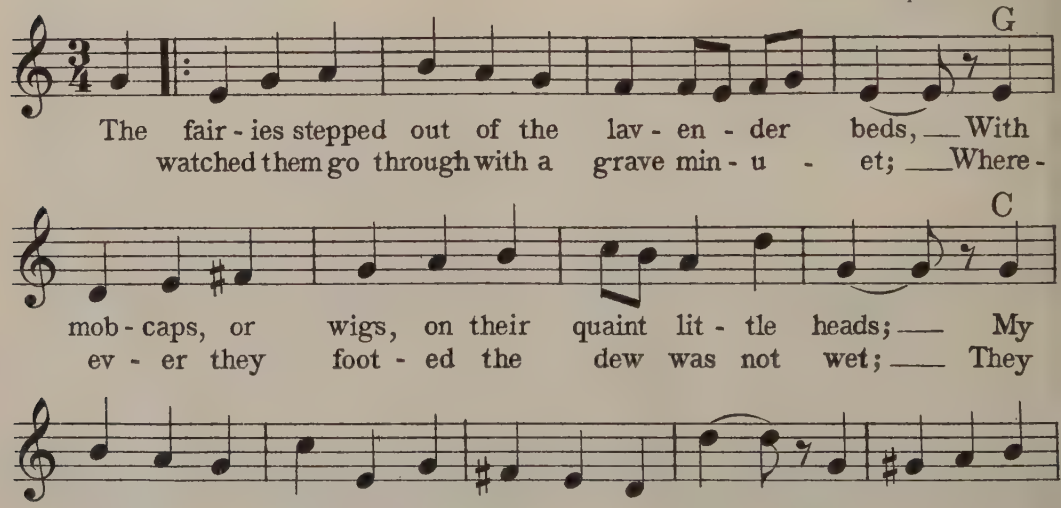

Andante grazioso
By the rain that fills the day, Dripping, somber skies of
gray, The love I love has gone a - way. By the
green - ing grass and tree, Birds with mat-ing mel - o - dy, The

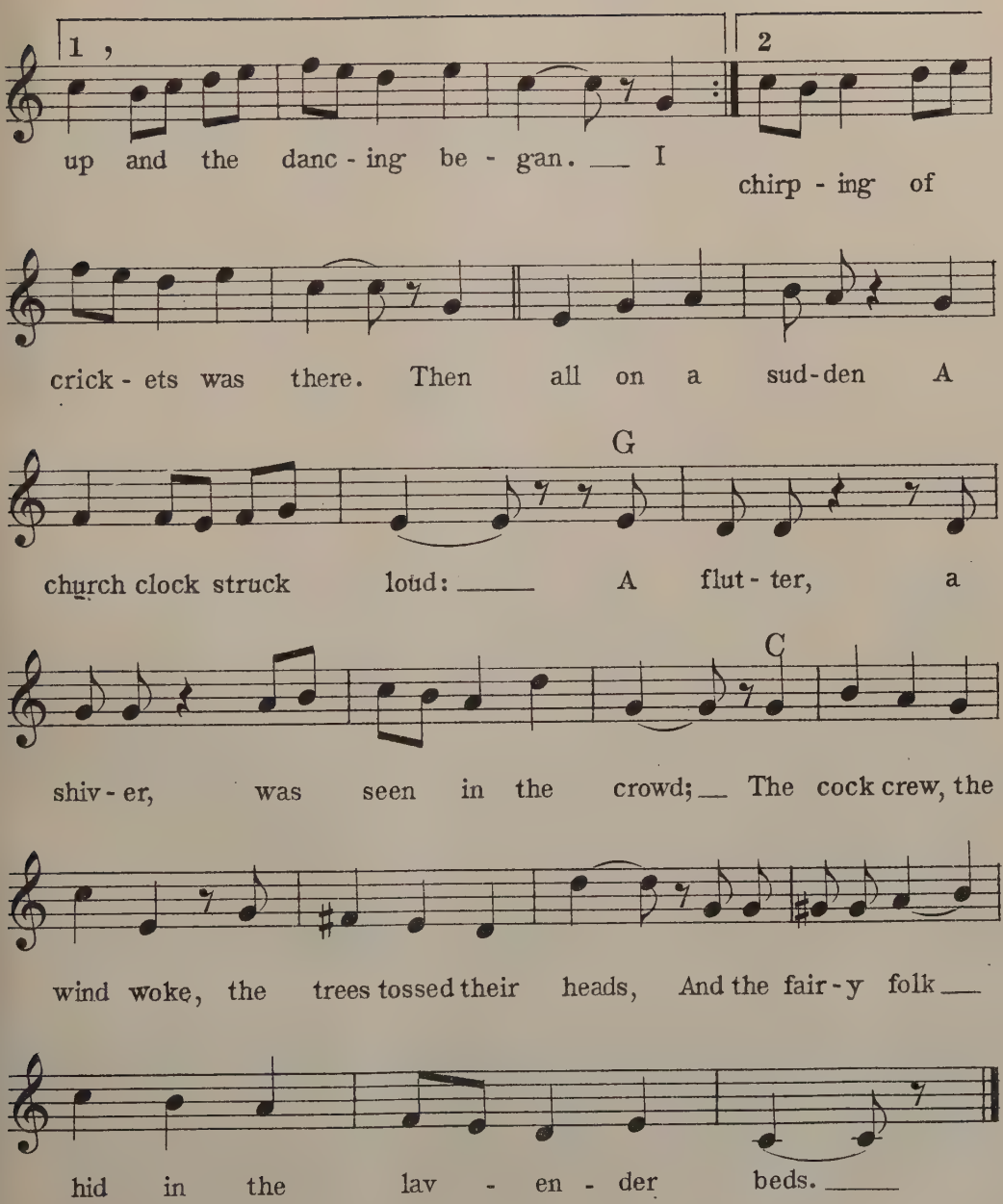

love I love comes back to me. By the suns that sof - tly
pp
ff
shine, All things ten - der, All things fine, My love is here, my
love is mine; My love is here, my love is mine.

The Lavender Beds

William Brighty Rands

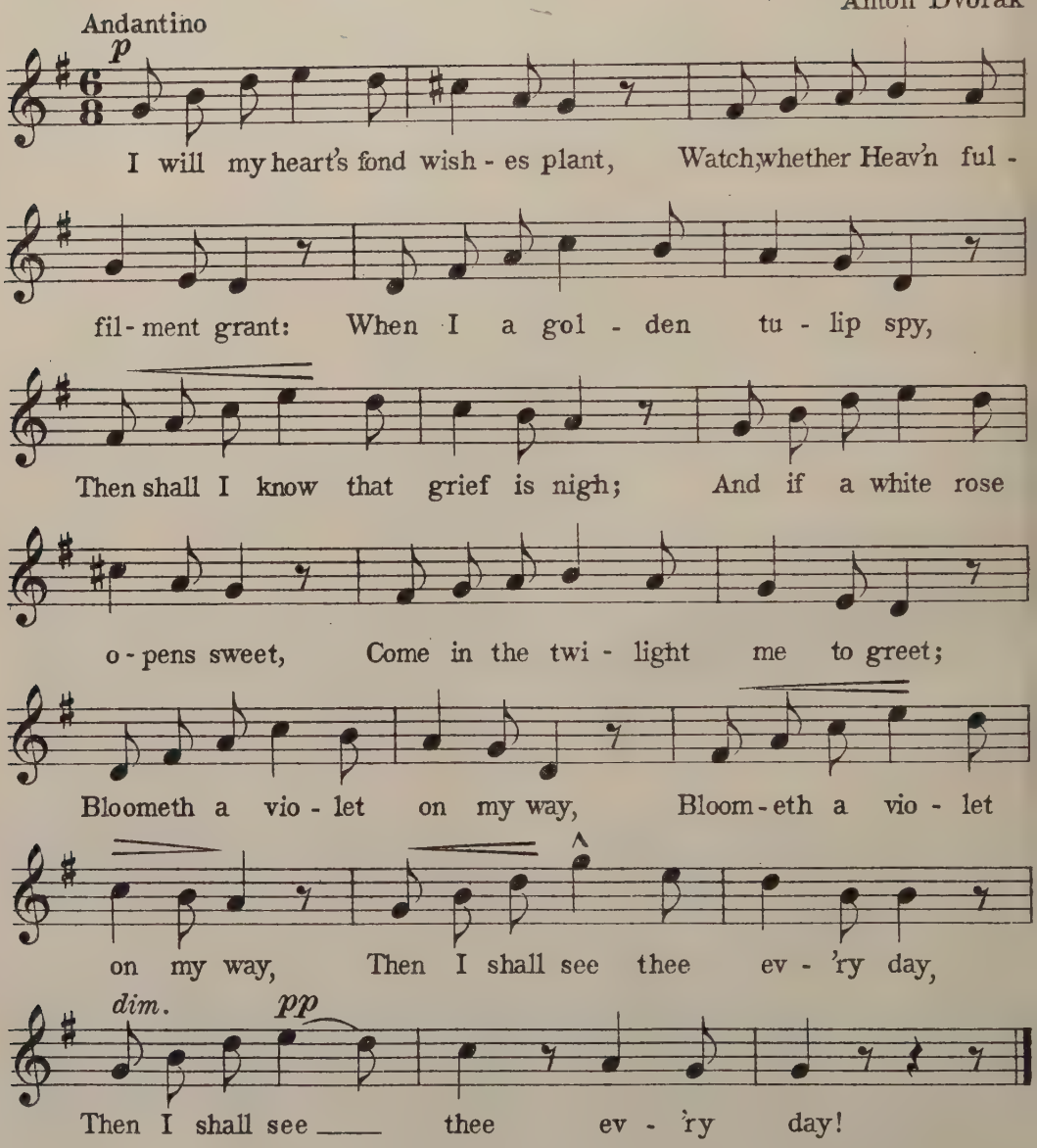
Frank van der Stucken
Composed for this Series


G
The fair - ies stepped out of the lav - en - der beds, With
watched them go through with a grave min - u - et; Where -
C
mob - caps, or wigs, on their quaint lit - tle heads; My
ev - er they foot - ed the dew was not wet; They
lord had a sword and my la - dy a fan; The mu-sic struck
bowed and they curt-sied, the brave and the fair; And laughter like


1 ,
2
up and the danc - ing be - gan. I chirp - ing of
crick - ets was there. Then all on a sud - den A
G
church clock struck loud: A flut - ter, a
C
shiv - er, was seen in the crowd; The cock crew, the
wind woke, the trees tossed their heads, And the fair - y folk
hid in the lav - en - der beds.

Flowery Omens

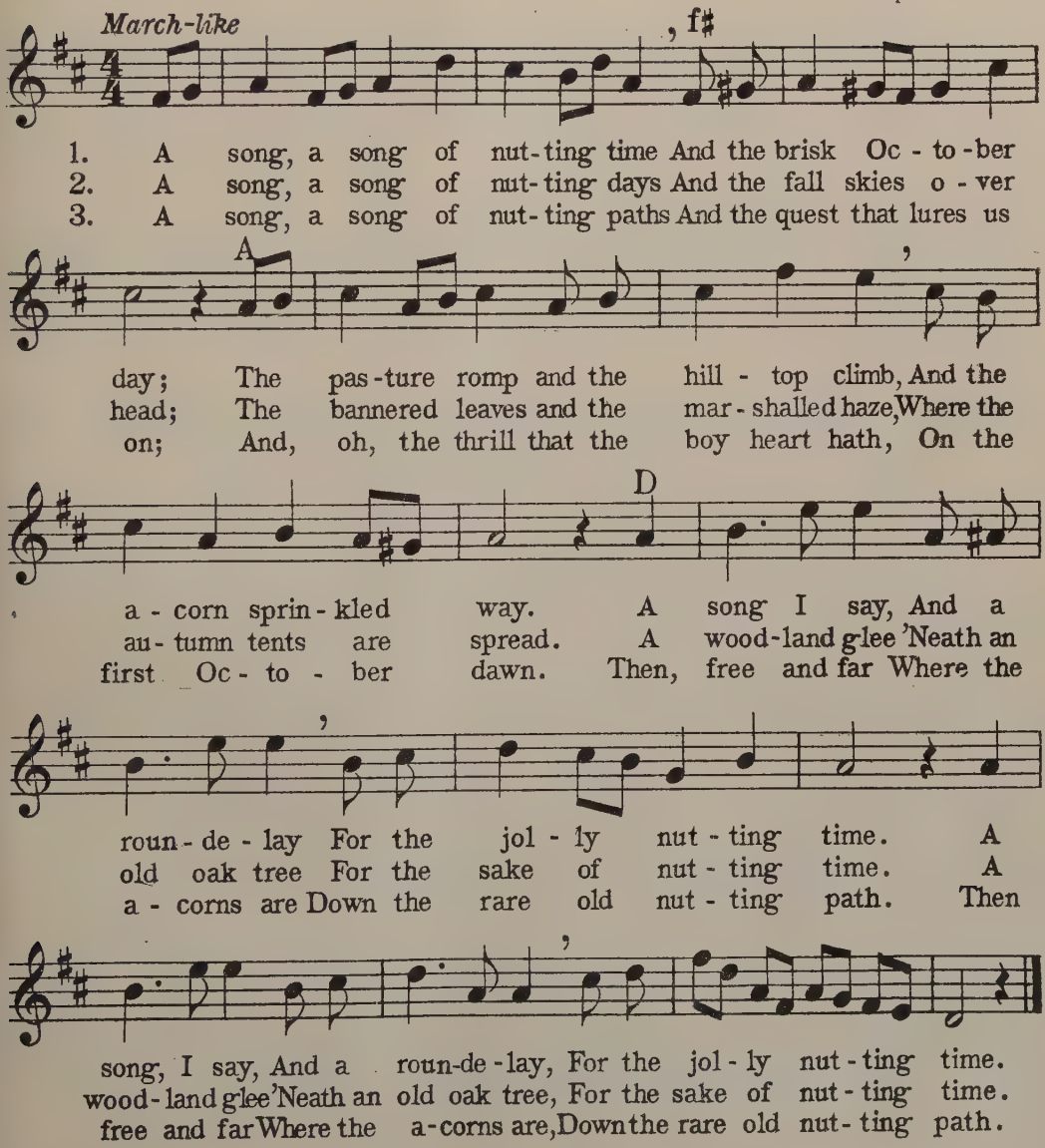
Anton Dvořák


Andantino
p
I will my heart's fond wish - es plant, Watch, whether Heav'n ful -
fil - ment grant: When I a gol - den tu - lip spy,
Then shall I know that grief is nigh; And if a white rose
o - pens sweet, Come in the twi - light me to greet;
Bloometh a vio - let on my way, Bloom - eth a vio - let
on my way, Then I shall see thee ev - 'ry day,
dim.
pp
Then I shall see ___ thee ev - 'ry day!

October Song

Frank Walcott Hutt

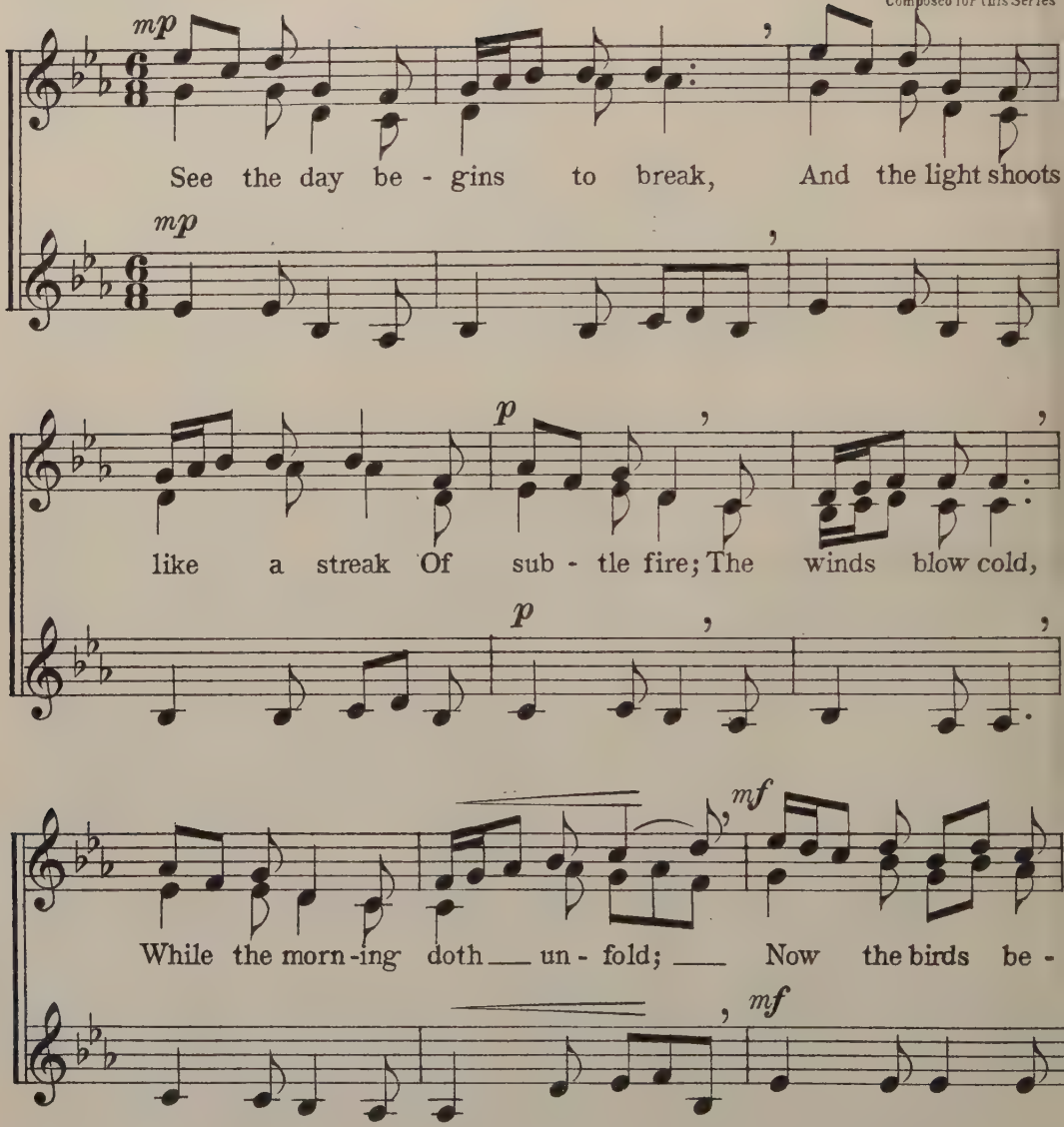
Rudolph Ganz
Composed for this Series

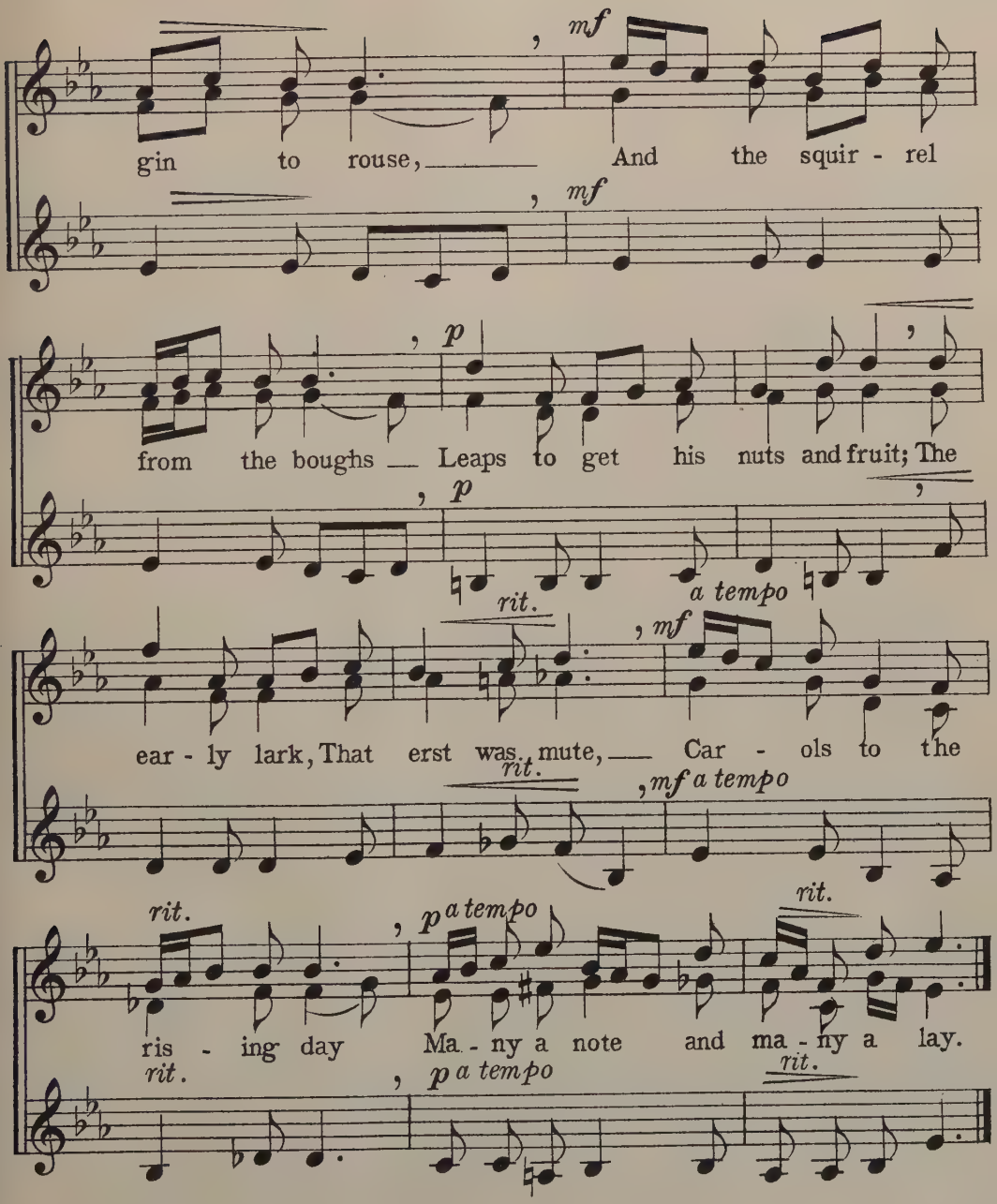

March-like
f
A
D
1. A song, a song of nut-ting time And the brisk Oc - to - ber
2. A song, a song of nut-ting days And the fall skies o - ver
3. A song, a song of nut-ting paths And the quest that lures us
day; The pas-ture romp and the hill - top climb, And the
head; The bannered leaves and the mar - shalled haze, Where the
on; And, oh, the thrill that the boy heart hath, On the
a - corn sprin - kled way. A song I say, And a
au - tumn tents are spread. A wood-land glee 'Neath an
first Oc - to - ber dawn. Then, free and far Where the
roun - de - lay For the jol - ly nut - ting time. A
old oak tree For the sake of nut - ting time. A
a - corns are Down the rare old nut - ting path. Then
song, I say, And a roun-de - lay, For the jol - ly nut - ting time.
wood - land glee 'Neath an old oak tree, For the sake of nut - ting time.
free and far Where the a-corns are, Down the rare old nut - ting path.

Morning

John Fletcher

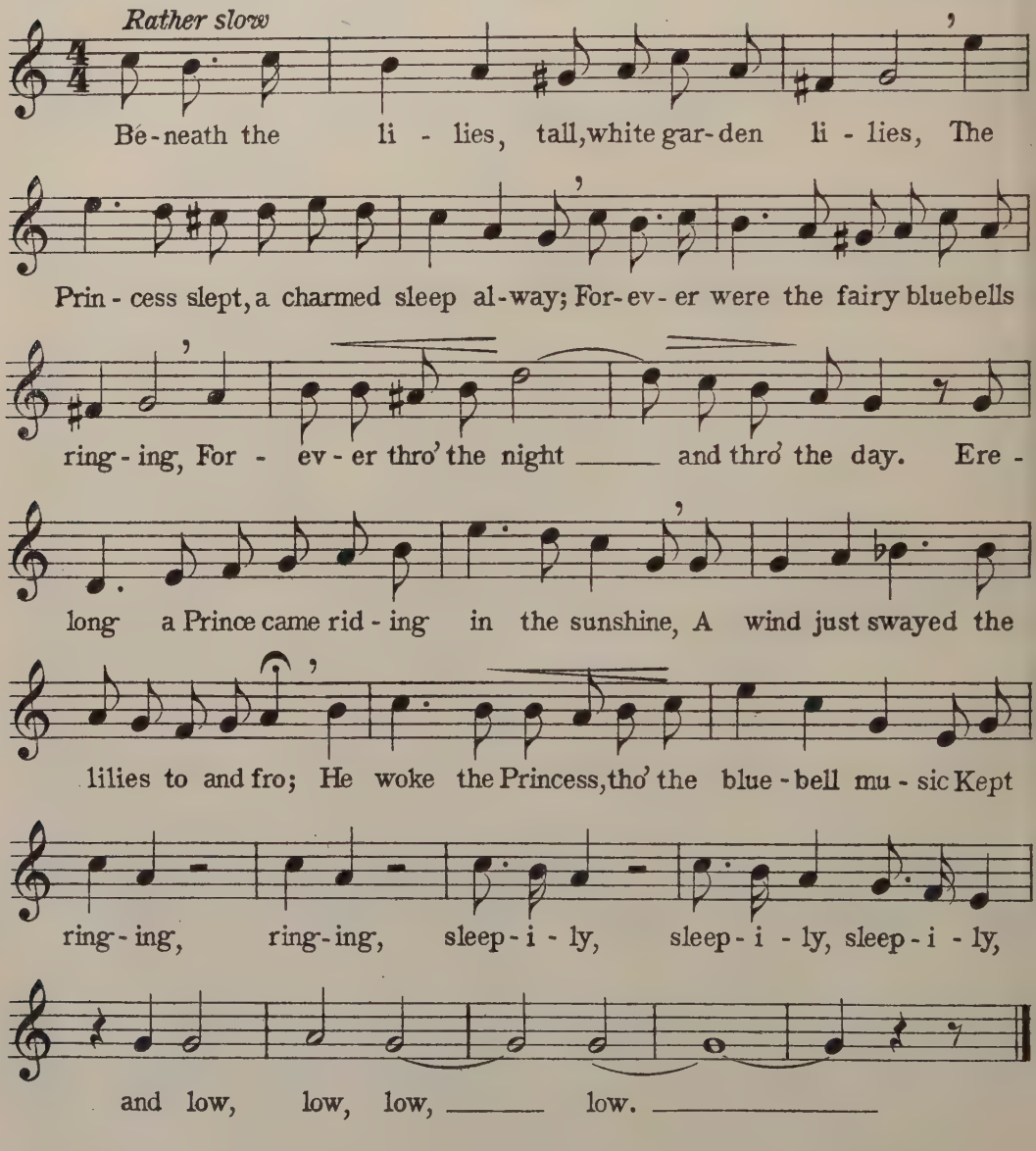
Arthur Farwell
Composed for this Series


mp
See the day be - gins to break, And the light shoots
mp
p
like a streak Of sub - tle fire; The winds blow cold,
p
mf
While the morn-ing doth un - fold; Now the birds be -
mf


mf
gin to rouse, And the squir - rel
mf
p
from the boughs Leaps to get his nuts and fruit; The
p
rit.
a tempo
mf
ear - ly lark, That erst was mute, Car - ols to the
rit.
mf a tempo
rit.
p a tempo
rit.
ris - ing day Ma - ny a note and ma - ny a lay.
rit.
p a tempo
rit.

Beneath the Lilies

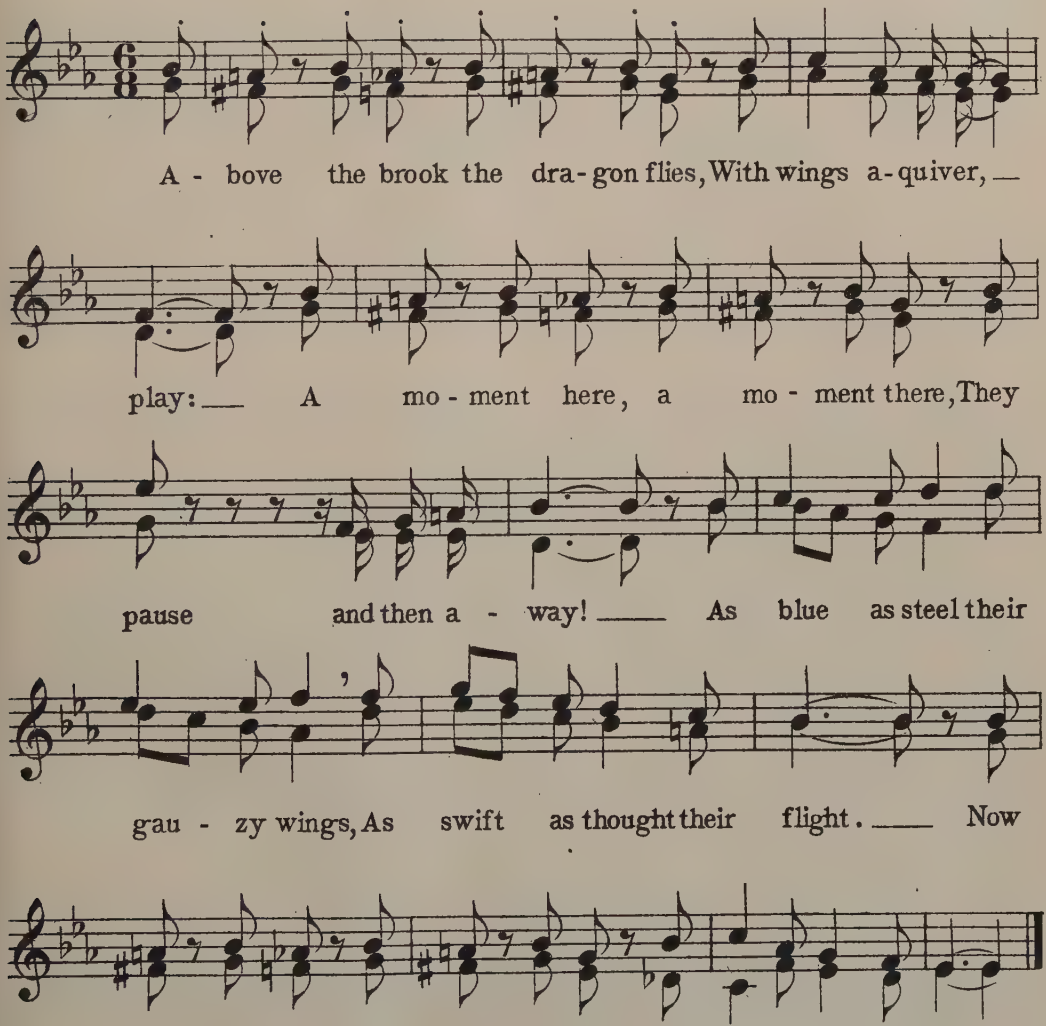
Kate Greenaway — Horatio Parker


Rather slow
Bé-neath the li - lies, tall, white gar-den li - lies, The
Prin - cess slept, a charmed sleep al-way; For-ev - er were the fairy bluebells
ring - ing, For - ev - er thro' the night and thro' the day. Ere -
long a Prince came rid - ing in the sunshine, A wind just swayed the
lilies to and fro; He woke the Princess, tho' the blue - bell mu - sic Kept
ring - ing, ring - ing, sleep - i - ly, sleep - i - ly, sleep - i - ly,
and low, low, low, low.

Dragon Flies

May Morgan

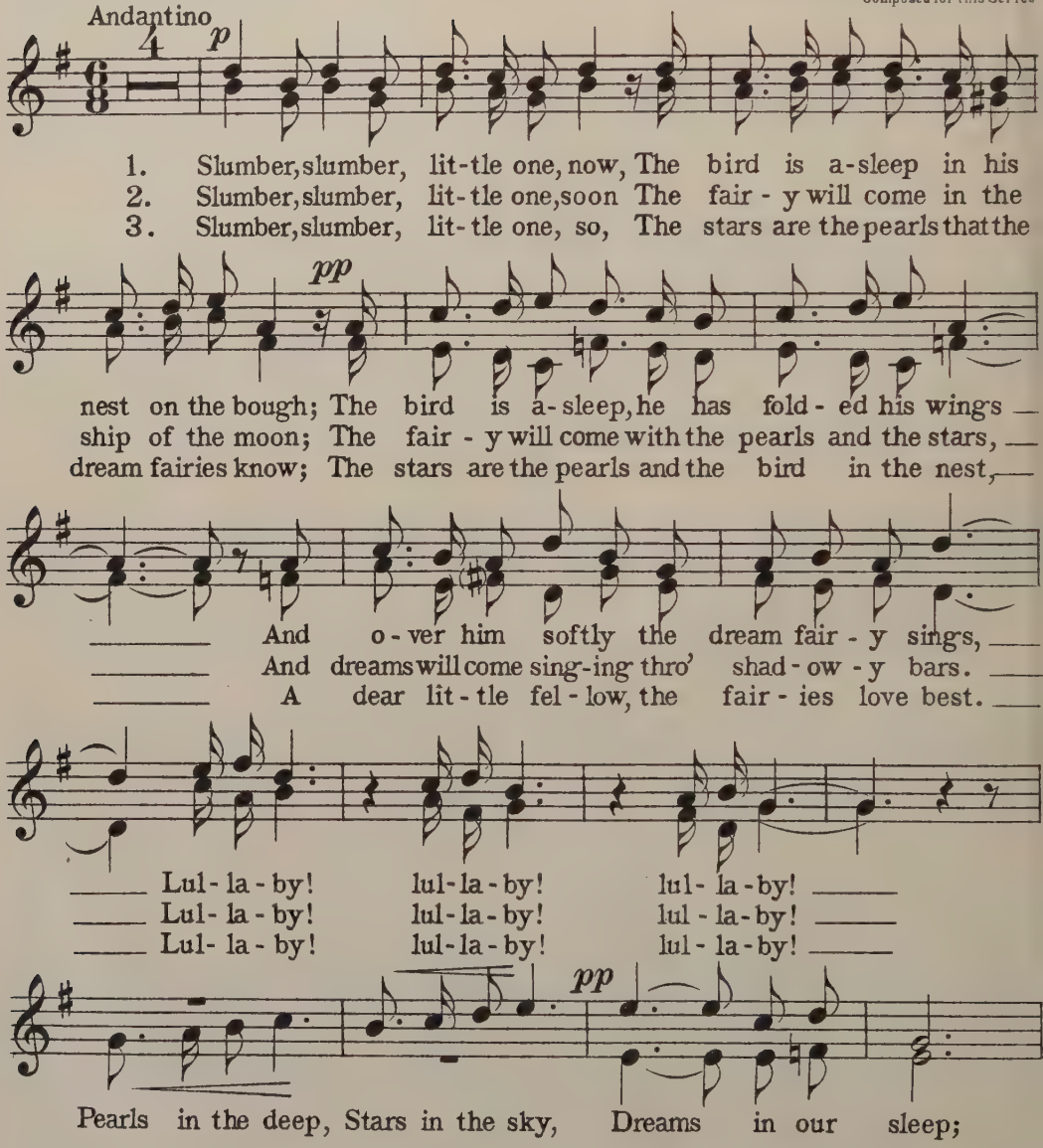
Peter Christian Lutkin
Composed for this Series

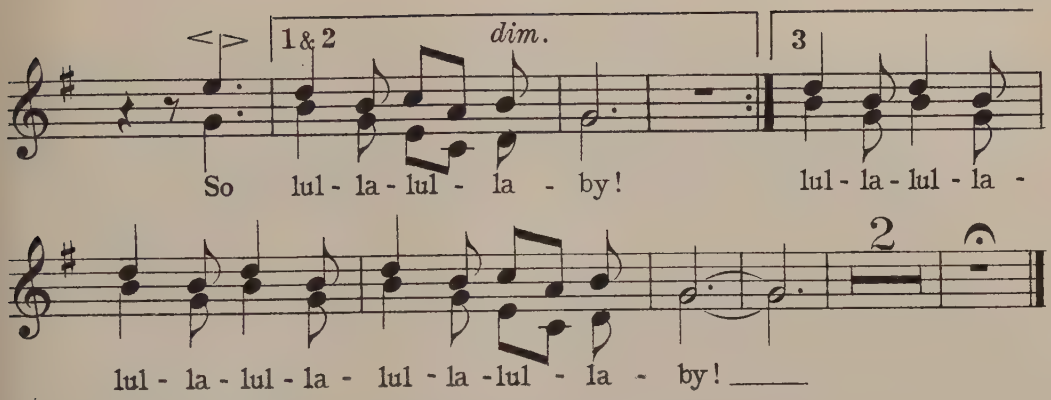

A - bove the brook the dra - gon flies, With wings a - quiver, —
play: — A mo - ment here, a mo - ment there, They
pause and then a - way! — As blue as steel their
gau - zy wings, As swift as thought their flight. — Now
here, now there, then who knows where? They dart like gleams of light.

Lullaby

Frank Dempster Sherman — Charles Villiers Stanford

Composed for this Series

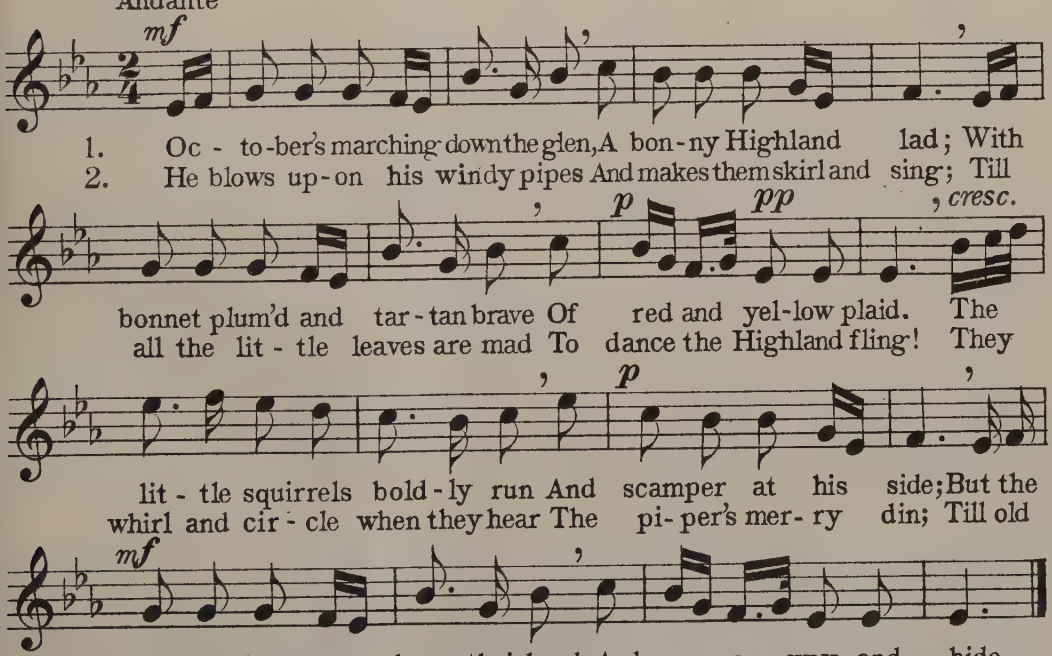

Andantino
p
1. Slumber, slumber, lit-tle one, now, The bird is a-sleep in his
2. Slumber, slumber, lit-tle one, soon The fair - y will come in the
3. Slumber, slumber, lit-tle one, so, The stars are the pearls that the
pp
nest on the bough; The bird is a-sleep, he has fold - ed his wings
ship of the moon; The fair - y will come with the pearls and the stars,
dream fairies know; The stars are the pearls and the bird in the nest,
And o - ver him softly the dream fair - y sings,
And dreams will come sing-ing thro' shad - ow - y bars.
A dear lit - tle fel - low, the fair - ies love best.
Lul - la - by! lul - la - by! lul - la - by!
Lul - la - by! lul - la - by! lul - la - by!
Lul - la - by! lul - la - by! lul - la - by!
pp
Pearls in the deep, Stars in the sky, Dreams in our sleep;



The Scotch Piper

Pauline Frances Camp

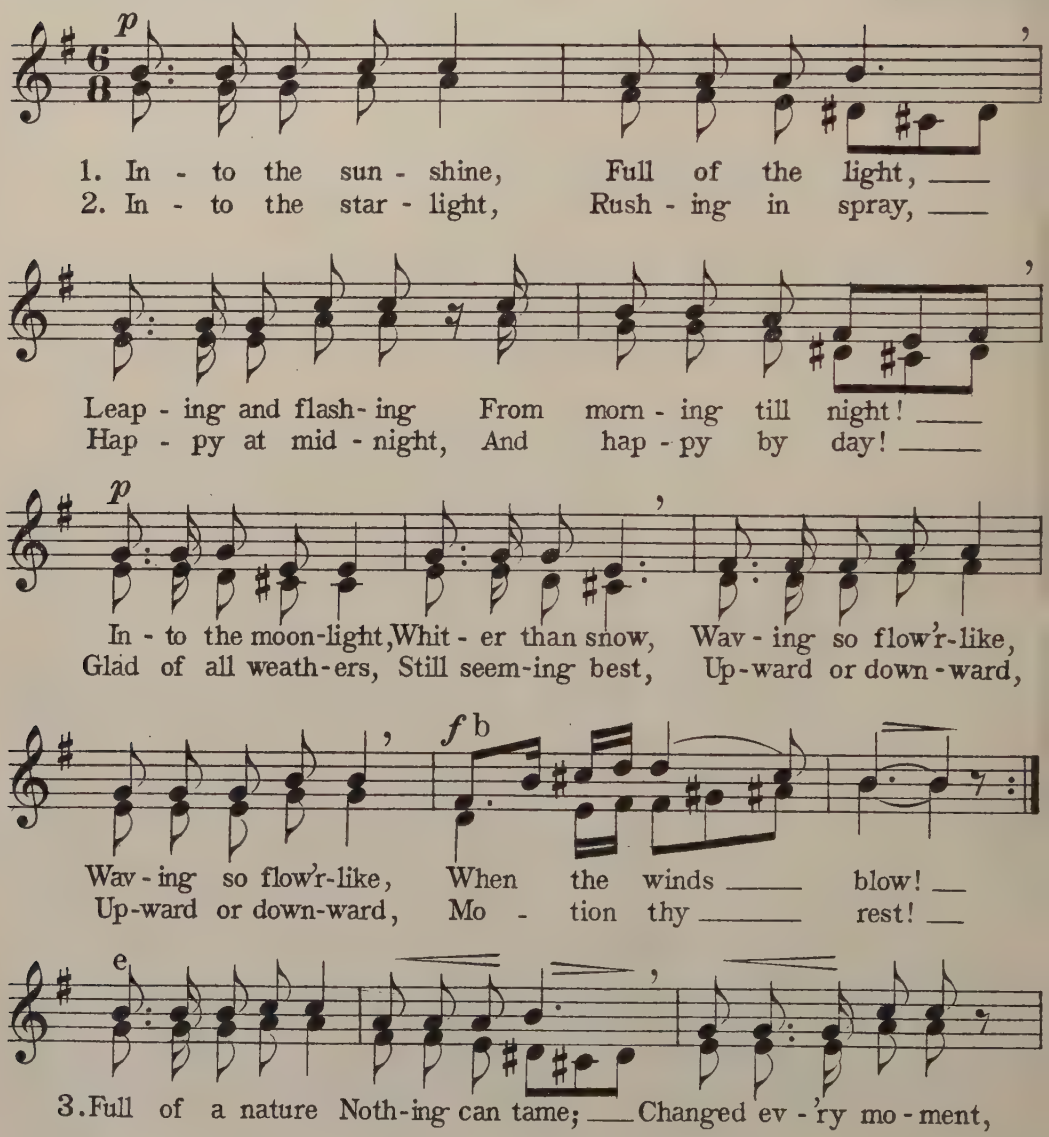
Scotch Folk Song

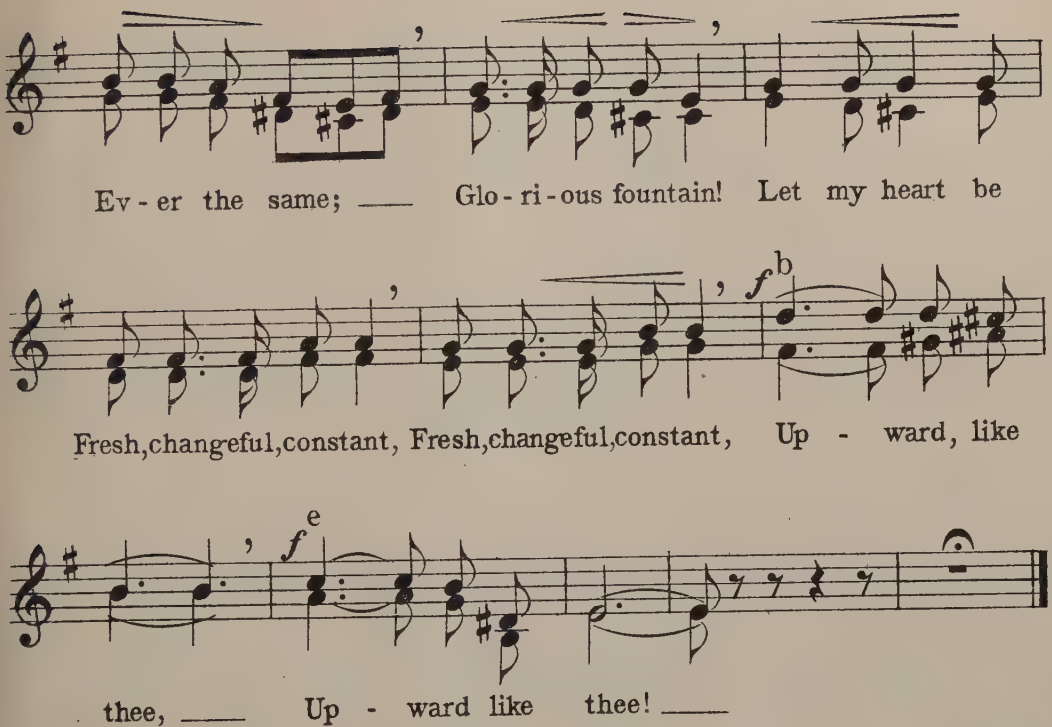

Andante
mf
1. Oc - to-ber's marching down the glen, A bon-ny Highland lad; With
2. He blows up-on his windy pipes And makes them skirl and sing; Till
p
pp
cresc.
bonnet plum'd and tar-tan brave Of red and yel-low plaid. The
all the lit - tle leaves are mad To dance the Highland fling! They
p
lit - tle squirrels bold-ly run And scamper at his side; But the
whirl and cir - cle when they hear The pi-per's mer-ry din; Till old
mf
tim - id flow - ers droop their heads And run a - way and hide.
Moth - er Win - ter shows her face And stern-ly calls them in.

The Fountain

James Russell Lowell

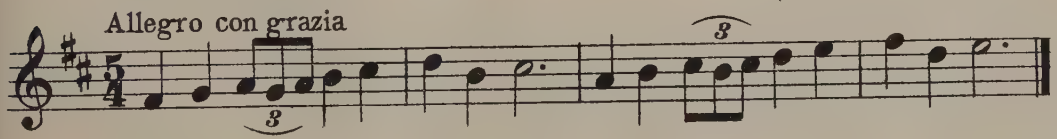
Hugo Kaun
Composed for this Series


p
1. In - to the sun - shine, Full of the light,
2. In - to the star - light, Rush - ing in spray,
Leap - ing and flash - ing From morn - ing till night!
Hap - py at mid - night, And hap - py by day!
p
In - to the moon-light, Whit - er than snow, Wav - ing so flow'r-like,
Glad of all weath-ers, Still seem-ing best, Up-ward or down - ward,
f b
Wav - ing so flow'r-like, When the winds blow!
Up-ward or down-ward, Mo - tion thy rest!
e
3. Full of a nature Noth-ing can tame; Changed ev - 'ry mo - ment,

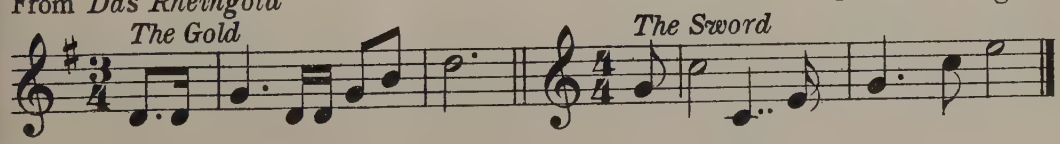

Ev - er the same; —— Glo - ri - ous fountain! Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant, Fresh, changeful, constant, Up - ward, like
thee, —— Up - ward like thee! ——

Themes

From *The Sixth Symphony* — Peter I. Tschaikowsky



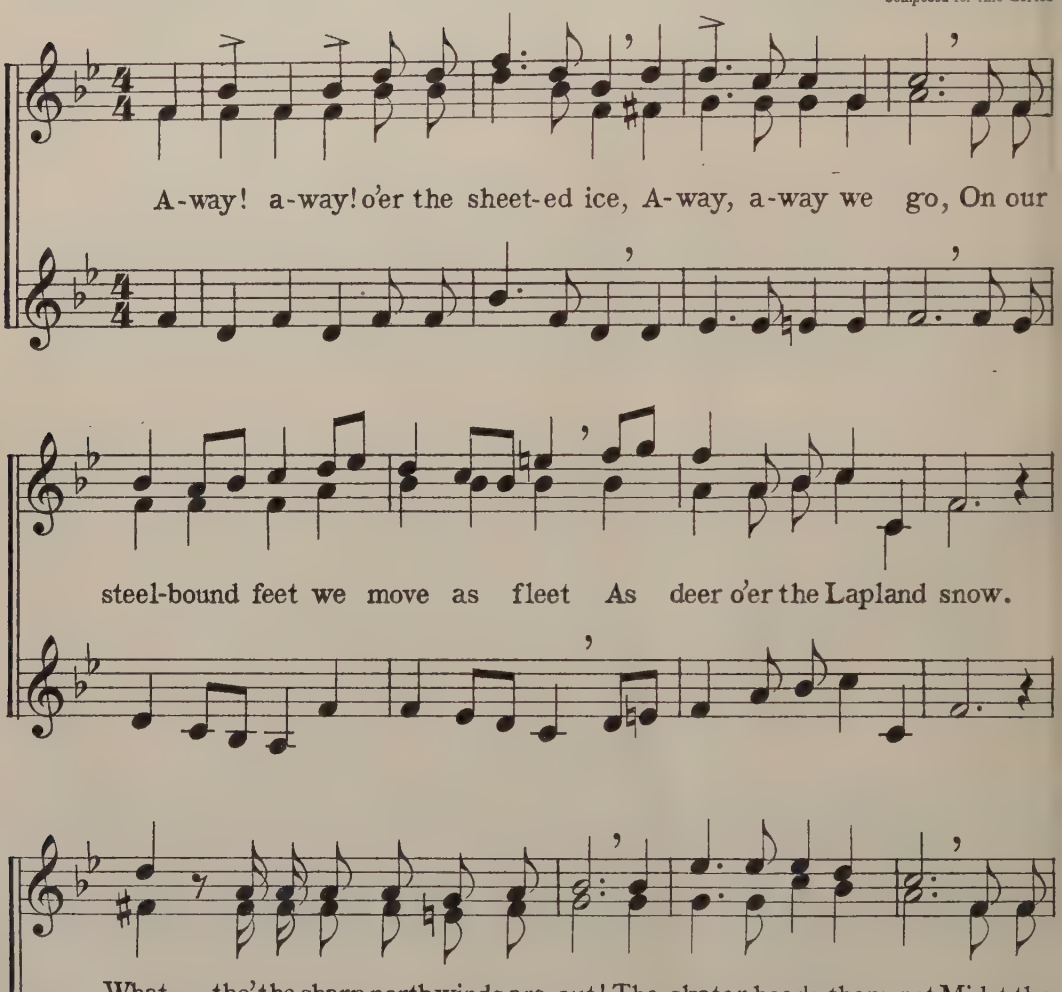
From *Das Rheingold* — Richard Wagner

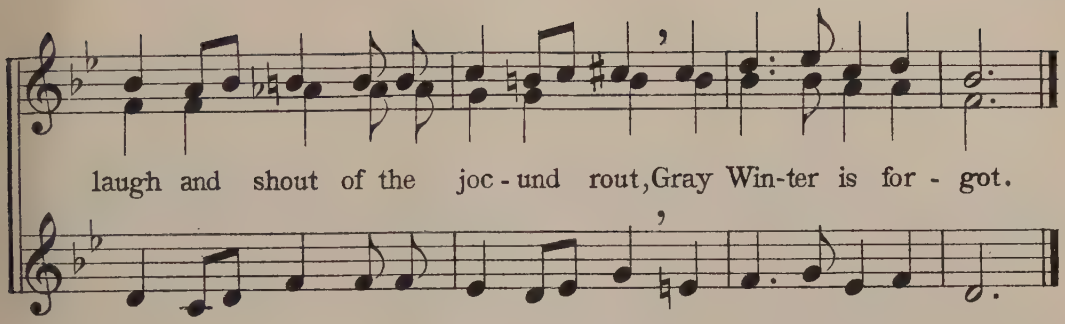


Skating Song

Ephraim Peabody

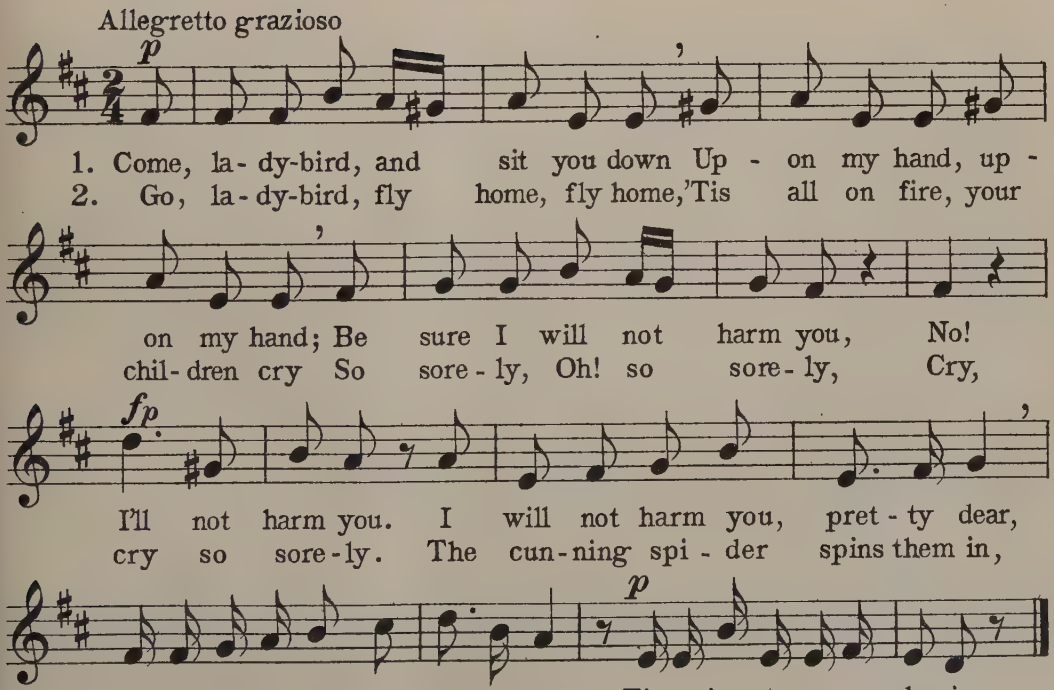
Peter Christian Lutkin
Composed for this Series


A-way! a-way! o'er the sheet-ed ice, A-way, a-way we go, On our
steel-bound feet we move as fleet As deer o'er the Lapland snow.
What tho' the sharp north winds are out! The skater heeds them not, Midst the



Lady Bird

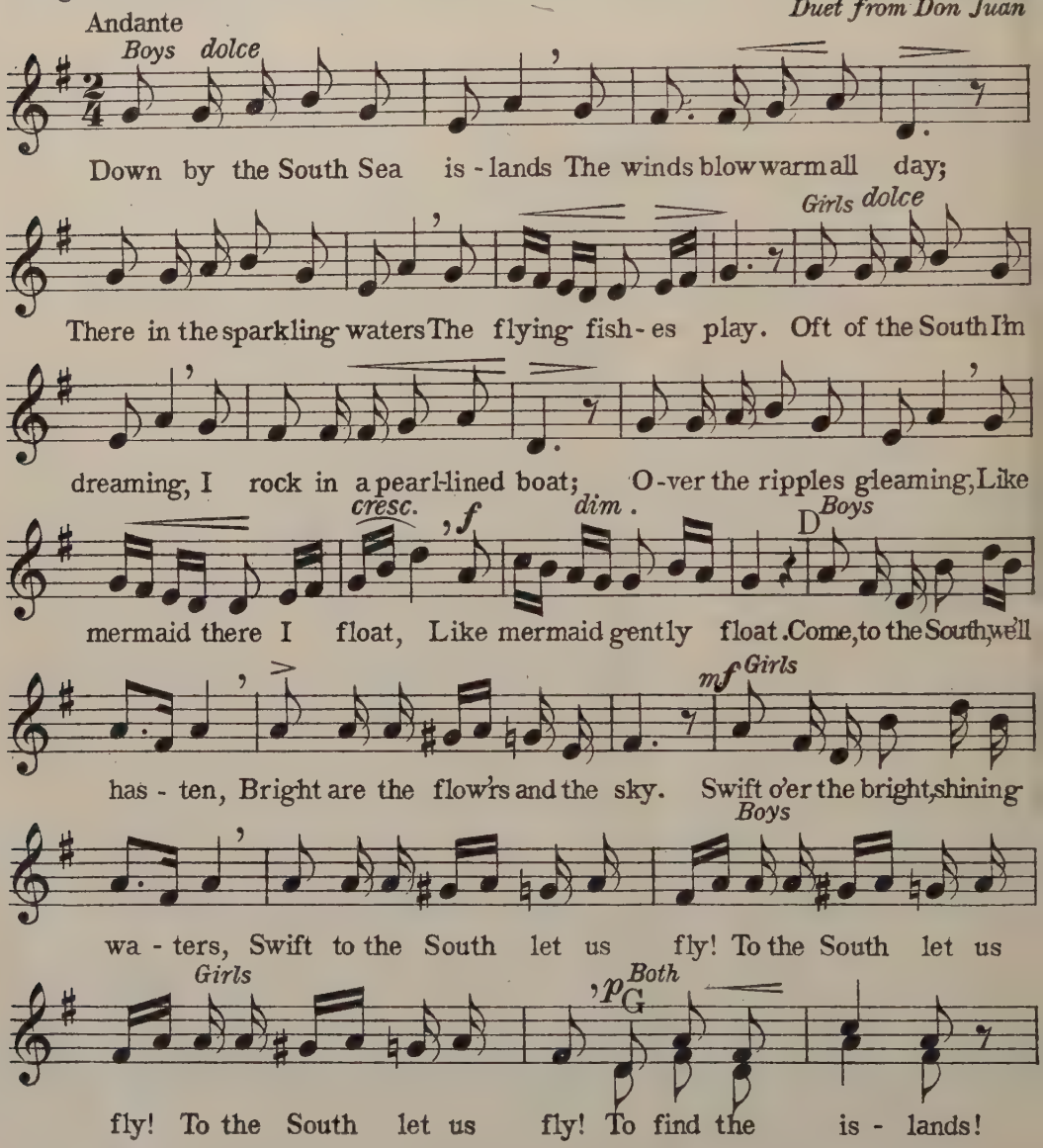
Robert Schumann

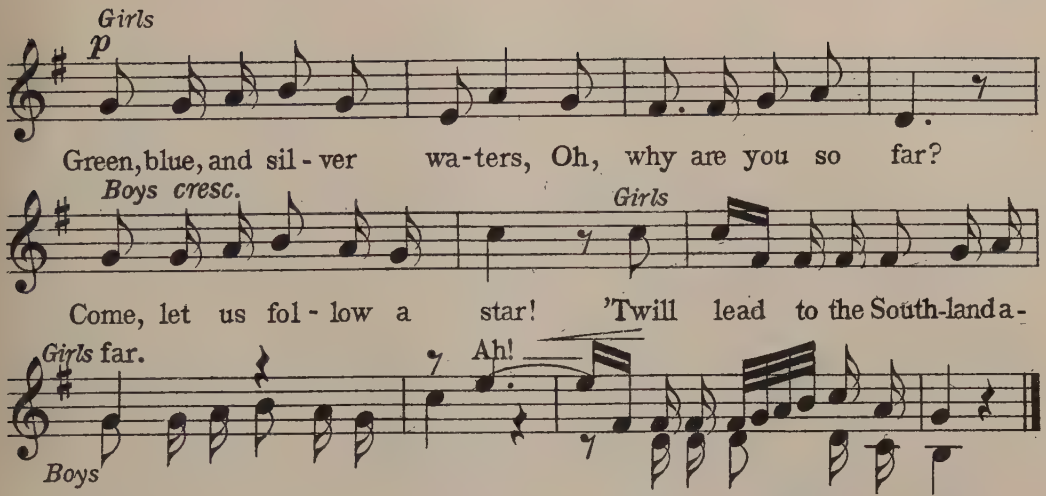

Allegretto grazioso
p
1. Come, la - dy-bird, and sit you down Up - on my hand, up -
2. Go, la - dy-bird, fly home, fly home, 'Tis all on fire, your
on my hand; Be sure I will not harm you, No!
chil - dren cry So sore - ly, Oh! so sore - ly, Cry,
fp
I'll not harm you. I will not harm you, pret - ty dear,
cry so sore - ly. The cun - ning spi - der spins them in,
p
Show your tiny wings, and nev - er fear, Tiny wings to me are pleasing.
Fly, O la - dy-bird, fly home, fly home, To your children, crying sorely!

The Southland

Margaret Aliona Dole

W. A. Mozart
Duet from Don Juan


Andante
Boys dolce
Down by the South Sea is - lands The winds blow warm all day;
Girls dolce
There in the sparkling waters The flying fish - es play. Oft of the South I'm
dreaming, I rock in a pearl-lined boat; O-ver the ripples gleaming, Like
cresc. f dim.
D Boys
mermaid there I float, Like mermaid gently float. Come, to the South, we'll
mf Girls
has - ten, Bright are the flow'rs and the sky. Swift o'er the bright, shining
Boys
wa - ters, Swift to the South let us fly! To the South let us
Girls
p Both
G
fly! To the South let us fly! To find the is - lands!

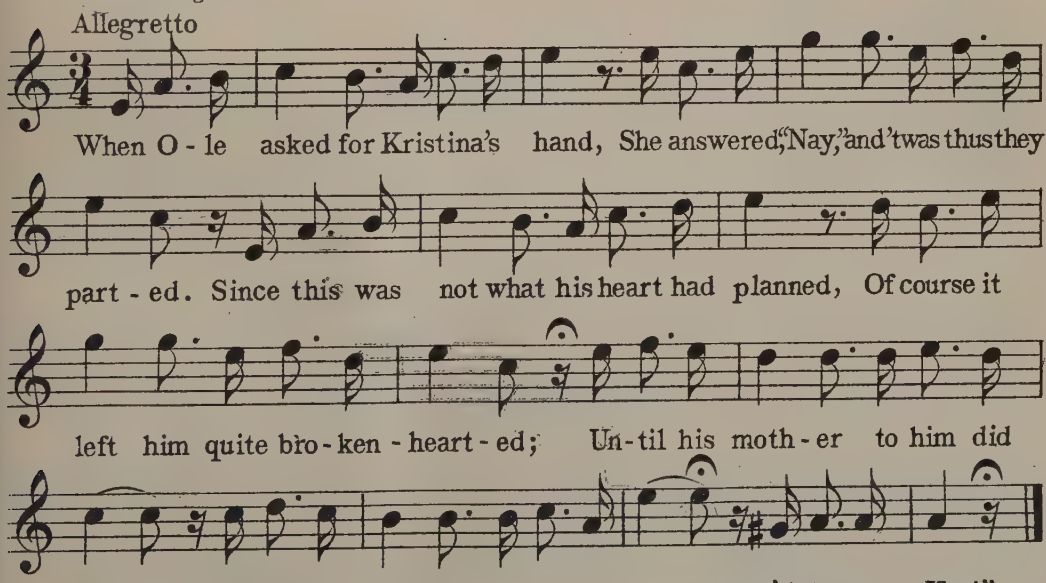

Girls
p
Green, blue, and sil - ver wa-ters, Oh, why are you so far?
Boys cresc.
Girls
Come, let us fol - low a star! 'Twill lead to the South-land a-
Girls far.
Ah!
Boys
Come, let us fol-low a star! To the South-land a - far!

Yea and Nay

Frederick H. Martens

From the Norwegian

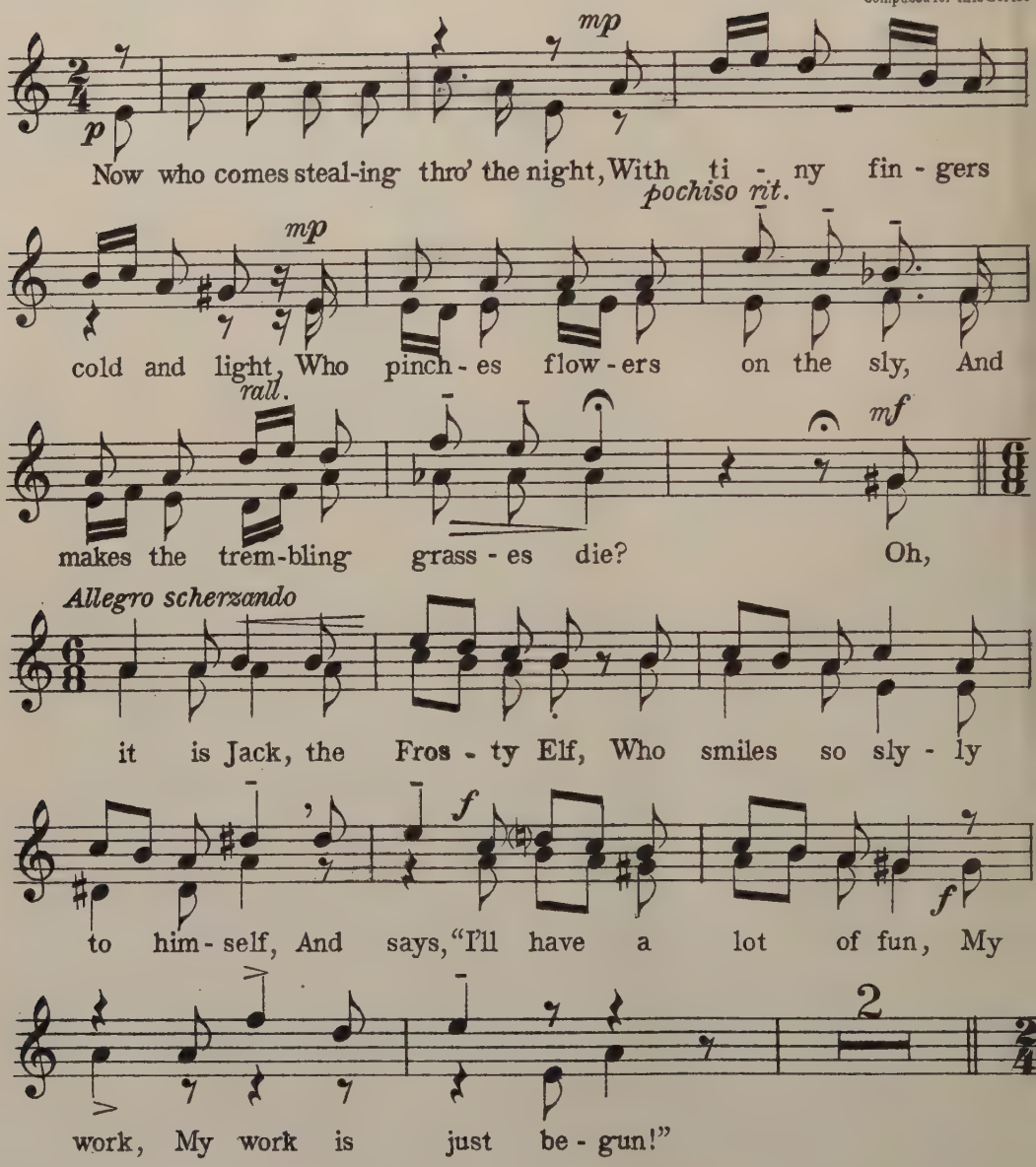
Norwegian Folk Song

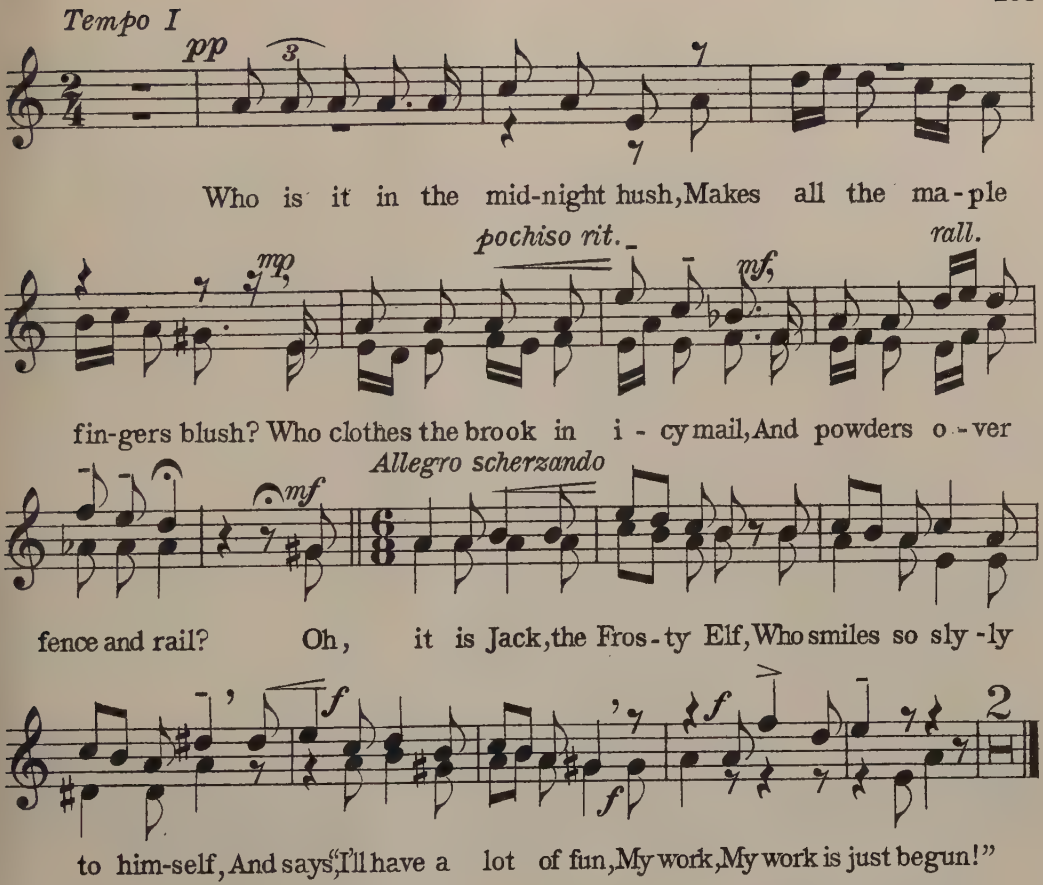

Allegretto
When O - le asked for Kristina's hand, She answered, "Nay," and 'twas thus they
part - ed. Since this was not what his heart had planned, Of course it
left him quite bro-ken - heart - ed; Un-til his moth - er to him did
say, "Go back and ask her an-oth-er day, She'll then say Yea!"

Jack Frost

Kate Louise Brown

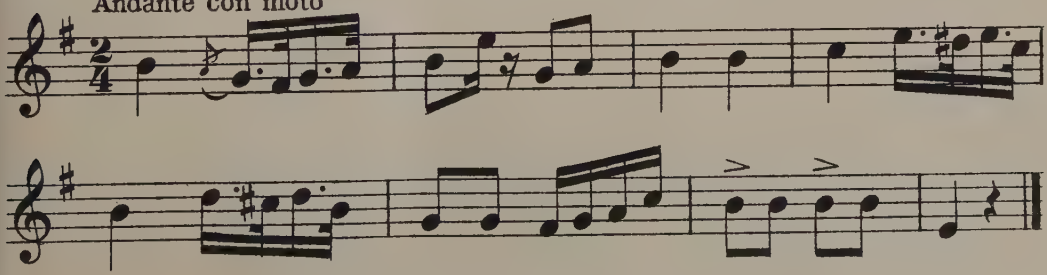
H. Clough-Leighter
Composed for this Series


mp
p
Now who comes steal-ing thro' the night, With ti - ny fin - gers
pochiso rit.
mp
cold and light, Who pinch - es flow - ers on the sly, And
rall.
mf
makes the trem-bling grass - es die? Oh,
Allegro scherzando
it is Jack, the Fros - ty Elf, Who smiles so sly - ly
f
f
to him - self, And says, "I'll have a lot of fun, My
2
work, My work is just be - gun!"


Tempo I
pp
Who is it in the mid-night hush, Makes all the ma - ple
pochiso rit.
rall.
mp
mf
fin-gers blush? Who clothes the brook in i - cy mail, And powders o - ver
Allegro scherzando
mf
fence and rail? Oh, it is Jack, the Fros - ty Elf, Who smiles so sly - ly
f
f
f
2
to him-self, And says, "I'll have a lot of fun, My work, My work is just begun!"

Theme

From *The Symphony in C* — Franz Schubert

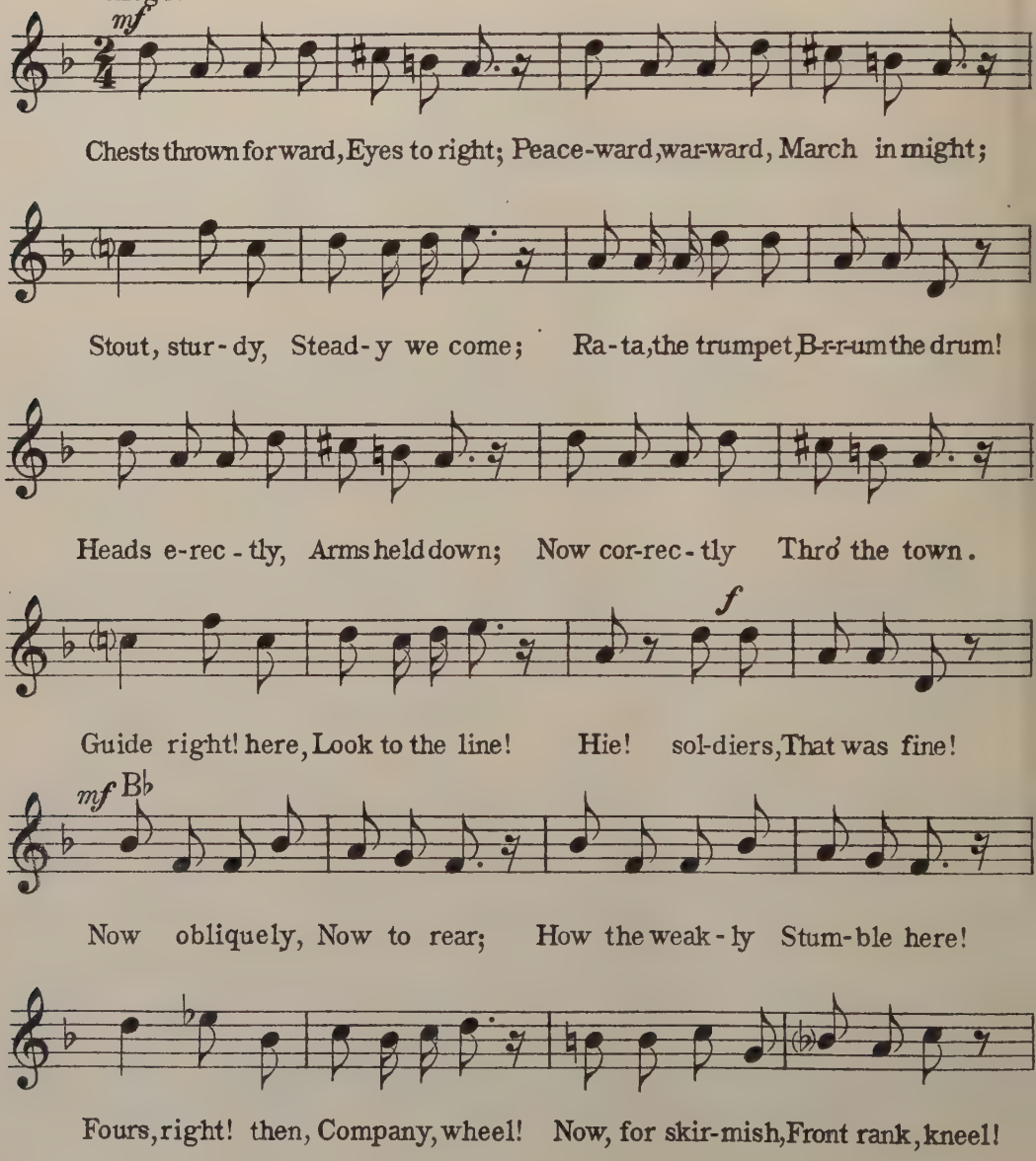


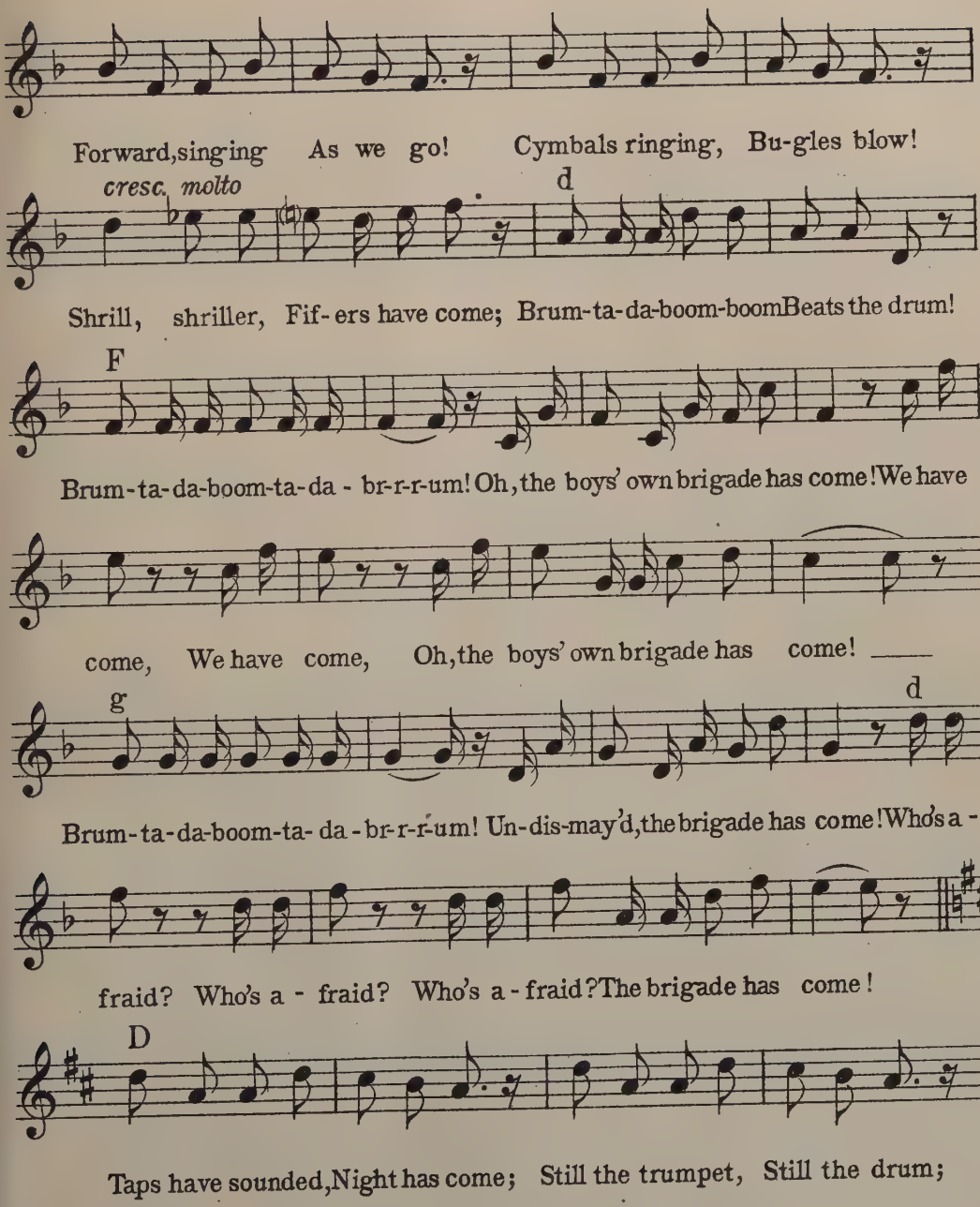
The Boys' Song

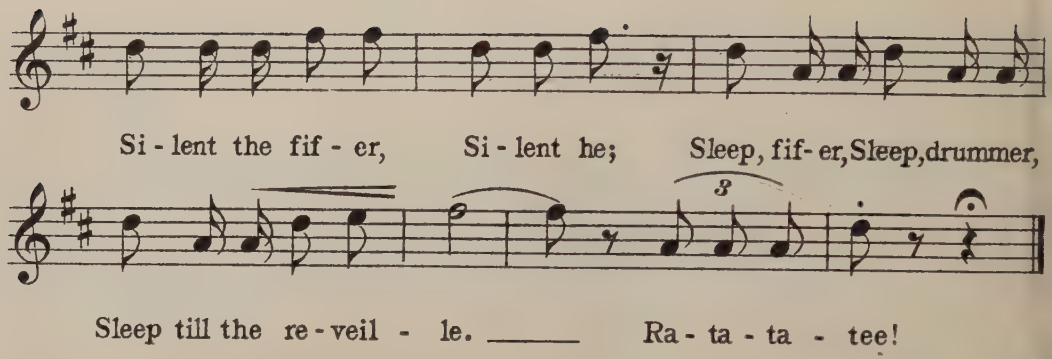
Seymour Barnard
From the French

Georges Bizet

Allegro


mf
Chests thrown for ward, Eyes to right; Peace-ward, war-ward, March in might;
Stout, stur-dy, Stead-y we come; Ra-ta, the trumpet, B-r-r-um the drum!
Heads e-rec-tly, Arms held down; Now cor-rec-tly Thro' the town.
f
Guide right! here, Look to the line! Hie! sol-diers, That was fine!
mf B♭
Now obliquely, Now to rear; How the weak-ly Stum-ble here!
Fours, right! then, Company, wheel! Now, for skir-mish, Front rank, kneel!

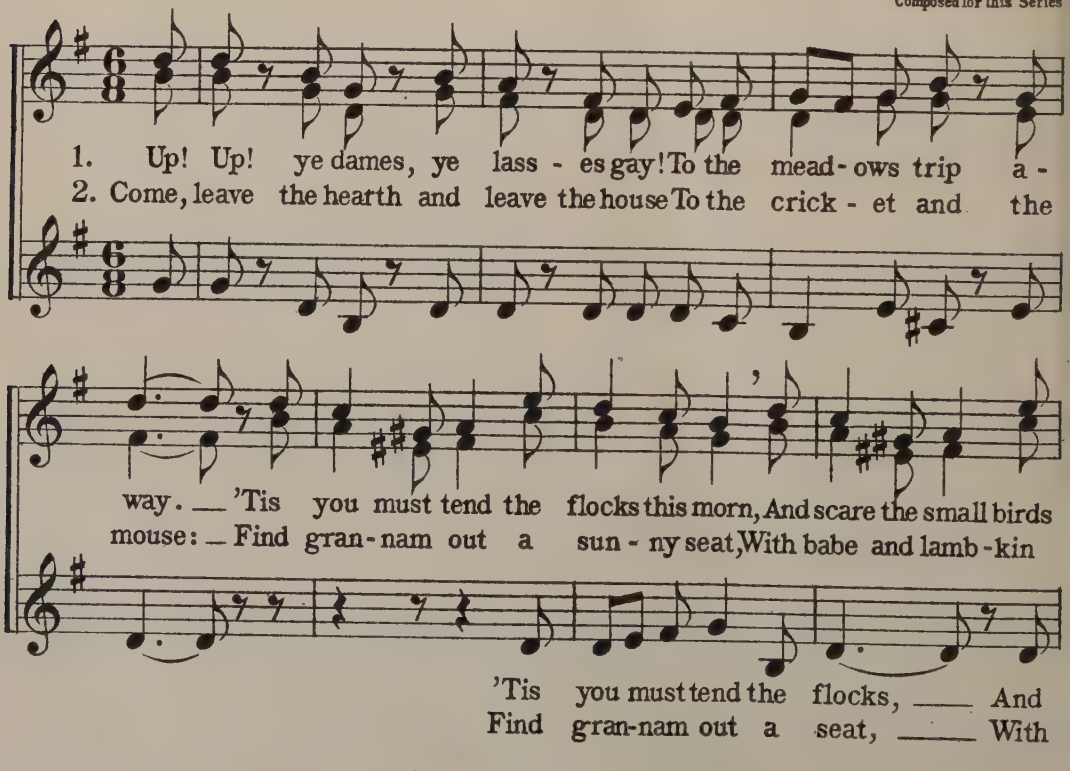

Forward, singing As we go! Cymbals ringing, Bu-gles blow!
cresc. molto
d
Shrill, shriller, Fif-ers have come; Brum-ta-da-boom-boom Beats the drum!
F
Brum-ta-da-boom-ta-da - br-r-r-um! Oh, the boys' own brigade has come! We have
come, We have come, Oh, the boys' own brigade has come!
g
d
Brum-ta-da-boom-ta-da - br-r-r-um! Un-dis-may'd, the brigade has come! Who's a -
fraid? Who's a - fraid? Who's a - fraid? The brigade has come!
D
Taps have sounded, Night has come; Still the trumpet, Still the drum;

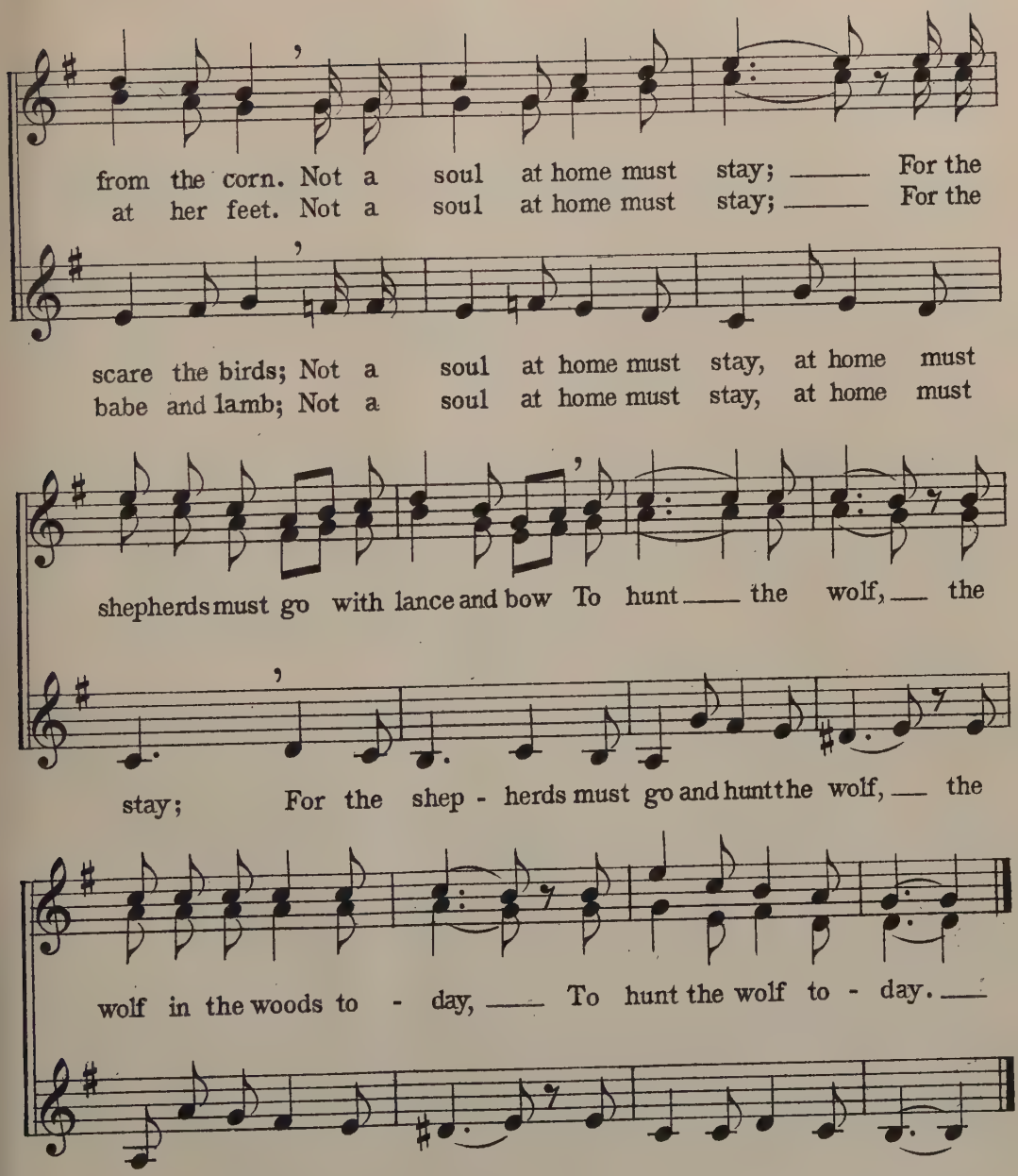


Choral Song of Illyrian Peasants

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

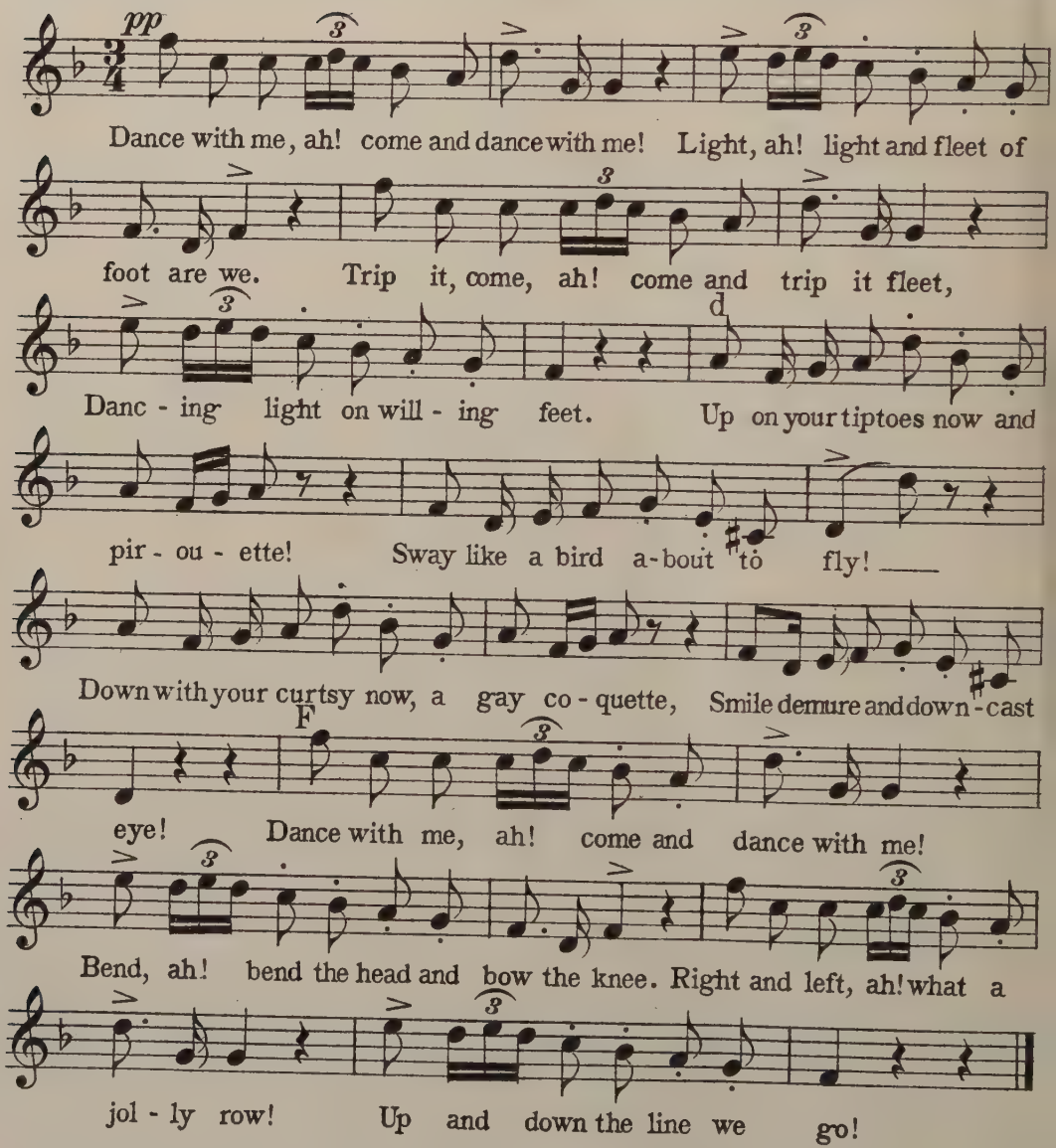
Peter Christian Lutkin
Composed for this Series


1. Up! Up! ye dames, ye lass - es gay! To the mead - ows trip a -
2. Come, leave the hearth and leave the house To the crick - et and the
way. 'Tis you must tend the flocks this morn, And scare the small birds
mouse: Find gran - nam out a sun - ny seat, With babe and lamb - kin
'Tis you must tend the flocks, And
Find gran-nam out a seat, With


from the corn. Not a soul at home must stay; For the
at her feet. Not a soul at home must stay; For the
scare the birds; Not a soul at home must stay, at home must
babe and lamb; Not a soul at home must stay, at home must
shepherds must go with lance and bow To hunt the wolf, the
stay; For the shep - herds must go and hunt the wolf, the
wolf in the woods to - day, To hunt the wolf to - day.

Come, Dance with Me

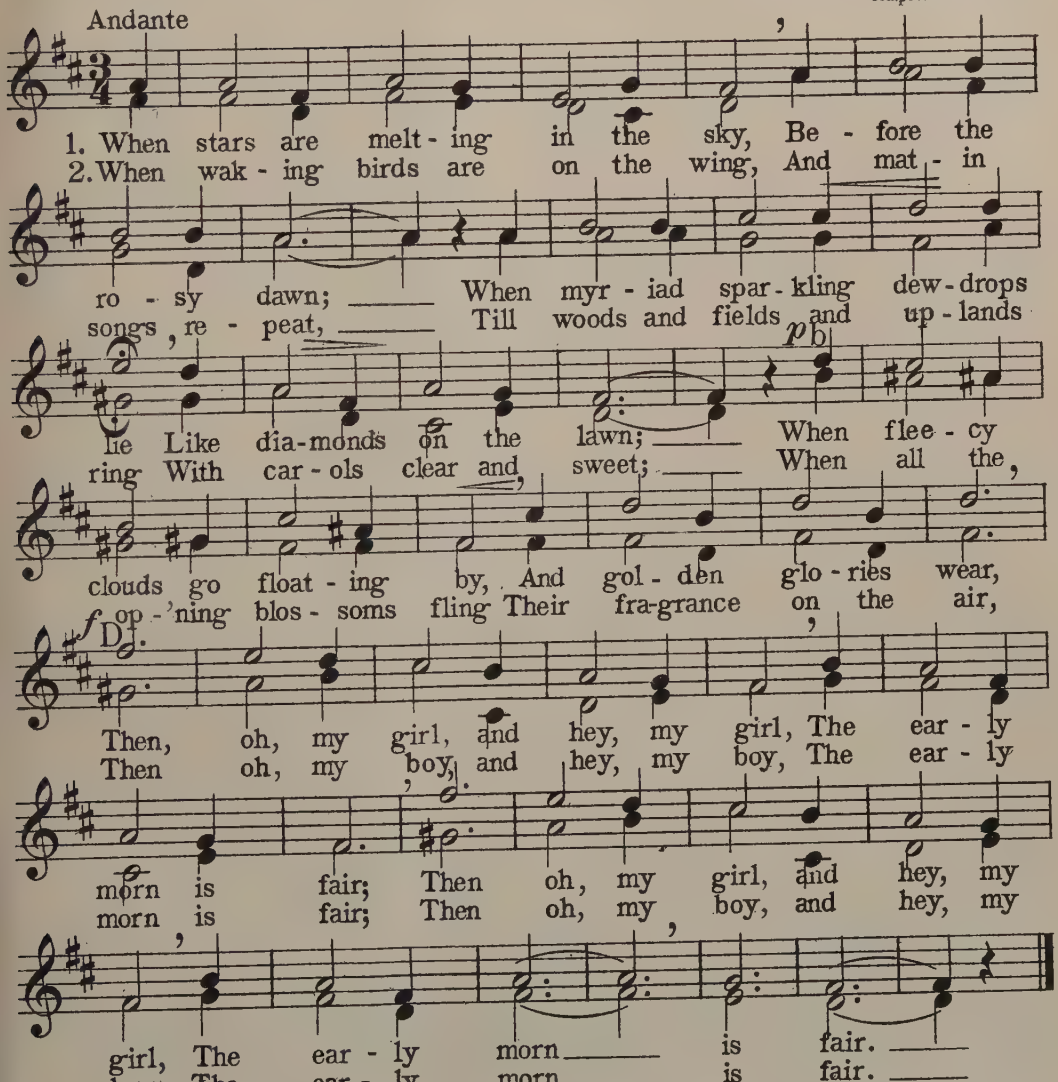
Alice C. D. Riley — Neapolitian Folk Song


pp
Dance with me, ah! come and dance with me! Light, ah! light and fleet of
foot are we. Trip it, come, ah! come and trip it fleet,
Danc - ing light on will - ing feet. Up on your tiptoes now and
pir - ou - ette! Sway like a bird a-bout to fly!
Down with your curtsy now, a gay co - quette, Smile demure and down - cast
F
eye! Dance with me, ah! come and dance with me!
Bend, ah! bend the head and bow the knee. Right and left, ah! what a
jol - ly row! Up and down the line we go!

A Morning Song

Anna M. Pratt

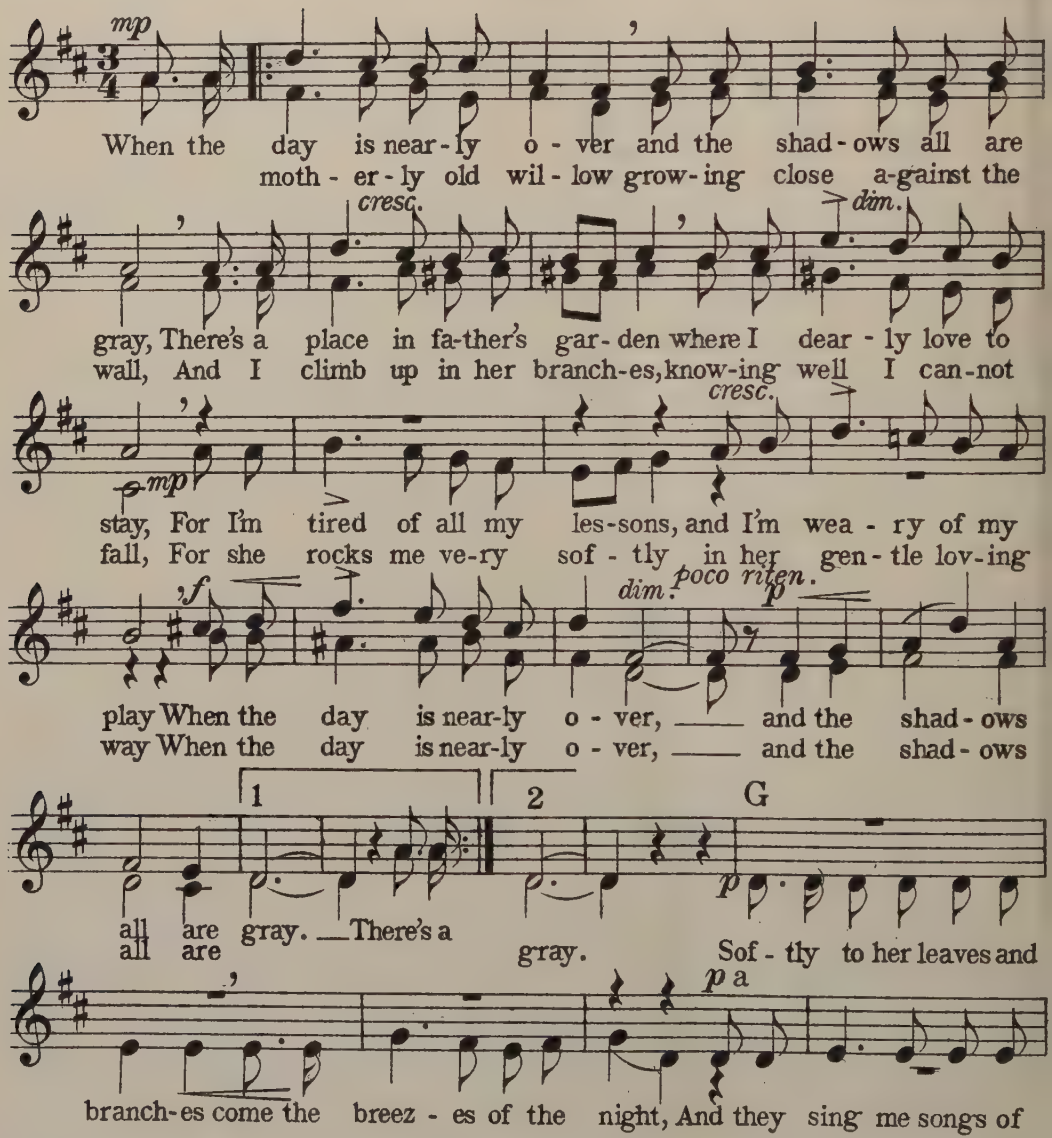
Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari
Composed for this Series

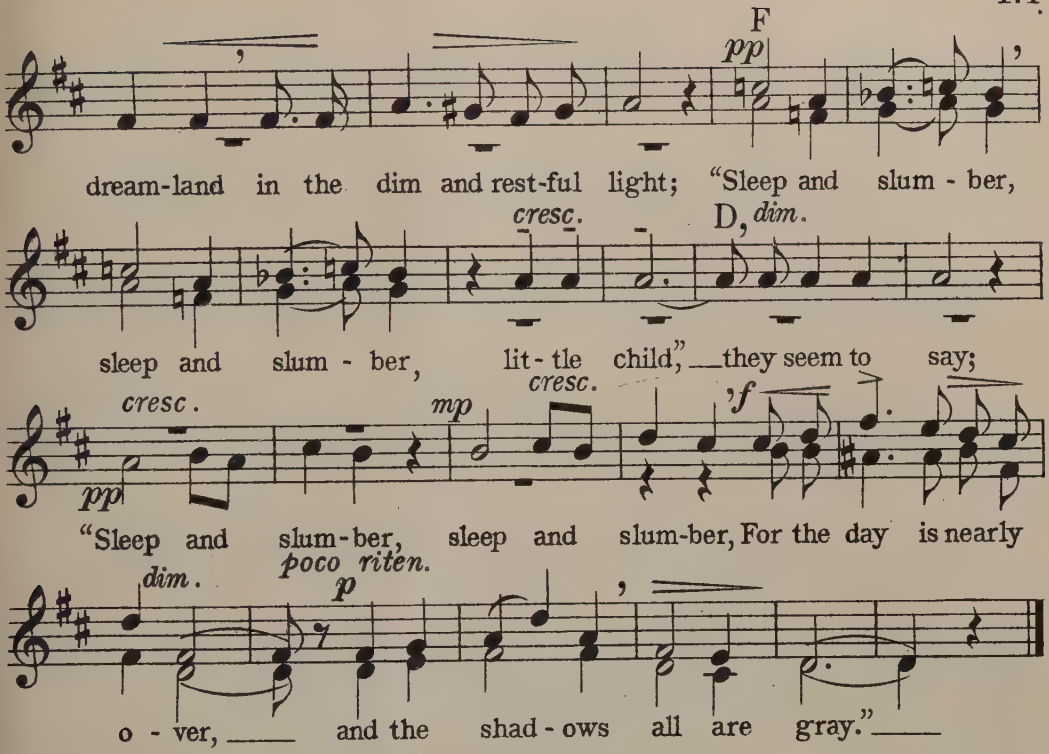

Andante
1. When stars are melt - ing in the sky, Be - fore the
2. When wak - ing birds are on the wing, And mat - in
ro - sy dawn; When myr - iad spar - kling dew - drops
songs re - peat, Till woods and fields and up - lands
p
lie Like dia - monds on the lawn; When flee - cy
ring With car - ols clear and sweet; When all the
clouds go float - ing by, And gol - den glo - ries wear,
f op - 'ning blos - soms fling Their fra - grance on the air,
D.
Then, oh, my girl, and hey, my girl, The ear - ly
Then oh, my boy, and hey, my boy, The ear - ly
morn is fair; Then oh, my girl, and hey, my
morn is fair; Then oh, my boy, and hey, my
girl, The ear - ly morn is fair.
boy, The ear - ly morn is fair.

A Child's Fancy

Miriam S. Clark

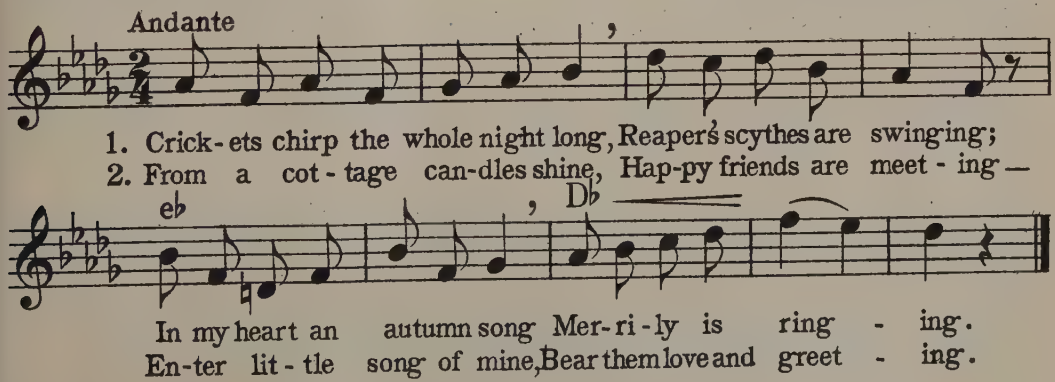
John E. West
Composed for this Series


mp
When the day is near-ly o - ver and the shad-ows all are
moth - er-ly old wil - low grow-ing close a-gainst the
cresc.
dim.
gray, There's a place in fa-ther's gar-den where I dear - ly love to
wall, And I climb up in her branch-es, know-ing well I can-not
mp
cresc.
stay, For I'm tired of all my les-sons, and I'm wea - ry of my
fall, For she rocks me ve-ry sof - tly in her gen-tle lov-ing
f
dim.
poco riten.
p
play When the day is near-ly o - ver, and the shad-ows
way When the day is near-ly o - ver, and the shad-ows
1
2
G
p
all are gray. There's a
all are gray. Sof - tly to her leaves and
p a
branch-es come the breez - es of the night, And they sing me songs of



Greeting

Maud Wilder Goodwin — Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

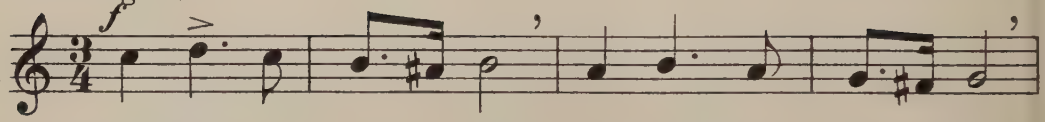

Andante
1. Crick-ets chirp the whole night long, Reaper's scythes are swinging;
2. From a cot - tage can-dles shine, Hap-py friends are meet - ing —
Eb
Db
In my heart an autumn song Mer-ri - ly is ring - ing.
En-ter lit - tle song of mine, Bear them love and greet - ing.

Daybreak

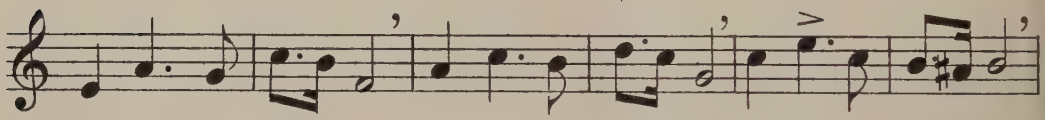
Nellie Poorman
From the Spanish

G. Calzolari

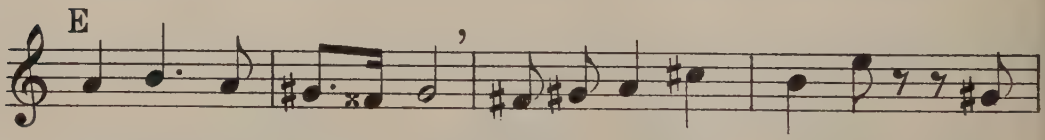
Allegretto



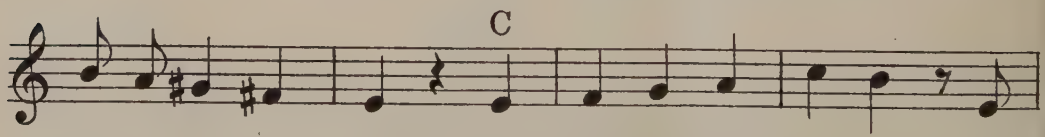
1. Dark - ness is ban - ished, Night stars have van - ished,
2. Stream-lets are flow - ing, Bright dew - drops glow - ing,



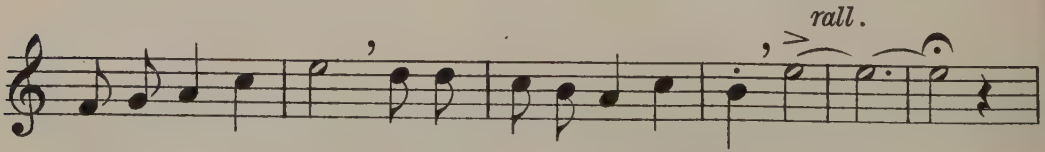
Soft clouds are flush - ing, Hills faintly blush - ing; Larks upward soar - ing,
Soft breez - es wan - der, Hith - er and yon - der; Nests are for - sak - en,



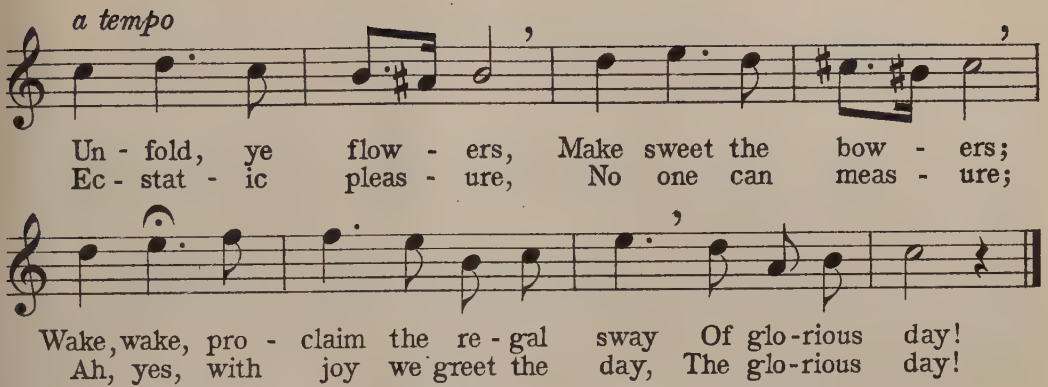
Glad song out - pour - ing, Heralds of the morn - ing, They
Birds all a - wak - en, Sing - ing songs of glad - ness To



hail the god of day; Who com - eth a - dorn - ing The
greet the com - ing day. No place now for sad - ness, In



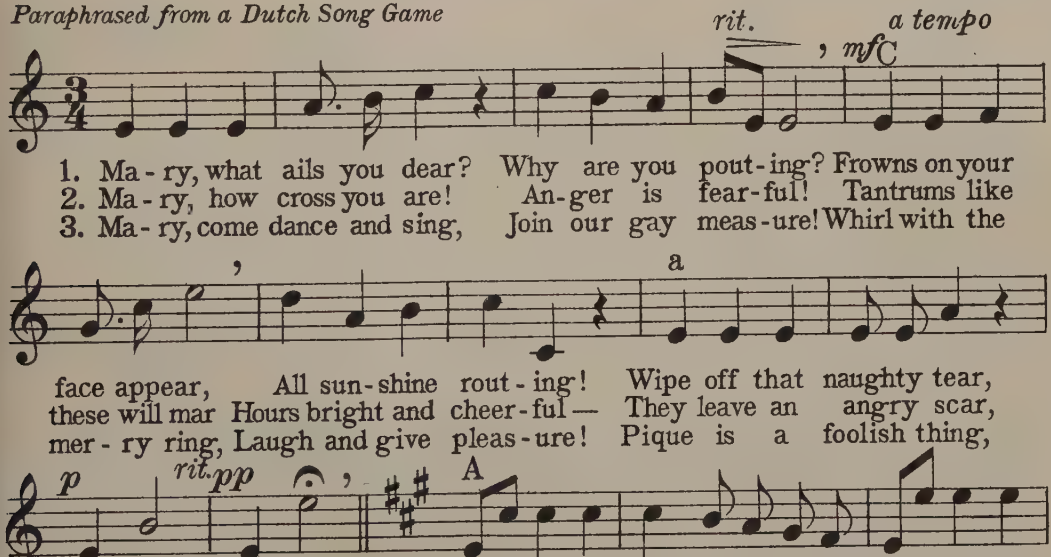
earth with ro - sy light, Clothing all in splendor bright, Ah! _____
val - ley and on hill Glow-ing nature is a - thrill, Ah! _____


a tempo
Un - fold, ye flow - ers, Make sweet the bow - ers;
Ec - stat - ic pleas - ure, No one can meas - ure;
Wake, wake, pro - claim the re - gal sway Of glo - rious day!
Ah, yes, with joy we greet the day, The glo - rious day!

Pouts and Smiles

Nathan Haskell Dole
Paraphrased from a Dutch Song Game

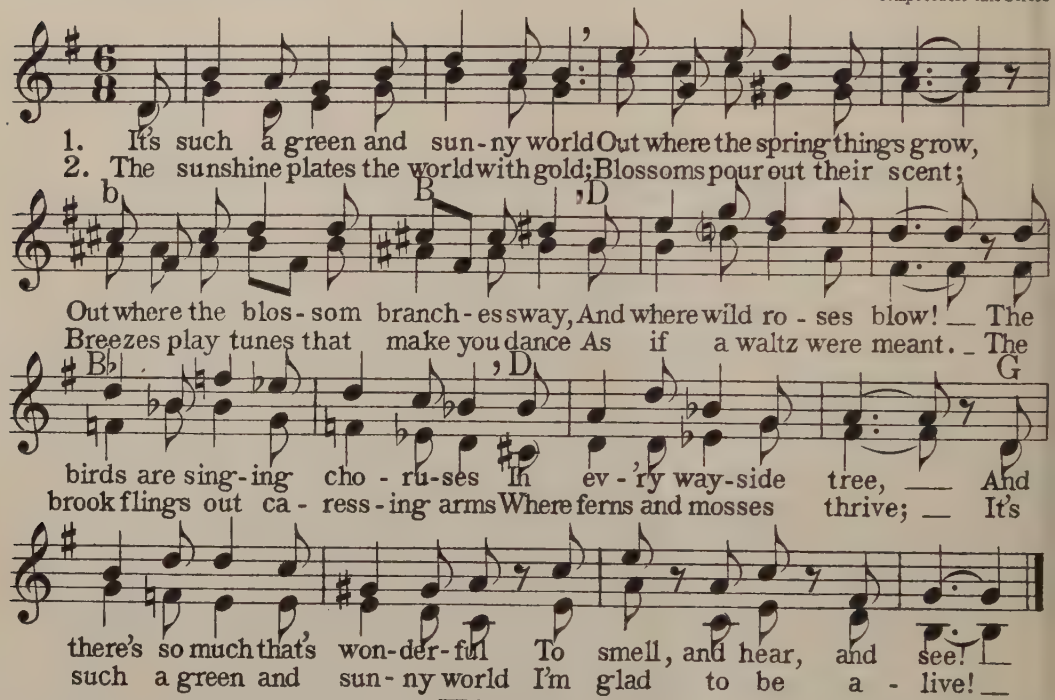
Catharina van Rennes


rit.
a tempo
mf
1. Ma - ry, what ails you dear? Why are you pout - ing? Frowns on your
2. Ma - ry, how cross you are! An - ger is fear - ful! Tantrums like
3. Ma - ry, come dance and sing, Join our gay meas - ure! Whirl with the
face appear, All sun - shine rout - ing! Wipe off that naughty tear,
these will mar Hours bright and cheer - ful — They leave an angry scar,
mer - ry ring, Laugh and give pleas - ure! Pique is a foolish thing,
p
rit. pp
A
Ma - ry, Ma - ry! Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
la! Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!

The Green World

Annie Willis McCullough

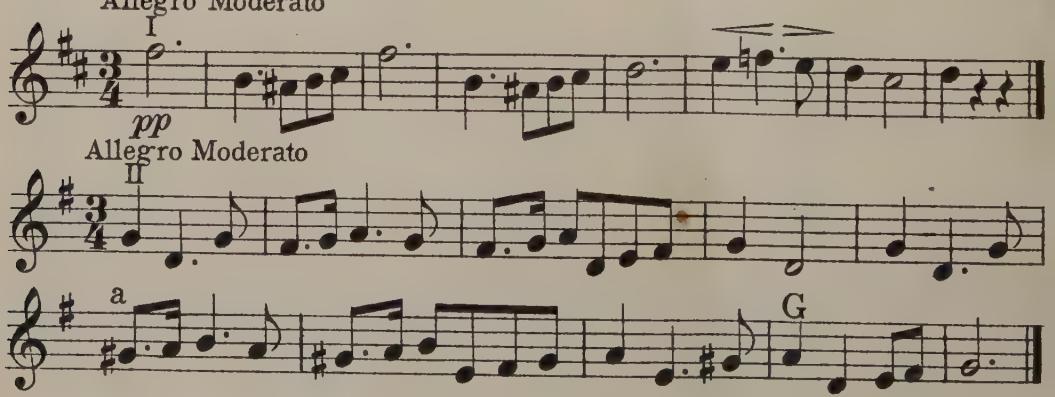
Vincent d'Indy
Composed for this Series


1. It's such a green and sun-ny world Out where the spring things grow,
2. The sunshine plates the world with gold; Blossoms pour out their scent;
Out where the blos-som branch-es sway, And where wild ro-ses blow! The
Breezes play tunes that make you dance As if a waltz were meant. The
birds are sing-ing cho-ru-ses In ev-'ry way-side tree, And
brook flings out ca-ress-ing arms Where ferns and mosses thrive; It's
there's so much that's won-der-ful To smell, and hear, and see!
such a green and sun-ny world I'm glad to be a-live!

Themes

From *The B minor (unfinished) Symphony*

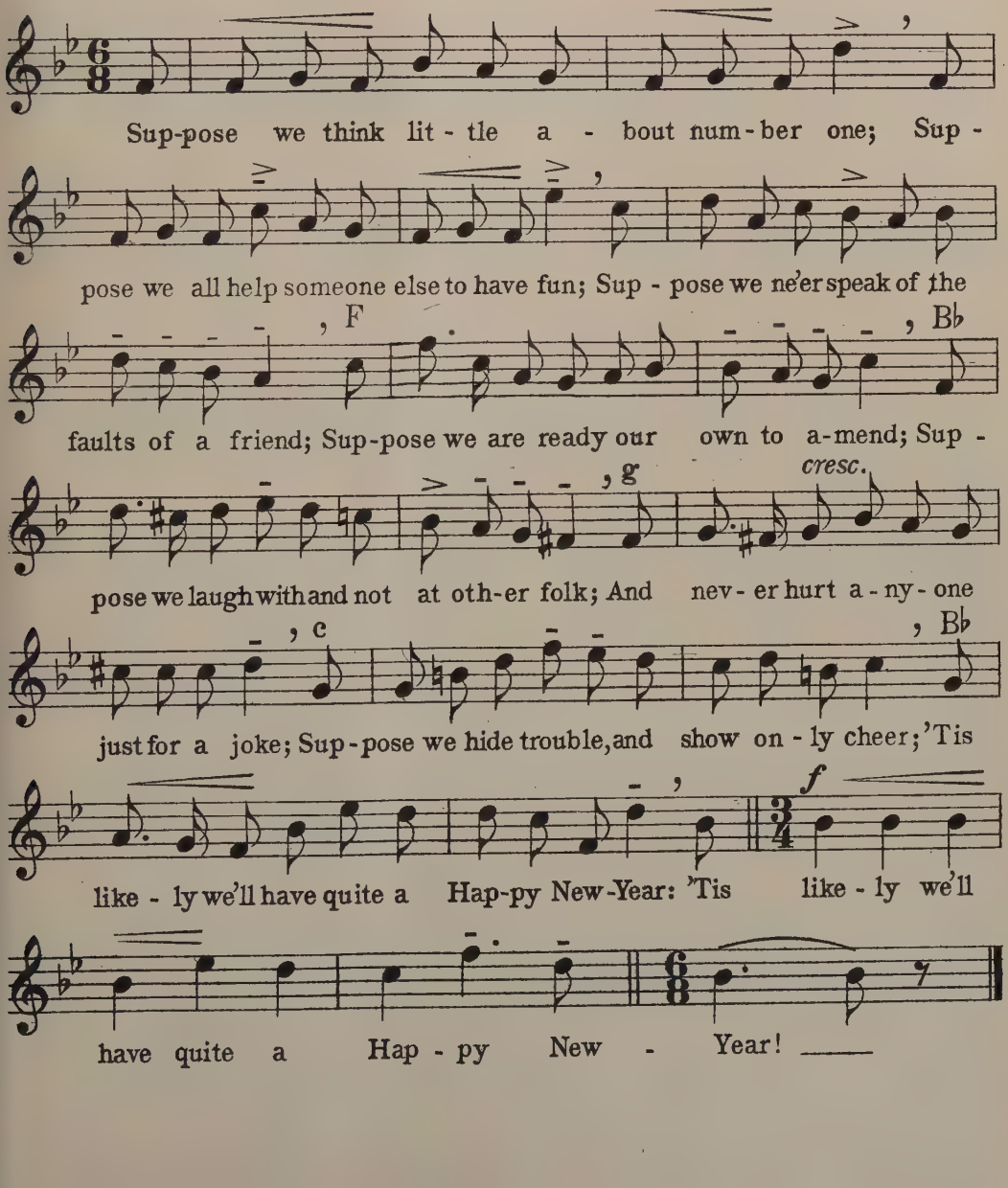
Franz Schubert



A Suggestion for a Happy New Year

Mary Mapes Dodge

Homer N. Bartlett
Composed for this Series

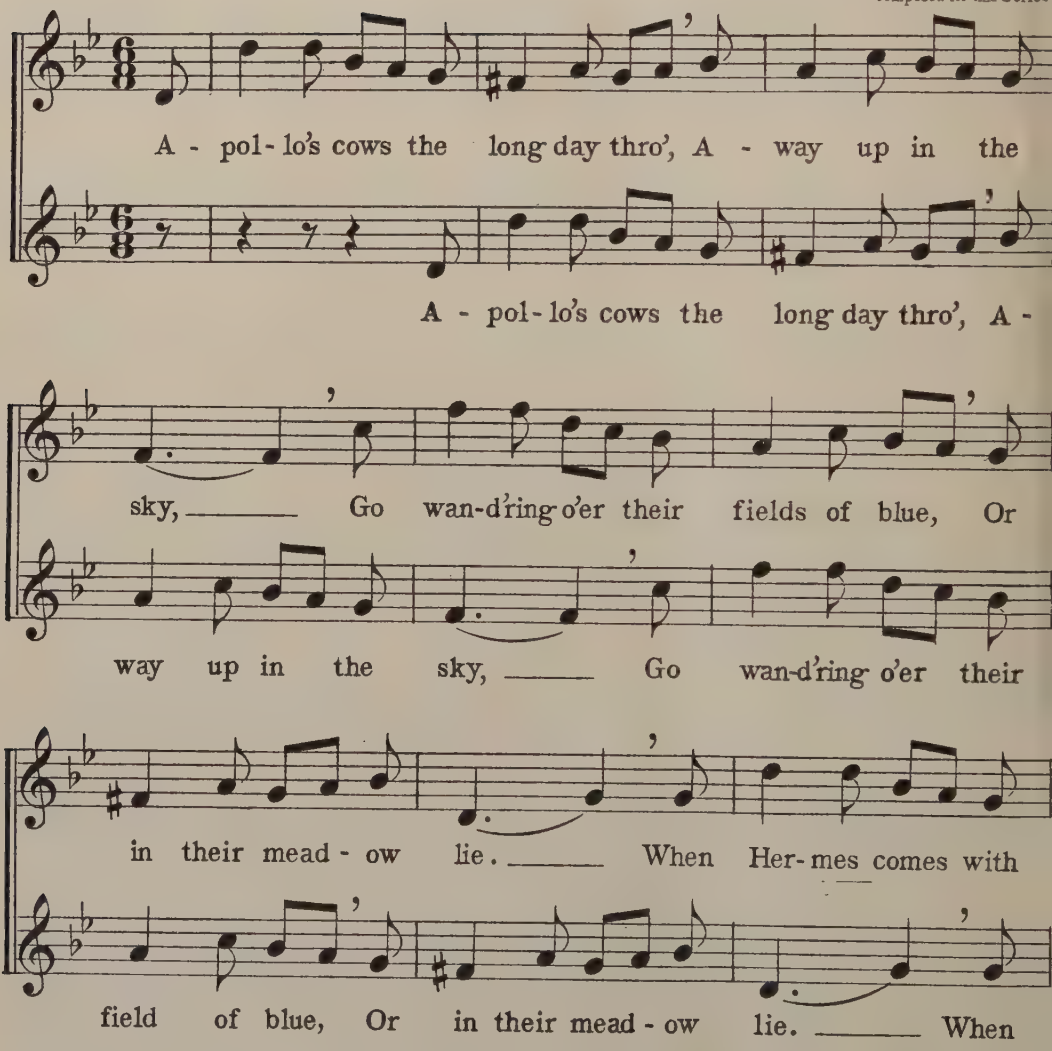

Sup-pose we think lit - tle a - bout num-ber one; Sup -
pose we all help someone else to have fun; Sup - pose we ne'er speak of the
F
Bb
faults of a friend; Sup-pose we are ready our own to a-mend; Sup -
g
cresc.
pose we laugh with and not at oth-er folk; And nev - er hurt a - ny - one
c
Bb
just for a joke; Sup - pose we hide trouble, and show on - ly cheer; 'Tis
f
like - ly we'll have quite a Hap-py New-Year: 'Tis like - ly we'll
have quite a Hap - py New - Year!

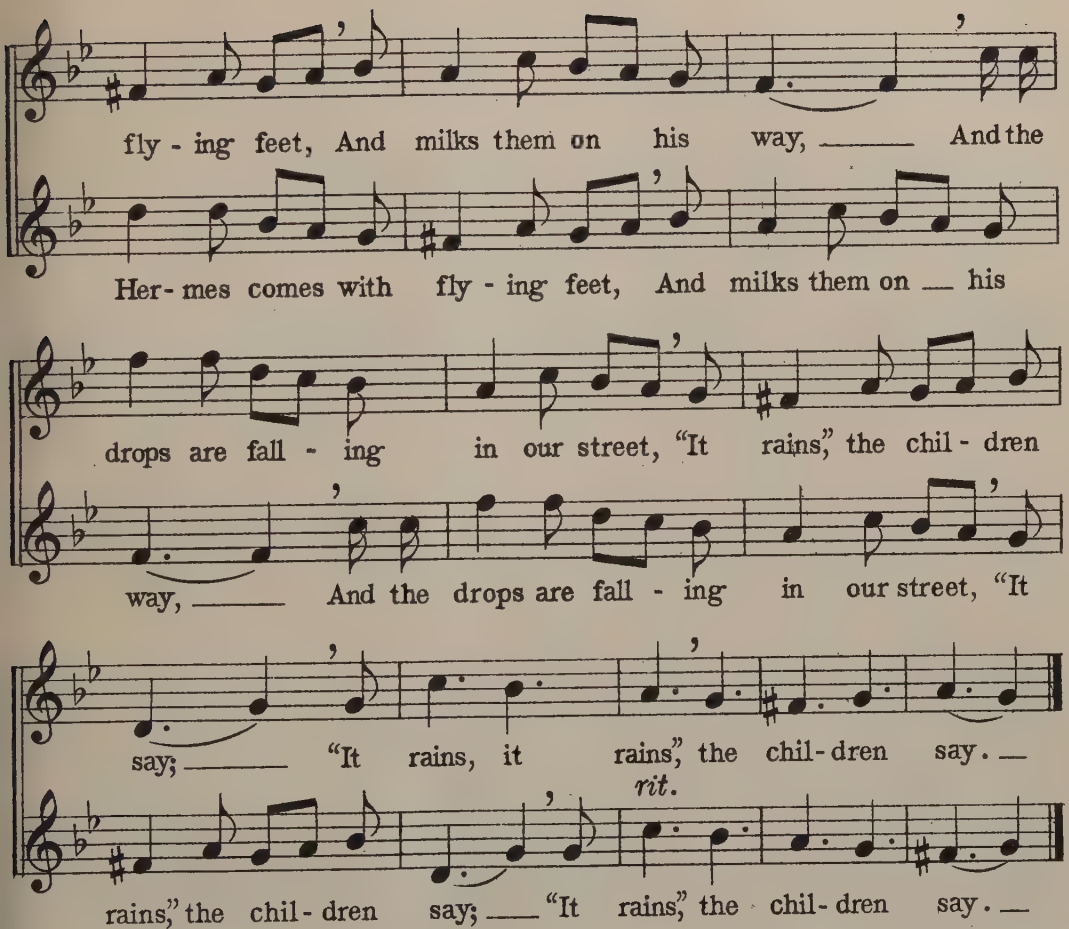
Apollo's Cows

CANON

Florence C. Fox

Peter Christian Lutkin
Composed for this Series

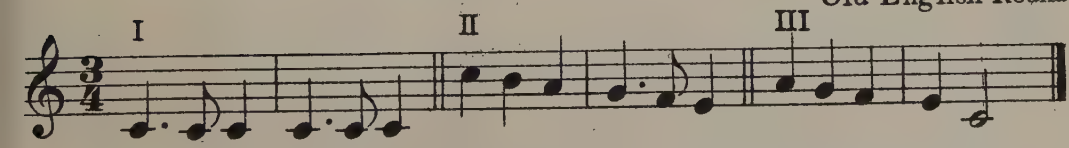

A - pol - lo's cows the long day thro', A - way up in the
A - pol - lo's cows the long day thro', A -
sky, Go wan-d'ring o'er their fields of blue, Or
way up in the sky, Go wan-d'ring o'er their
in their mead - ow lie. When Her-mes comes with
field of blue, Or in their mead - ow lie. When


fly - ing feet, And milks them on his way, And the
Her - mes comes with fly - ing feet, And milks them on his
drops are fall - ing in our street, "It rains," the chil - dren
way, And the drops are fall - ing in our street, "It
say; "It rains, it rains," the chil - dren say.
rit.
rains," the chil - dren say; "It rains," the chil - dren say.

Turn Again, Whittington

THREE-PART ROUND

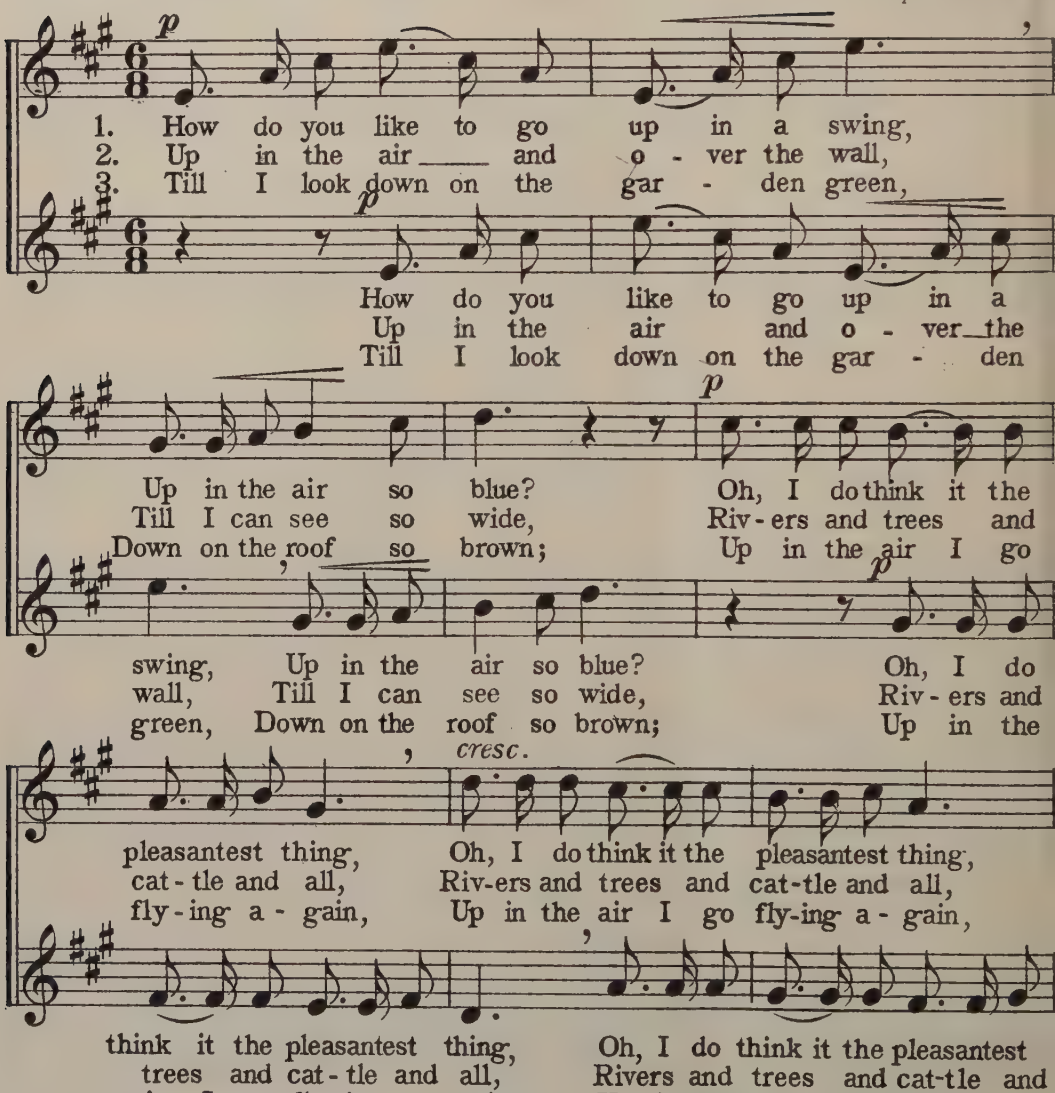
Old English Round

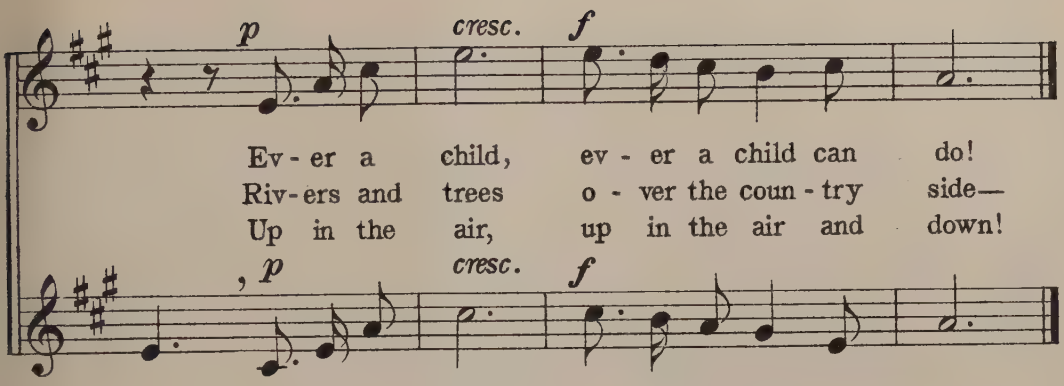


Turn again, Whittington, Thou worthy ci - ti - zen, Lord Mayor of Lon - don.

The Swing

Robert Louis Stevenson

Julius Röntgen
Composed for this Series

1. How do you like to go up in a swing,
2. Up in the air and o - ver the wall,
3. Till I look down on the gar - den green,
How do you like to go up in a
Up in the air and o - ver the
Till I look down on the gar - den
Up in the air so blue? Oh, I do think it the
Till I can see so wide, Riv-ers and trees and
Down on the roof so brown; Up in the air I go
swing, Up in the air so blue? Oh, I do
wall, Till I can see so wide, Riv-ers and
green, Down on the roof so brown; Up in the
cresc.
pleasantest thing, Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing,
cat-tle and all, Riv-ers and trees and cat-tle and all,
fly-ing a - gain, Up in the air I go fly-ing a - gain,
think it the pleasantest thing, Oh, I do think it the pleasantest
trees and cat-tle and all, Rivers and trees and cat-tle and
air I go fly-ing a - gain, Up in the air I go fly-ing a -


p
cresc.
f
Ev - er a child, ev - er a child can do!
Riv-ers and trees o - ver the coun - try side—
Up in the air, up in the air and down!
p
cresc.
f
thing, Ev - er a child, ev - er a child can do!
all, Riv-ers and trees o - ver the coun - try side—
gain, Up in the air, up in the air and down!

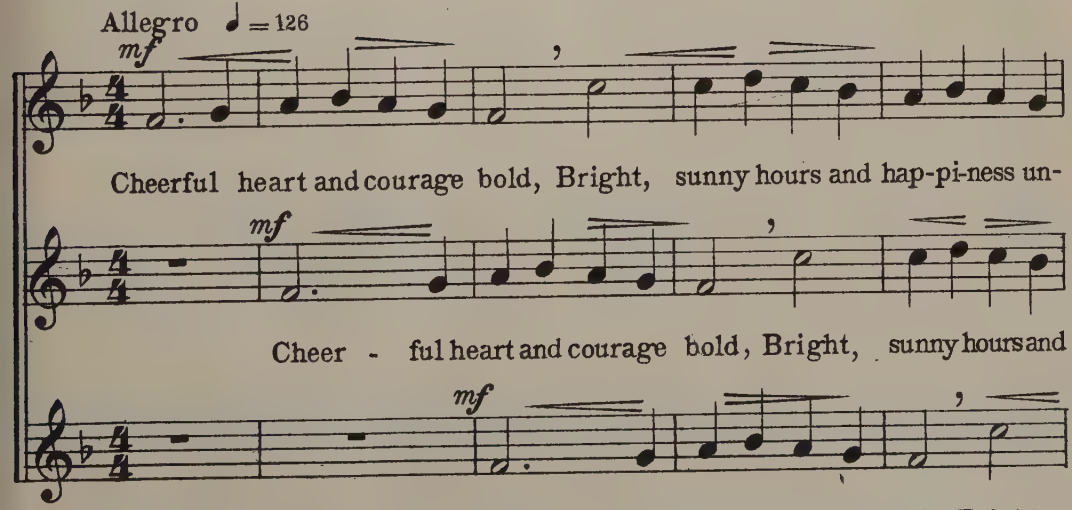
Good Wishes

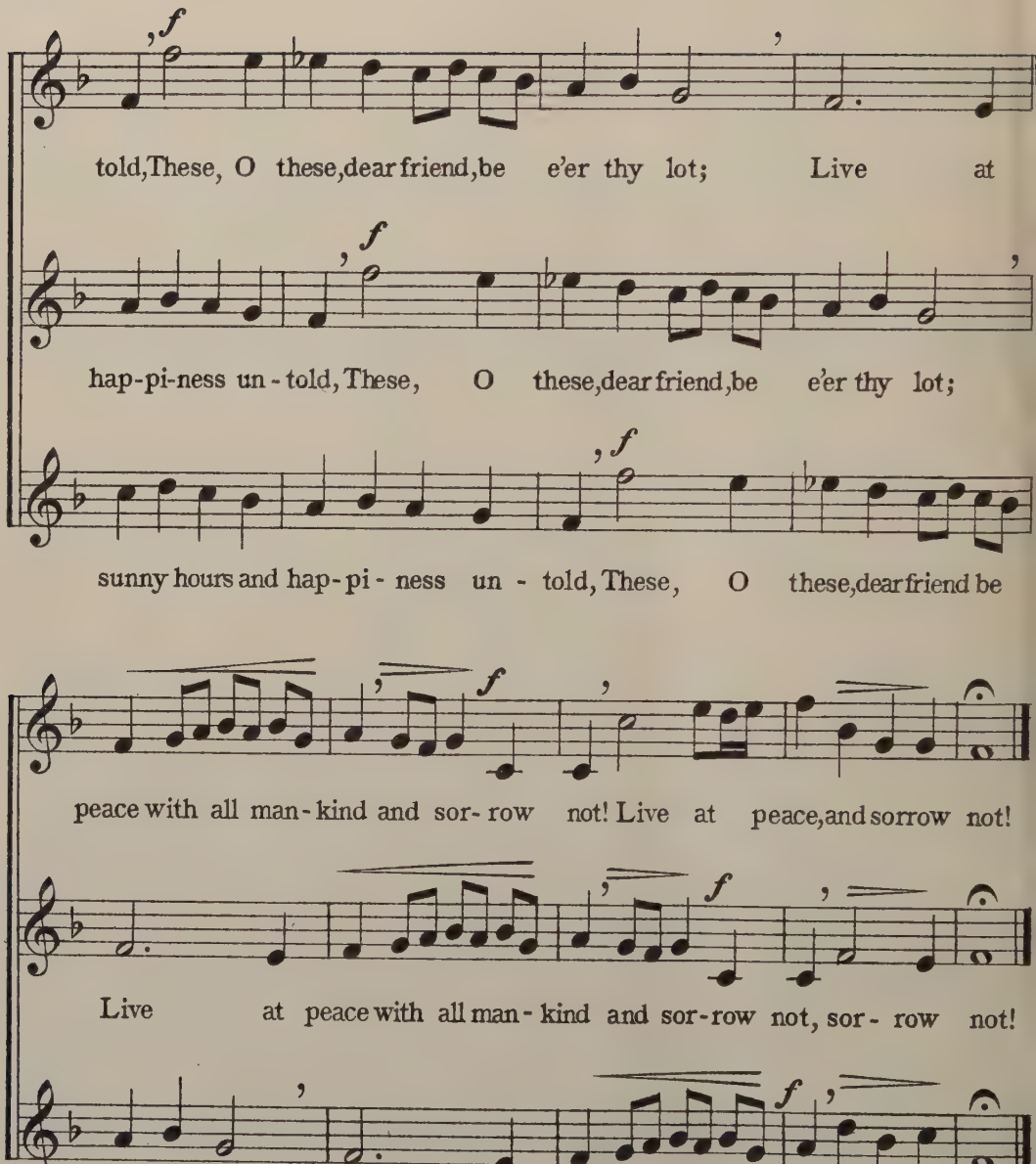
THREE-PART CANON

Anna G. Whitmore

From the German

W. A. Mozart

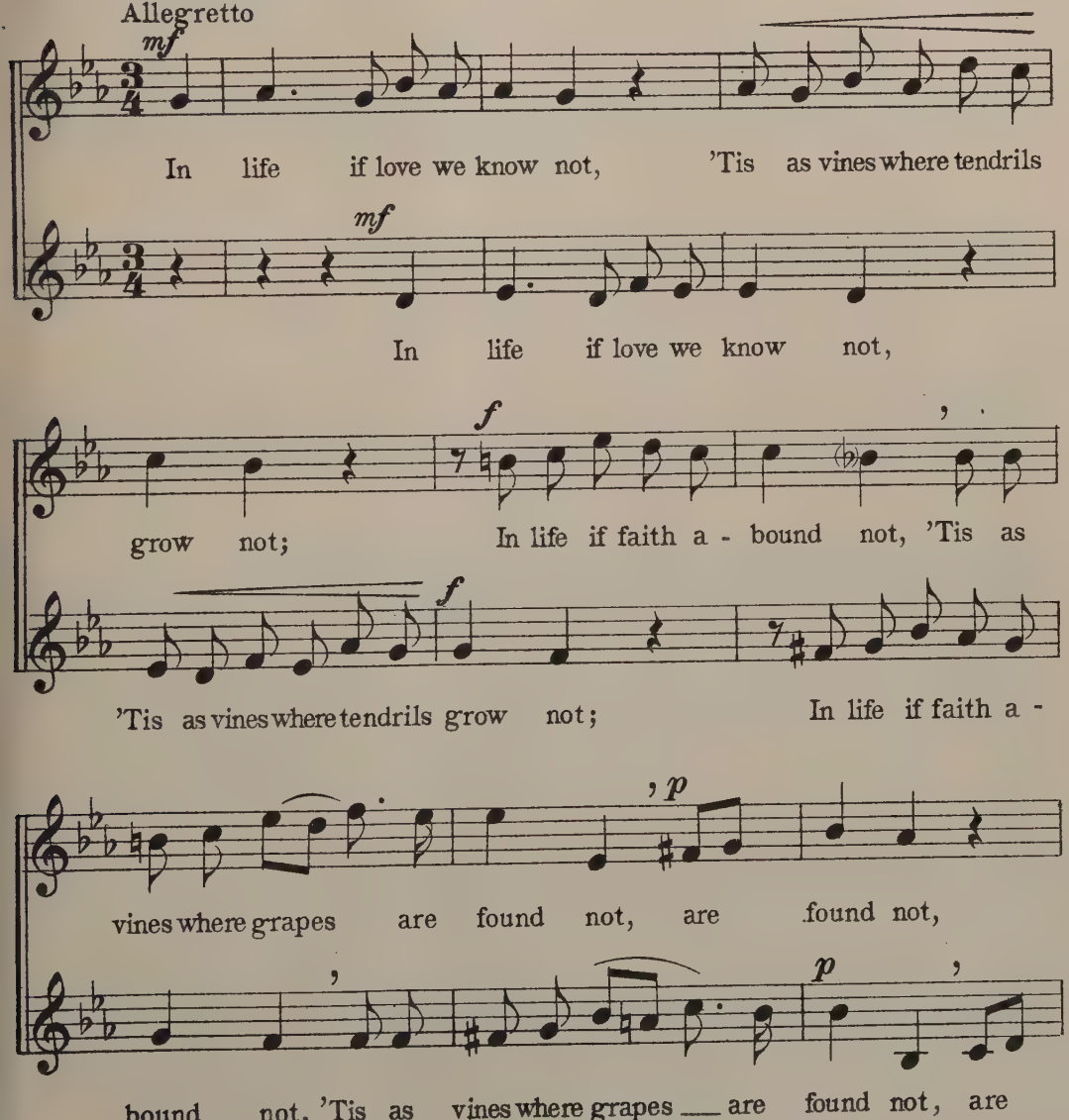

Allegro ♩ = 126
mf
Cheerful heart and courage bold, Bright, sunny hours and hap-pi-ness un-
mf
Cheer - ful heart and courage bold, Bright, sunny hours and
mf
Cheer - ful heart and courage bold, Bright,

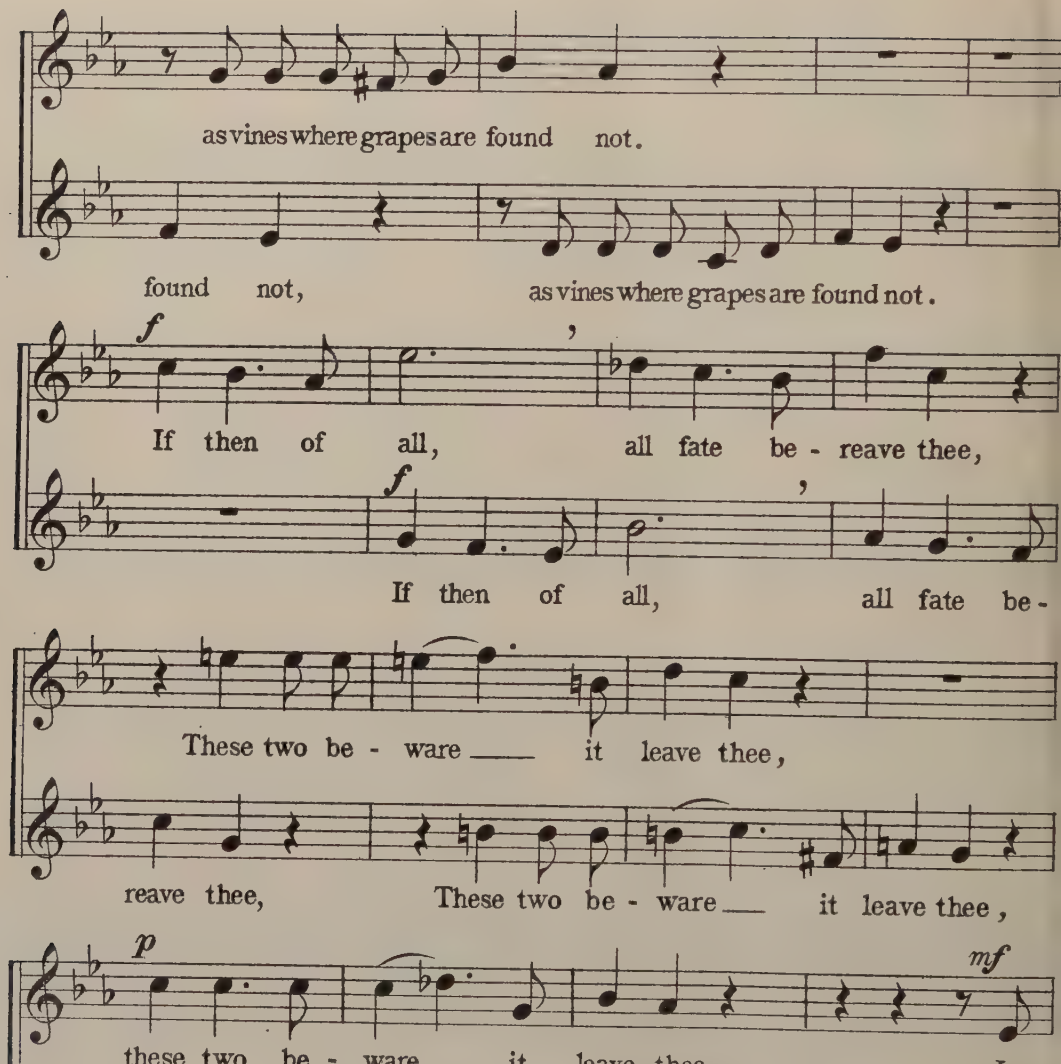

told, These, O these, dear friend, be e'er thy lot; Live at
hap-pi-ness un-told, These, O these, dear friend, be e'er thy lot;
sunny hours and hap-pi-ness un-told, These, O these, dear friend be
peace with all man-kind and sor-row not! Live at peace, and sorrow not!
Live at peace with all man-kind and sor-row not, sor-row not!
e'er thy lot; Live at peace with all man-kind and sorrow not!

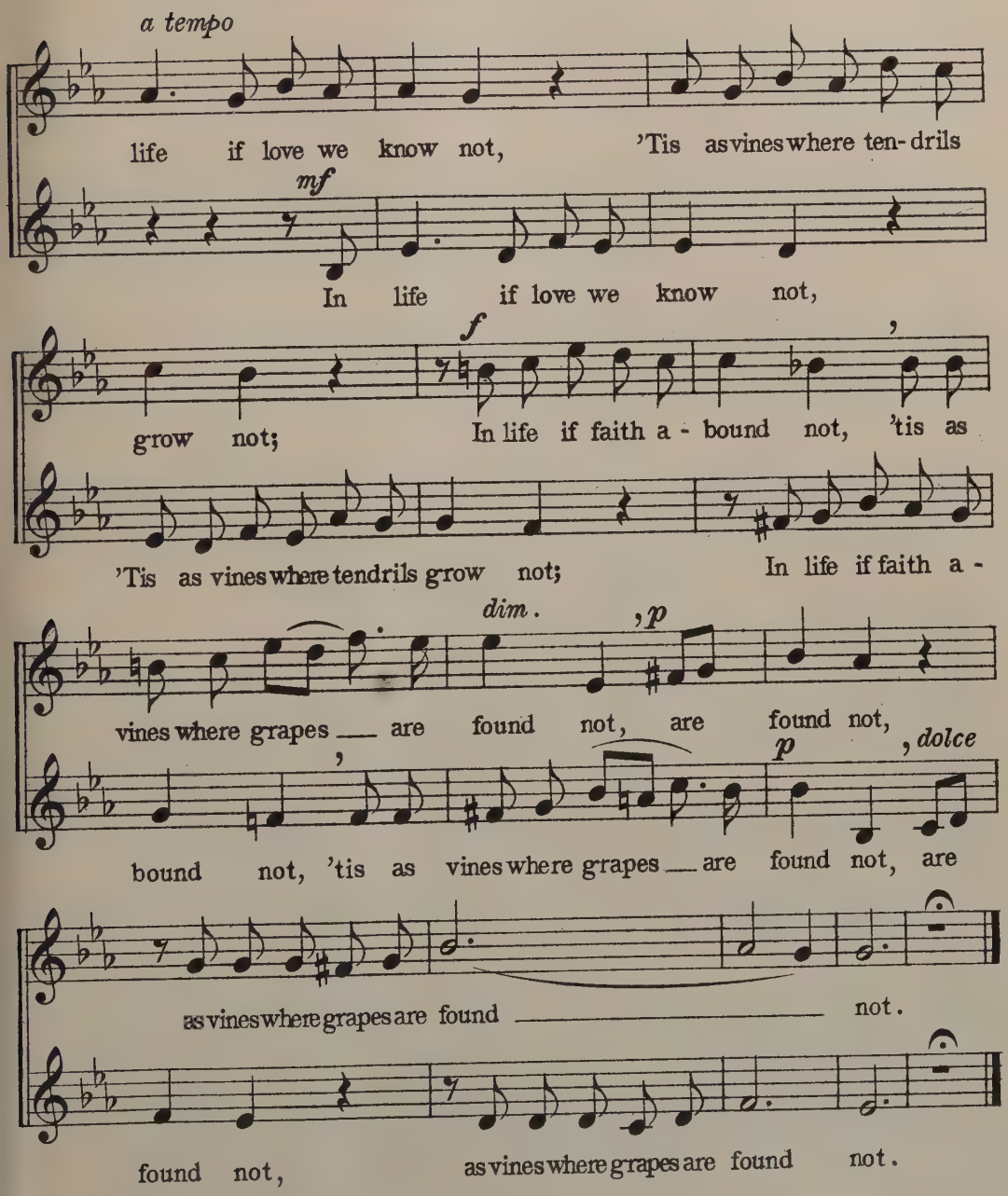
In Life if Love We Know Not

Friedrich V. Bodenstedt — CANON IN THE FOURTH BELOW — Carl Reinecke

Allegretto


mf
In life if love we know not, 'Tis as vines where tendrils
mf
In life if love we know not,
f
grow not; In life if faith a - bound not, 'Tis as
f
'Tis as vines where tendrils grow not; In life if faith a -
p
vines where grapes are found not, are found not,
p
bound not, 'Tis as vines where grapes are found not, are


as vines where grapes are found not.
found not, as vines where grapes are found not.
f
If then of all, all fate be - reave thee,
f
If then of all, all fate be -
These two be - ware ___ it leave thee,
reave thee, These two be - ware ___ it leave thee,
p
these two be - ware ___ it leave thee.
mf
In
p
calando
these two be - ware ___ it leave thee.

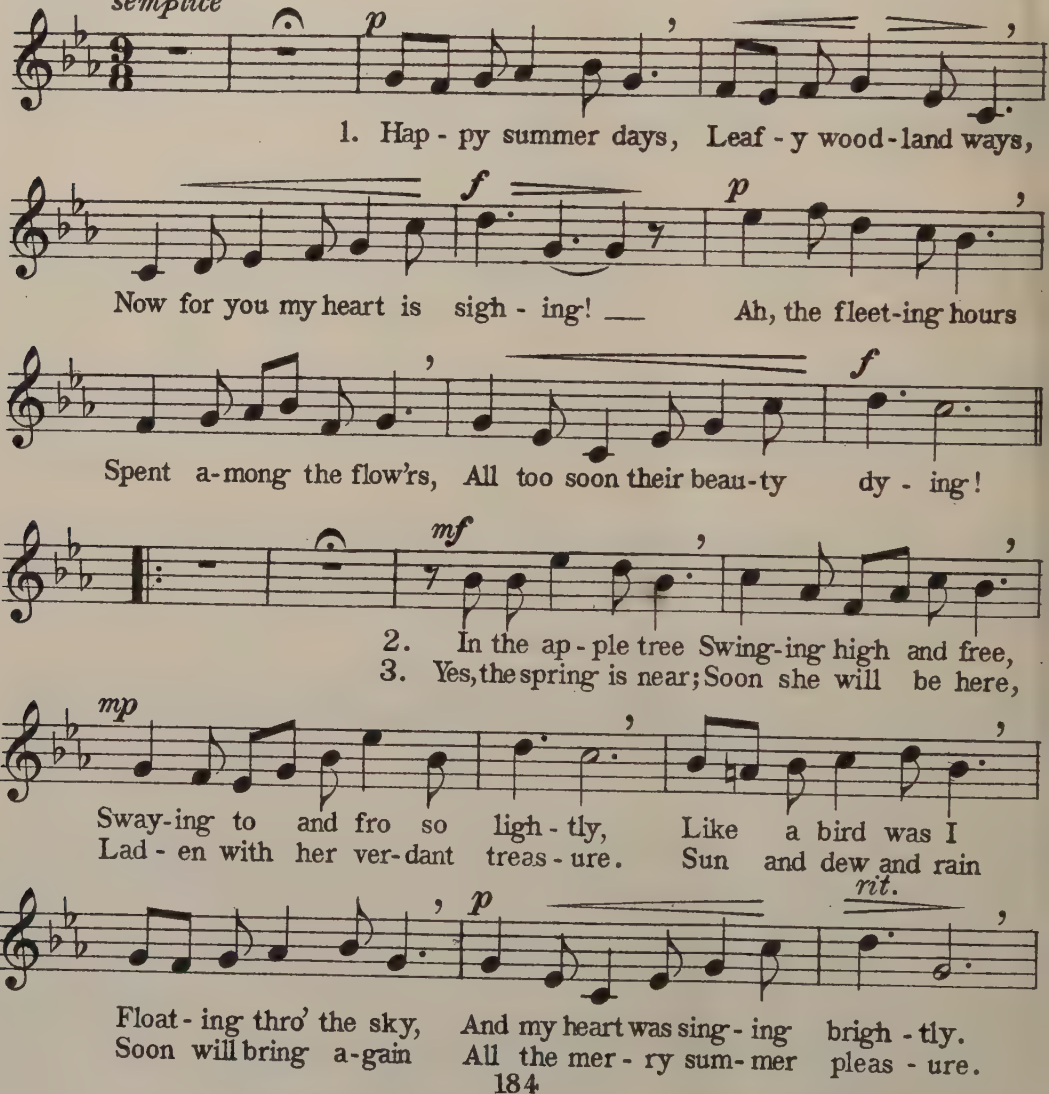

a tempo
life if love we know not, 'Tis as vines where ten-drils
mf
In life if love we know not,
f
grow not; In life if faith a-bound not, 'tis as
'Tis as vines where tendrils grow not; In life if faith a-
dim.
p
vines where grapes — are found not, are found not,
bound not, 'tis as vines where grapes — are found not, are
p
dolce
as vines where grapes are found — not.
found not, as vines where grapes are found not.

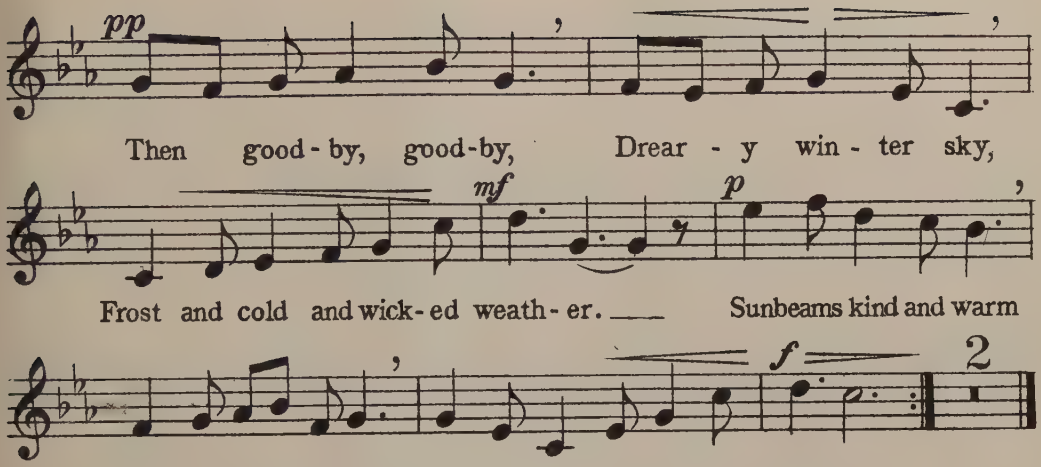
Winter Longing

Abbie Farwell Brown
From the Swedish

Wilhelm Peterson-Berger

semplice


p
1. Hap - py summer days, Leaf - y wood - land ways,
f
p
Now for you my heart is sigh - ing! — Ah, the fleet-ing hours
f
Spent a-mong the flow'rs, All too soon their beau-ty dy - ing!
mf
2. In the ap - ple tree Swing-ing high and free,
3. Yes, the spring is near; Soon she will be here,
mp
Sway-ing to and fro so ligh - tly, Like a bird was I
Lad - en with her ver-dant treas - ure. Sun and dew and rain
p
rit.
Float - ing thro' the sky, And my heart was sing - ing brigh - tly.
Soon will bring a-gain All the mer - ry sum-mer pleas - ure.

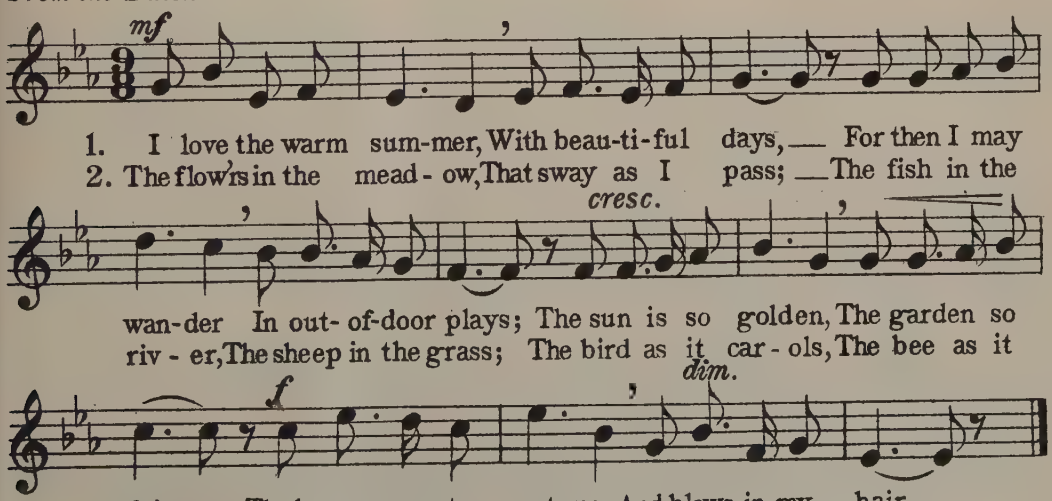

pp
Then good-by, good-by, Drear-y win-ter sky,
mf
p
Frost and cold and wick-ed weath-er. Sunbeams kind and warm
f
2
Soon will work a charm; Snow and grief will melt to-geth-er!

The Joys of Summer

Miriam Clark Potter

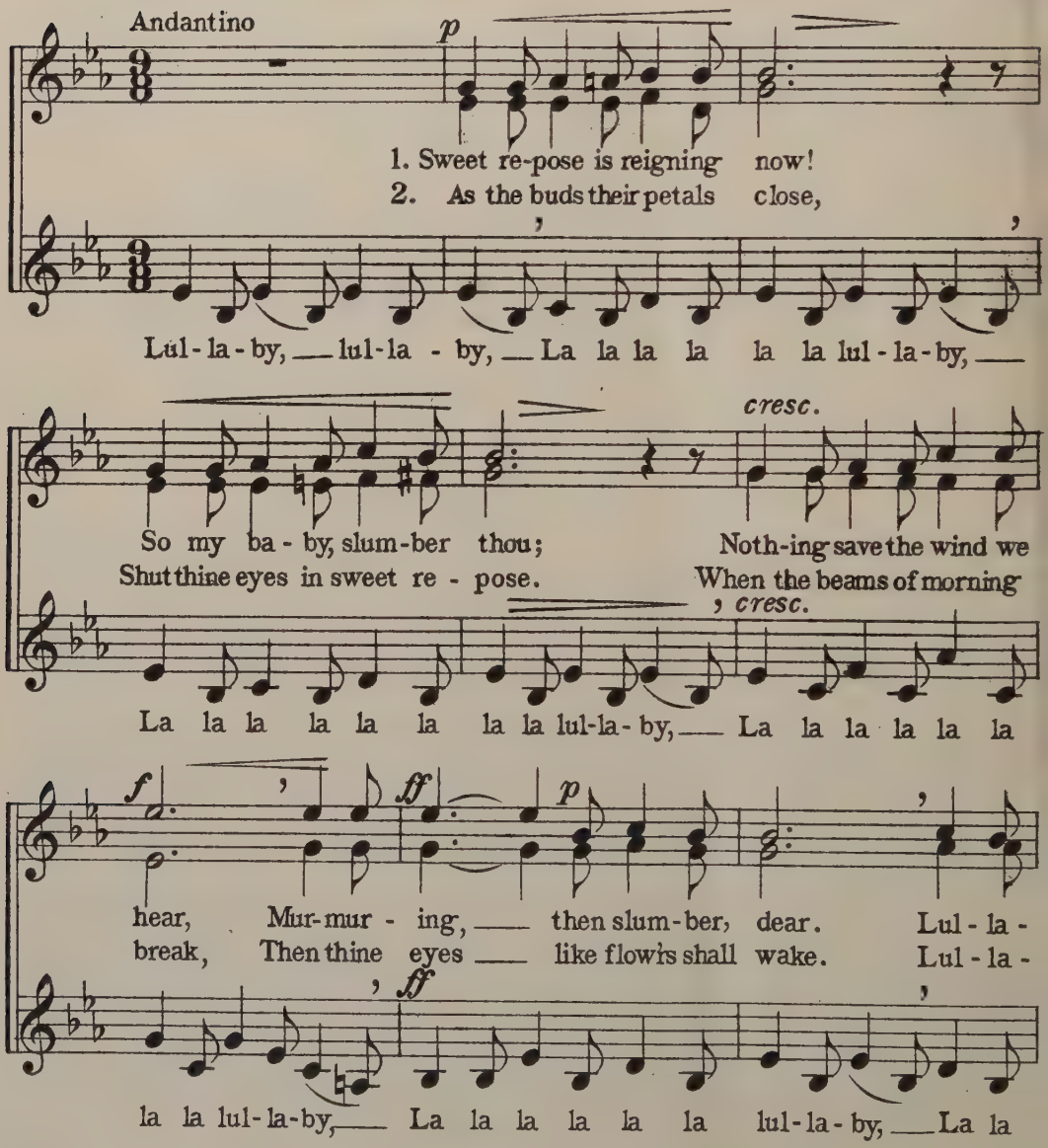
From the Dutch

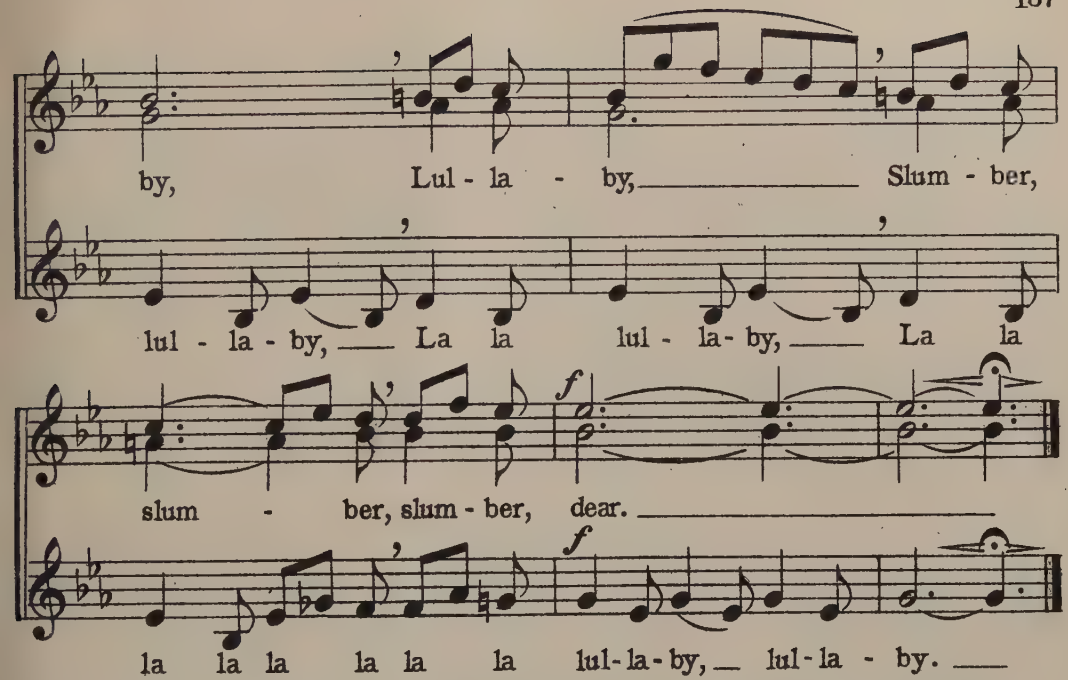
Catharina van Rennes


mf
1. I love the warm sum-mer, With beau-ti-ful days, For then I may
2. The flow'rs in the mead-ow, That sway as I pass; The fish in the
cresc.
wan-der In out-of-door plays; The sun is so golden, The garden so
riv-er, The sheep in the grass; The bird as it car-ols, The bee as it
f
dim.
fair, The breeze comes to meet me, And blows in my hair.
hums, They wel-come the sum-mer As soon as it comes!

Sweet Repose is Reigning Now

Jules Benedict


Andantino
p
1. Sweet re-pose is reigning now!
2. As the buds their petals close,
Lul-la-by, lul-la-by, La la la la la la lul-la-by,
cresc.
So my ba-by, slum-ber thou;
Shut thine eyes in sweet re-pose.
Noth-ing save the wind we
When the beams of morning
La la la la la la la la lul-la-by, La la la la la la
f
ff
p
hear, Mur-mur-ing, then slum-ber, dear. Lul-la-
break, Then thine eyes like flow'rs shall wake. Lul-la-
la la lul-la-by, La la la la la la lul-la-by, La la

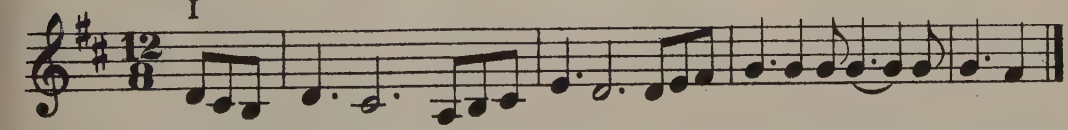


Themes

From *The Fifth Symphony* — Peter I. Tschaikowsky

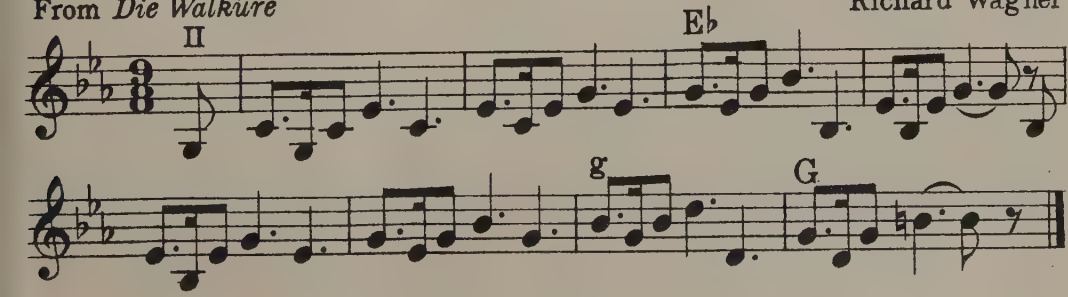
Andante Cantabile

I



From *Die Walküre* — Richard Wagner

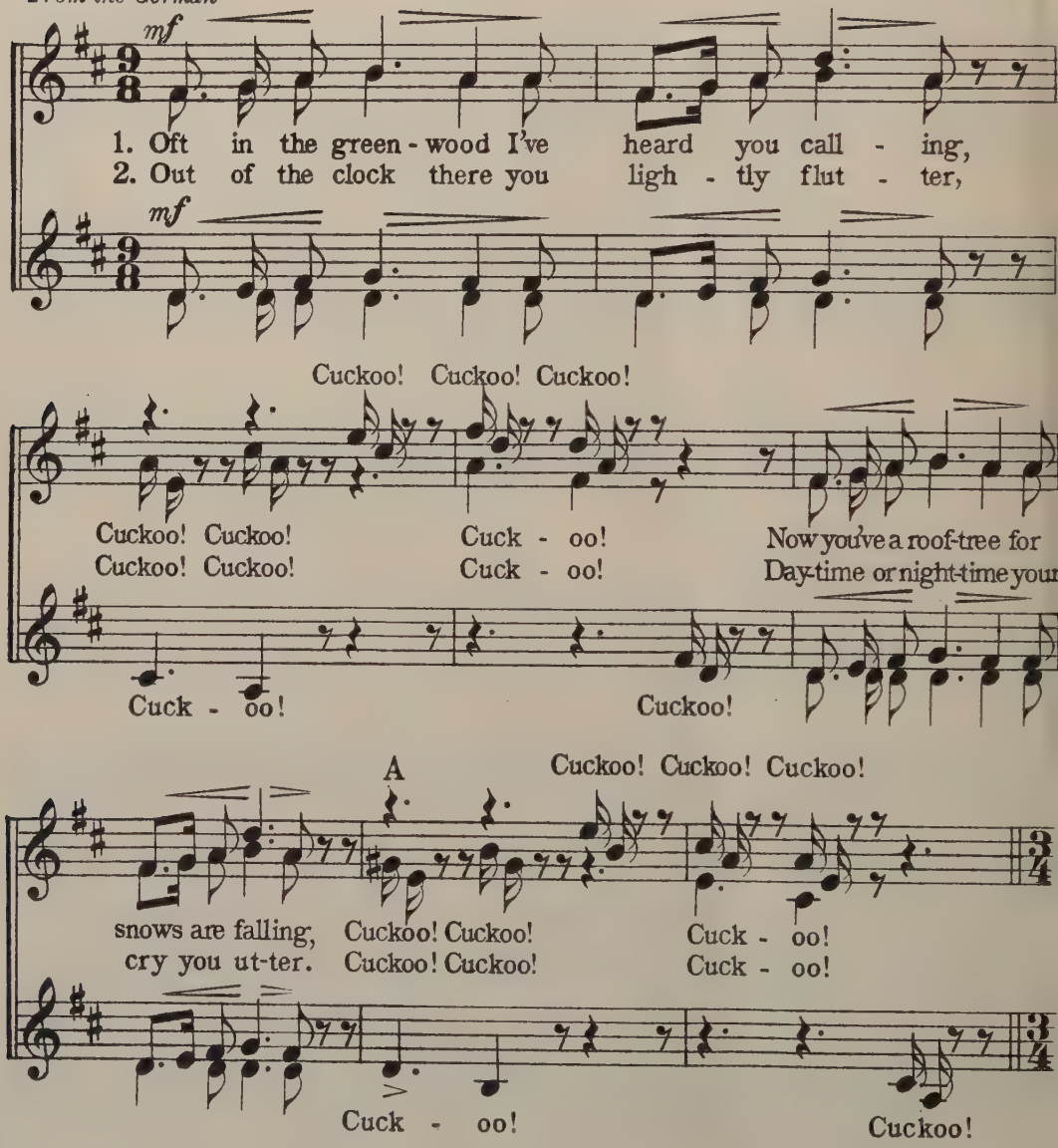
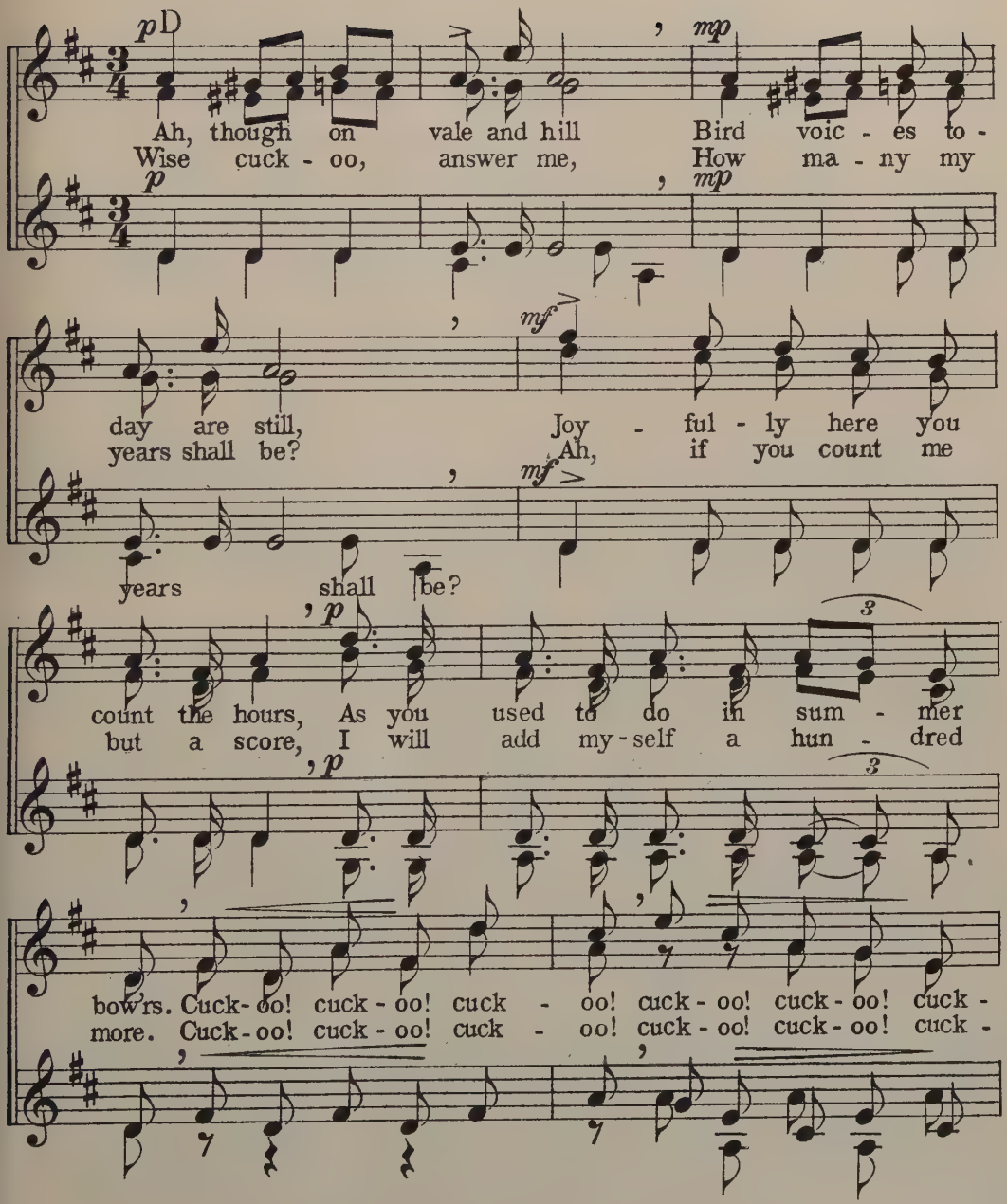
II



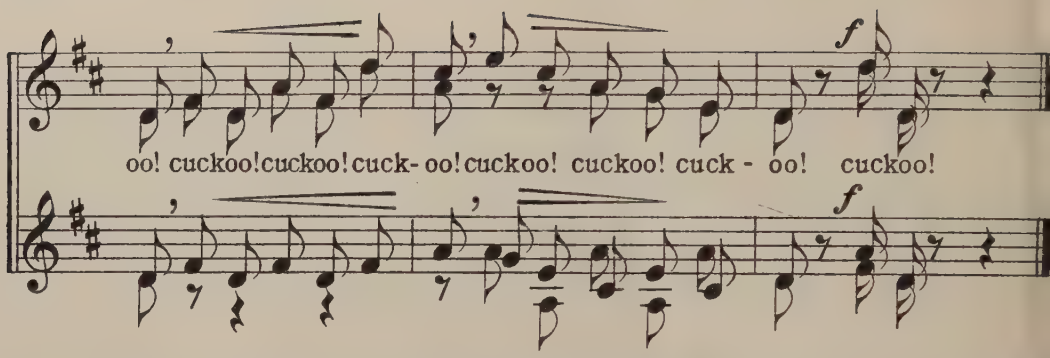
The Cuckoo Clock

M. Louise Baum
From the German

Albert Schröder



p D
mp
Ah, though on vale and hill Bird voic - es to -
Wise cuck - oo, answer me, How ma - ny my
p
mp
mf
day are still, Joy - ful - ly here you
years shall be? Ah, if you count me
mf
years shall be?
p
3
count the hours, As you used to do in sum - mer
but a score, I will add my-self a hun - dred
p
3
bow'rs. Cuck-oo! cuck - oo! cuck - oo! cuck - oo! cuck - oo! cuck -
more. Cuck-oo! cuck - oo! cuck - oo! cuck - oo! cuck - oo! cuck -

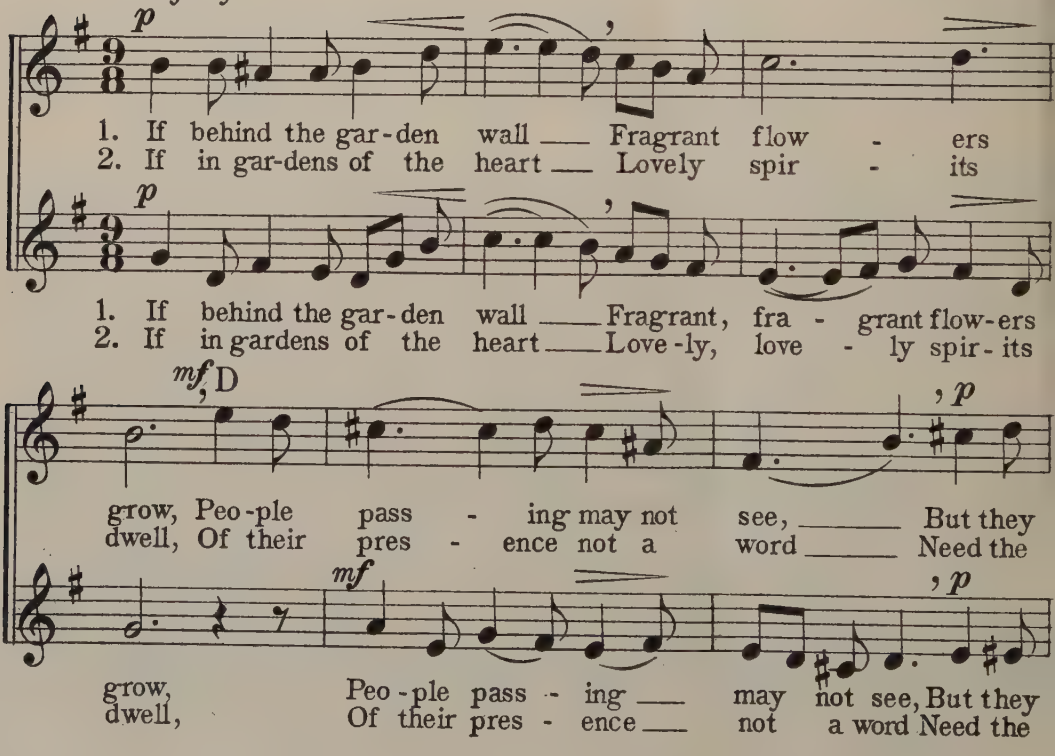


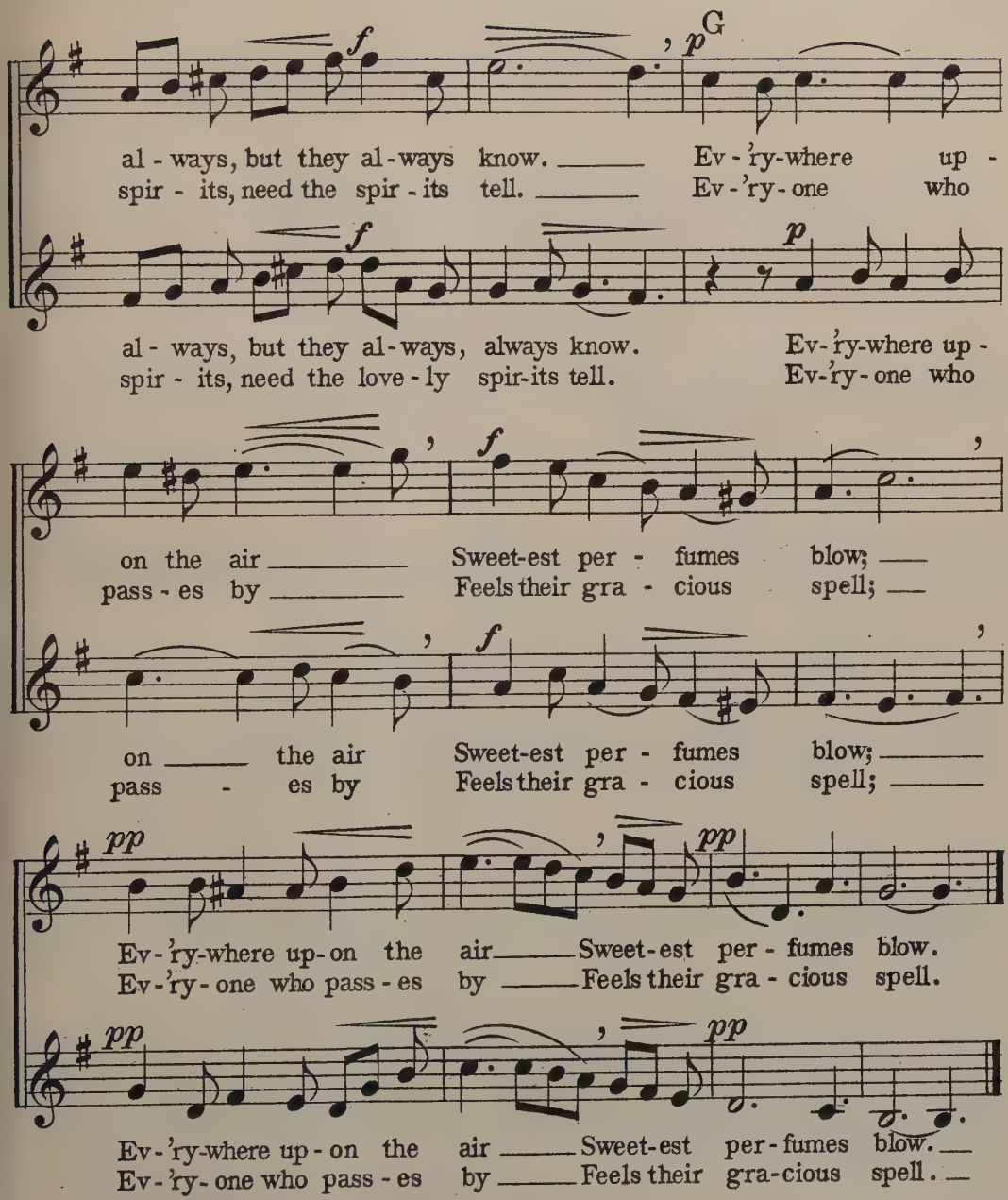
In the Garden

May Morgan

Arthur Foote
Composed for this Series

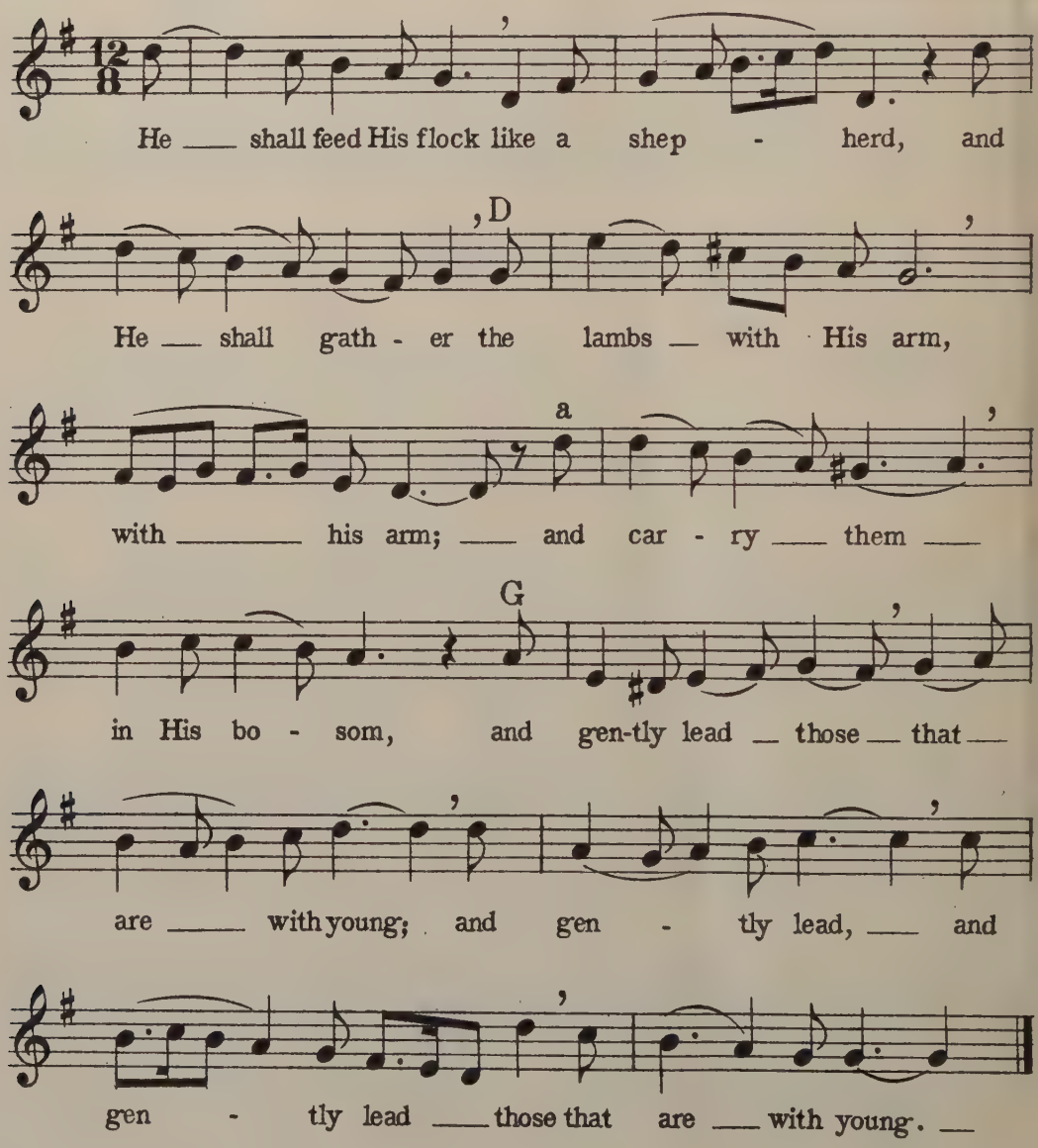
Gracefully


p
1. If behind the gar-den wall ___ Fragrant flow - ers
2. If in gar-dens of the heart ___ Lovely spir - its
p
1. If behind the gar-den wall ___ Fragrant, fra - grant flow-ers
2. If in gardens of the heart ___ Love-ly, love - ly spir-its
mf, D
grow, Peo-ple pass - ing may not see, ___ But they
dwell, Of their pres - ence not a word ___ Need the
, p
mf
, p
grow, Peo-ple pass - ing ___ may not see, But they
dwell, Of their pres - ence ___ not a word Need the


G
al - ways, but they al - ways know. Ev - 'ry-where up -
spir - its, need the spir - its tell. Ev - 'ry - one who
al - ways, but they al - ways, always know. Ev - 'ry-where up -
spir - its, need the love - ly spir-its tell. Ev-'ry - one who
on the air Sweet-est per - fumes blow;
pass - es by Feels their gra - cious spell;
on the air Sweet-est per - fumes blow;
pass - es by Feels their gra - cious spell;
Ev - 'ry-where up-on the air Sweet-est per - fumes blow.
Ev - 'ry - one who pass - es by Feels their gra - cious spell.
Ev - 'ry-where up - on the air Sweet-est per-fumes blow.
Ev - 'ry - one who pass - es by Feels their gra-cious spell.

He Shall Feed His Flock

From *The Messiah* — George Frederick Handel

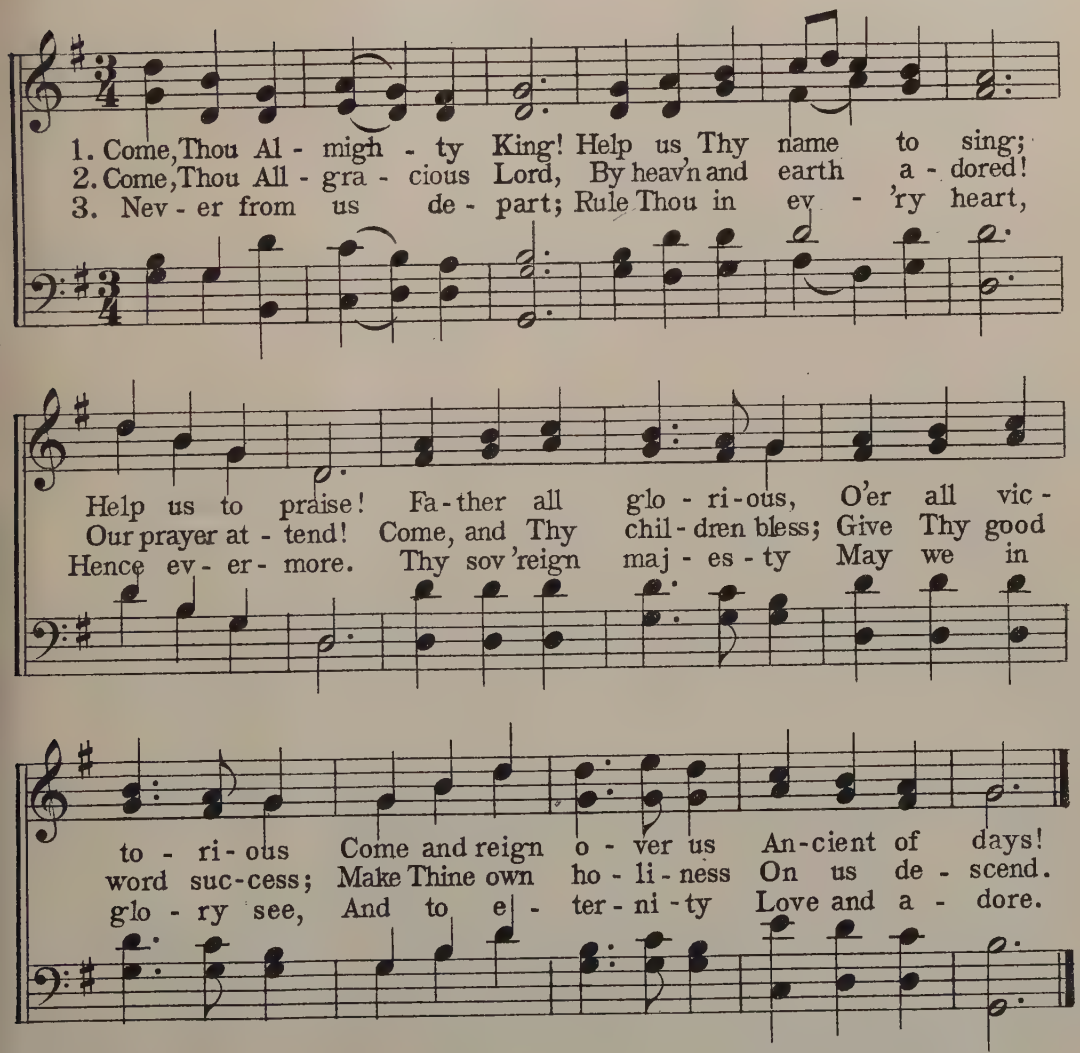

12/8
He shall feed His flock like a shep - herd, and
D
He shall gath - er the lambs with His arm,
a
with his arm; and car - ry them
G
in His bo - som, and gen-tly lead those that
are with young; and gen - tly lead, and
gen - tly lead those that are with young.

PART FOUR

Patriotic and Devotional Songs

Come, Thou Almighty King

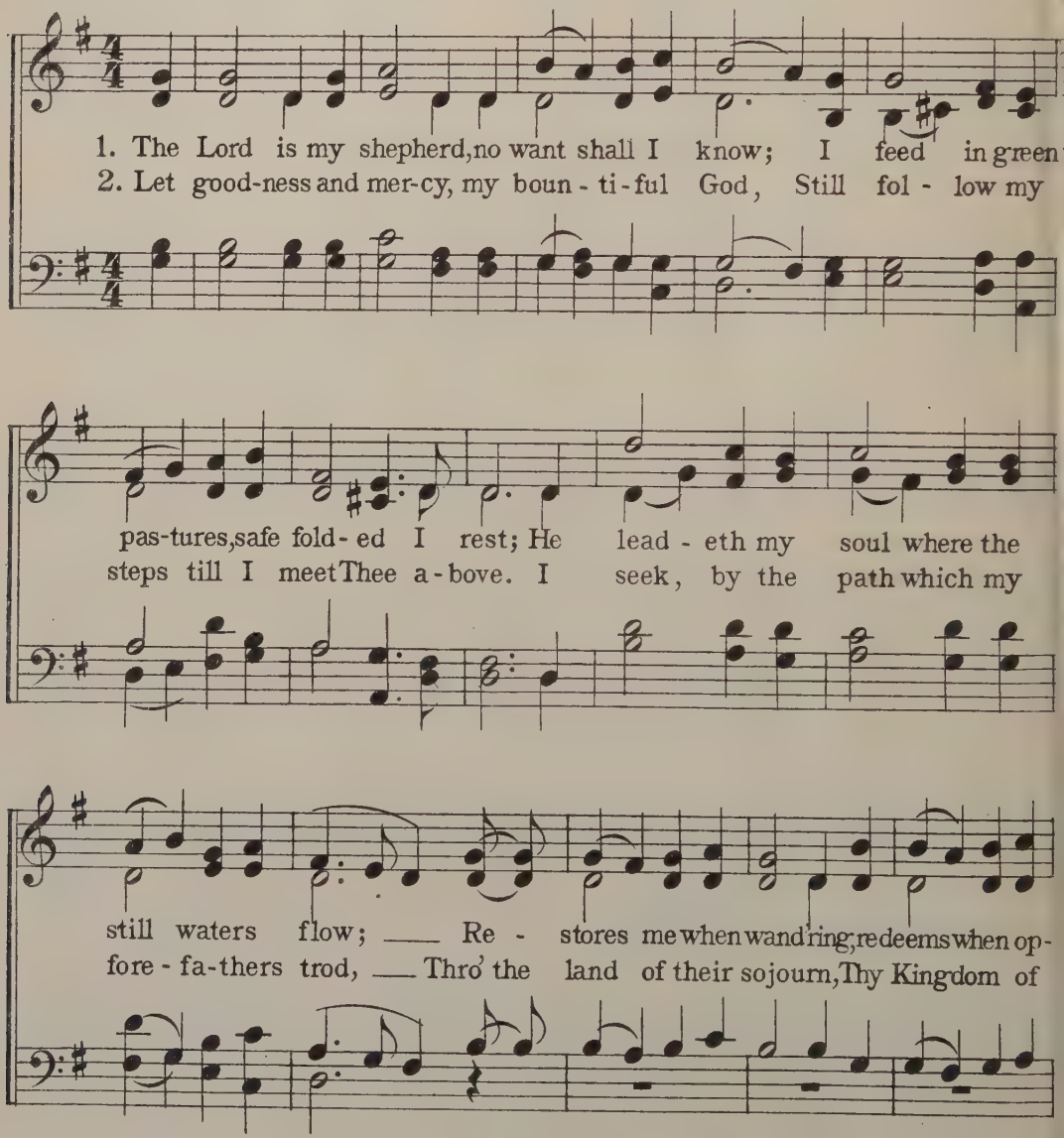
F. de Giardini

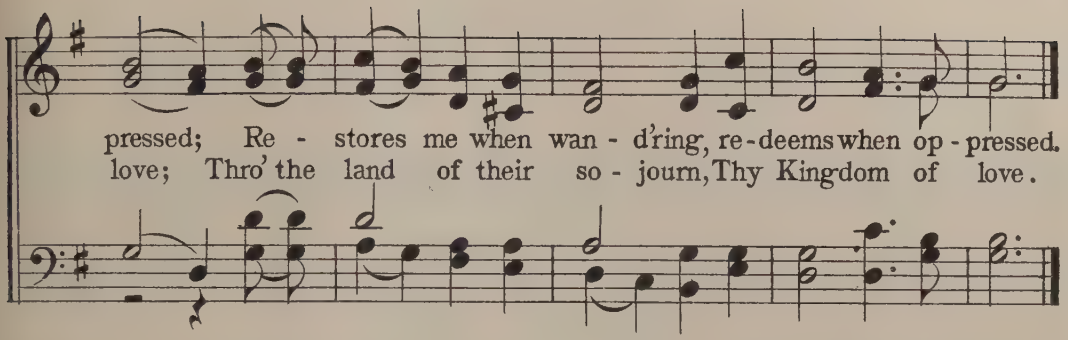

1. Come, Thou Al - migh - ty King! Help us Thy name to sing;
2. Come, Thou All - gra - cious Lord, By heav'n and earth a - dored!
3. Nev - er from us de - part; Rule Thou in ev - 'ry heart,
Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
Our prayer at - tend! Come, and Thy chil - dren bless; Give Thy good
Hence ev - er - more. Thy sov'reign maj - es - ty May we in
to - ri - ous Come and reign o - ver us An - cient of days!
word suc - cess; Make Thine own ho - li - ness On us de - scend.
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

Portuguese Hymn

ADESTE FIDELES

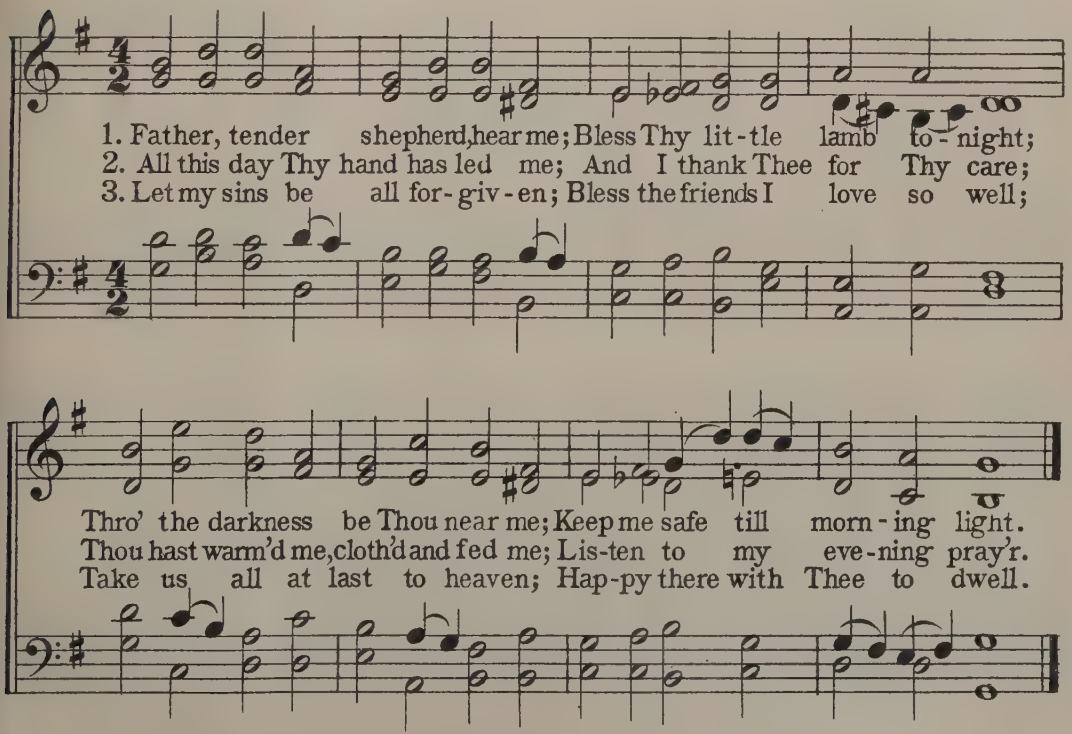
James Montgomery — John Reading


1. The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
2. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun - ti-ful God, Still fol - low my
pas-tures, safe fold-ed I rest; He lead - eth my soul where the
steps till I meet Thee a-bove. I seek, by the path which my
still waters flow; ___ Re - stores me when wand'ring; re-deems when op-
fore-fa-thers trod, ___ Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy Kingdom of



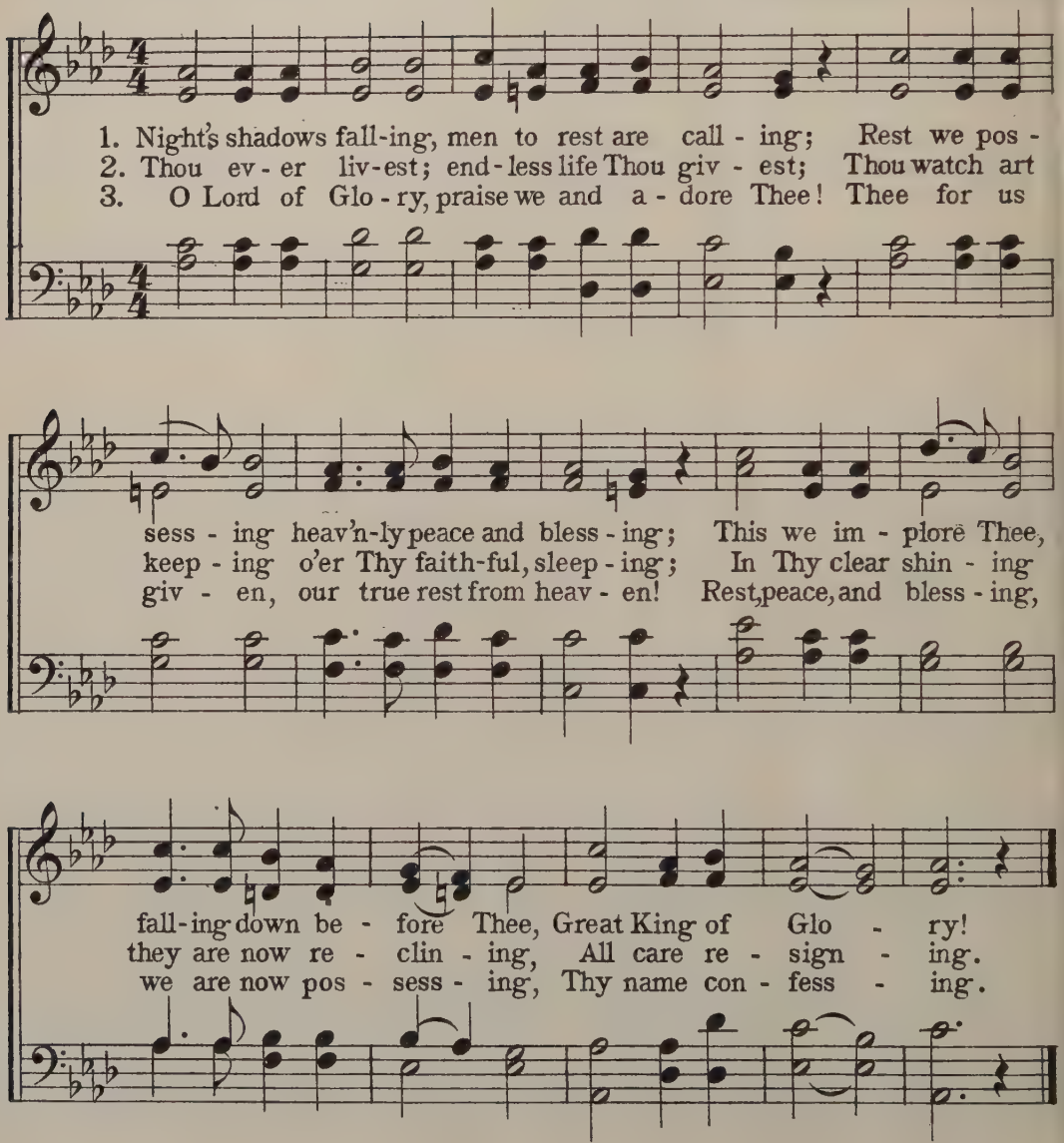
Children's Hymn

Mrs. M. L. Duncan — Horatio Parker

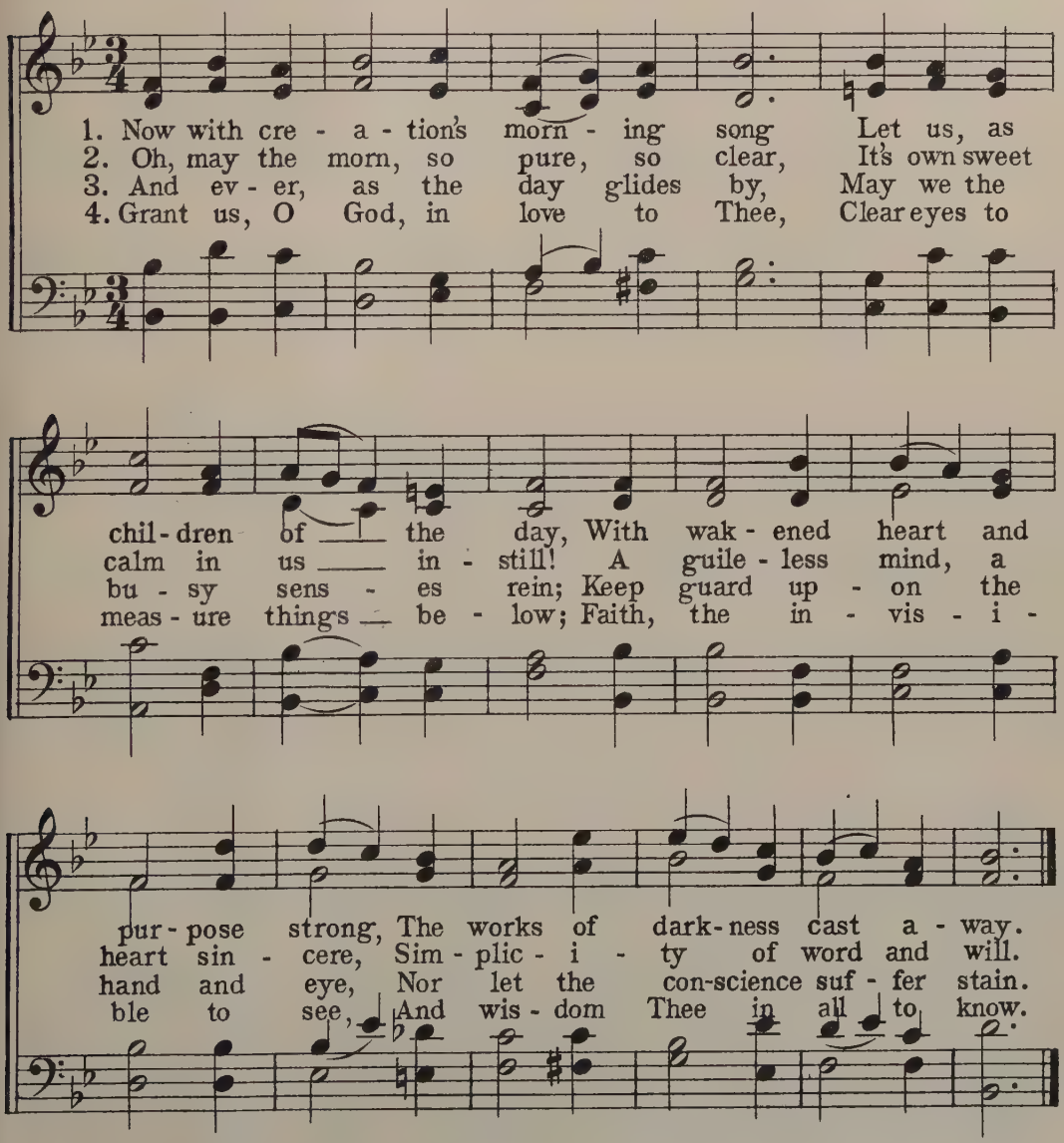

1. Father, tender shepherd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
2. All this day Thy hand has led me; And I thank Thee for Thy care;
3. Let my sins be all for - giv - en; Bless the friends I love so well;
Thro' the darkness be Thou near me; Keep me safe till morn - ing light.
Thou hast warm'd me, cloth'd and fed me; Lis-ten to my eve - ning pray'r.
Take us all at last to heaven; Hap-py there with Thee to dwell.

Integer Vitae

Arthur Tozer Russell — Friedrich Ferdinand Flemming

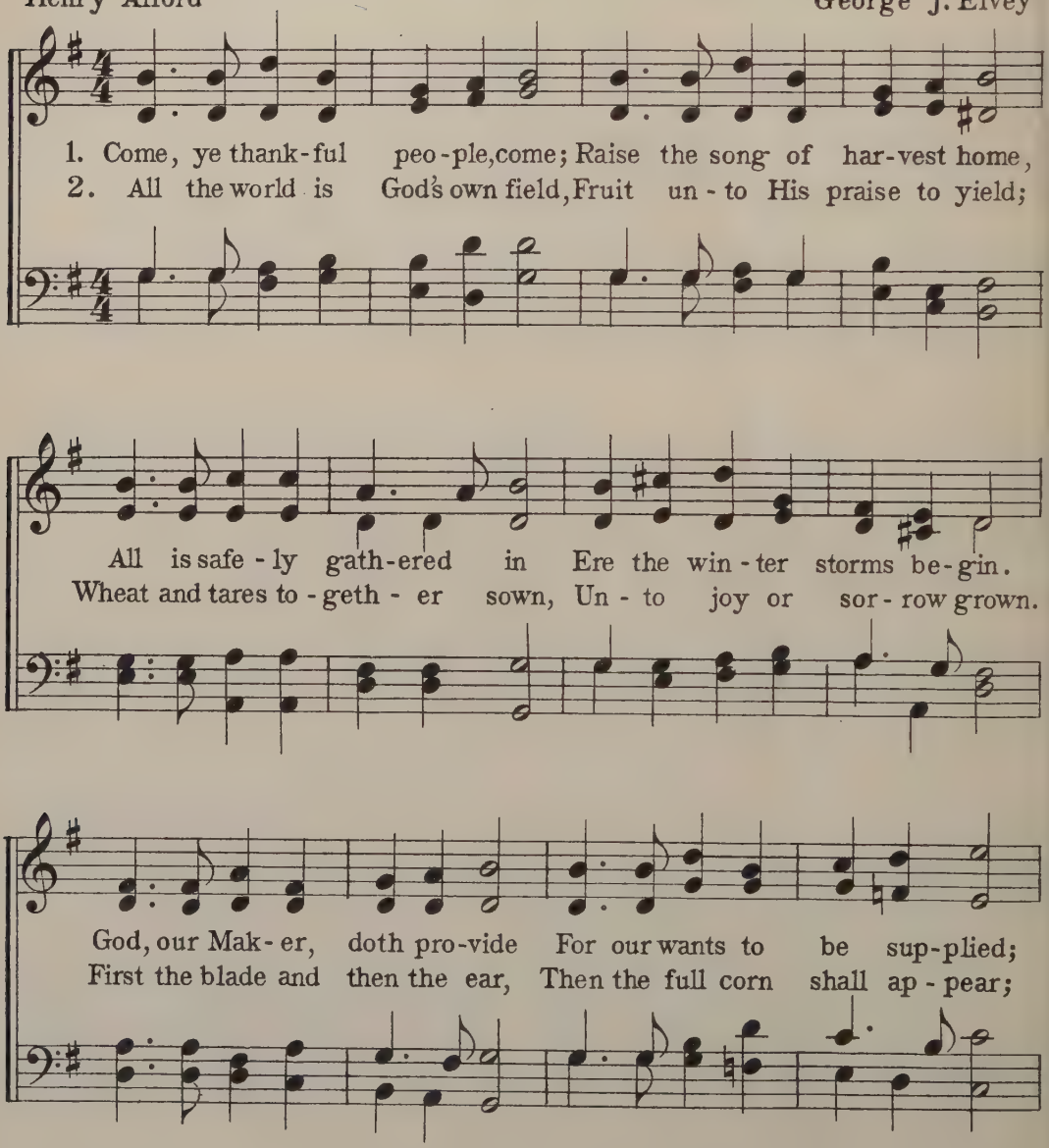

1. Night's shadows fall-ing, men to rest are call - ing; Rest we pos -
2. Thou ev - er liv-est; end-less life Thou giv - est; Thou watch art
3. O Lord of Glo - ry, praise we and a - dore Thee! Thee for us
sess - ing heav'n-ly peace and bless - ing; This we im - plore Thee,
keep - ing o'er Thy faith-ful, sleep - ing; In Thy clear shin - ing
giv - en, our true rest from heav - en! Rest, peace, and bless - ing,
fall-ing down be - fore Thee, Great King of Glo - ry!
they are now re - clin - ing, All care re - sign - ing.
we are now pos - sess - ing, Thy name con - fess - ing.

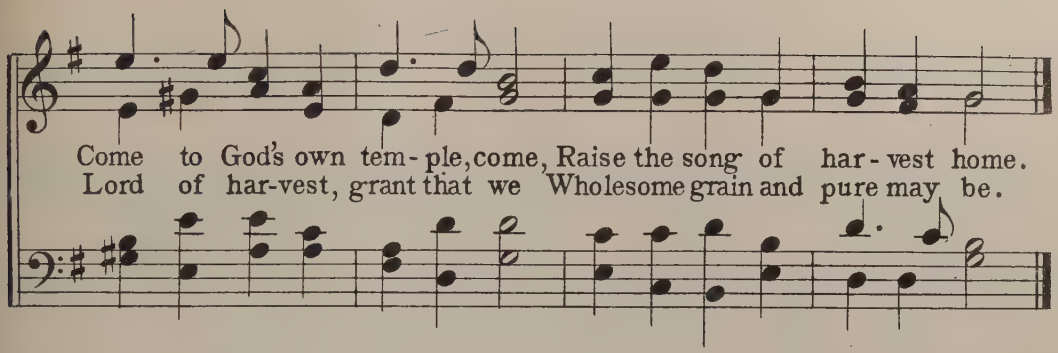
Now with Creation's Morning Song

Aurelius Clemens Prudentius, (5th century) Ludwig van Beethoven

1. Now with cre - a - tion's morn - ing song Let us, as
2. Oh, may the morn, so pure, so clear, It's own sweet
3. And ev - er, as the day glides by, May we the
4. Grant us, O God, in love to Thee, Clear eyes to
chil - dren of the day, With wak - ened heart and
calm in us in - still! A guile - less mind, a
bu - sy sens - es rein; Keep guard up - on the
meas - ure things be - low; Faith, the in - vis - i -
pur - pose strong, The works of dark - ness cast a - way.
heart sin - cere, Sim - plic - i - ty of word and will.
hand and eye, Nor let the con-science suf - fer stain.
ble to see, And wis - dom Thee in all to know.

The Joy of Harvest

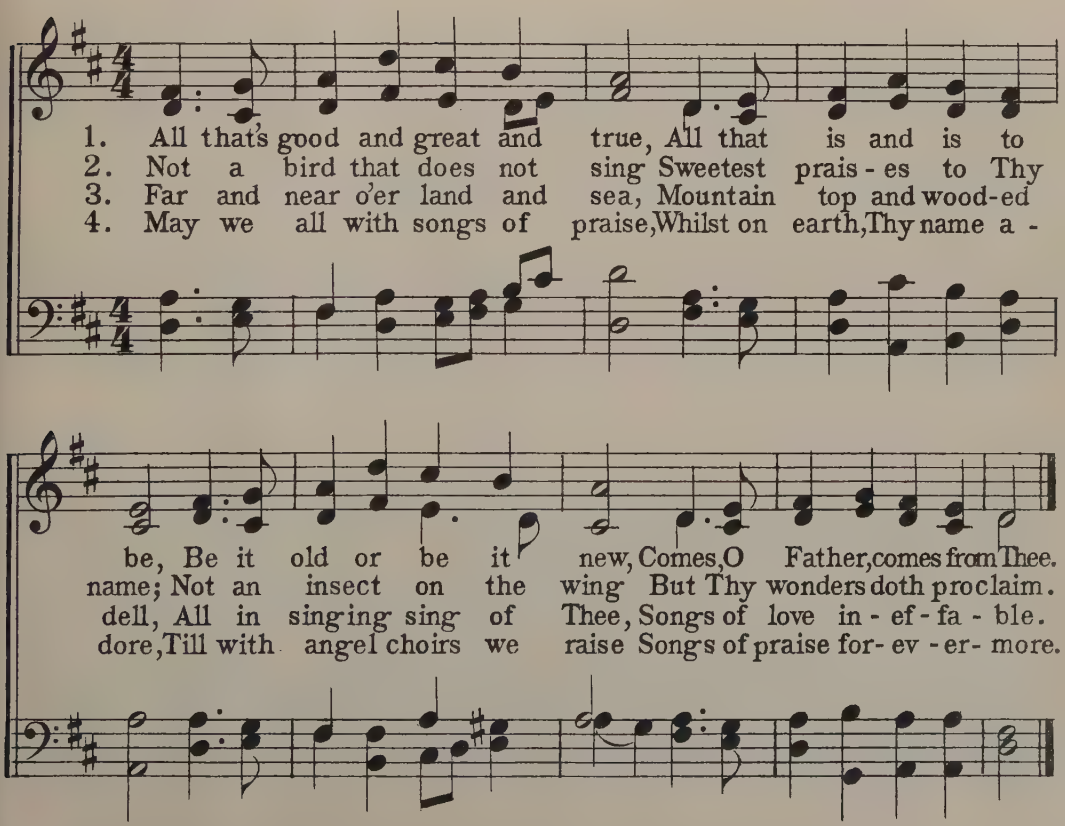
Henry Alford — George J. Elvey


1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come; Raise the song of har-vest home,
All is safe-ly gath-ered in Ere the win-ter storms be-gin.
God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied;
2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un-to His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares to-geth-er sown, Un-to joy or sor-row grown.
First the blade and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap-pear;



All That's Good and Great

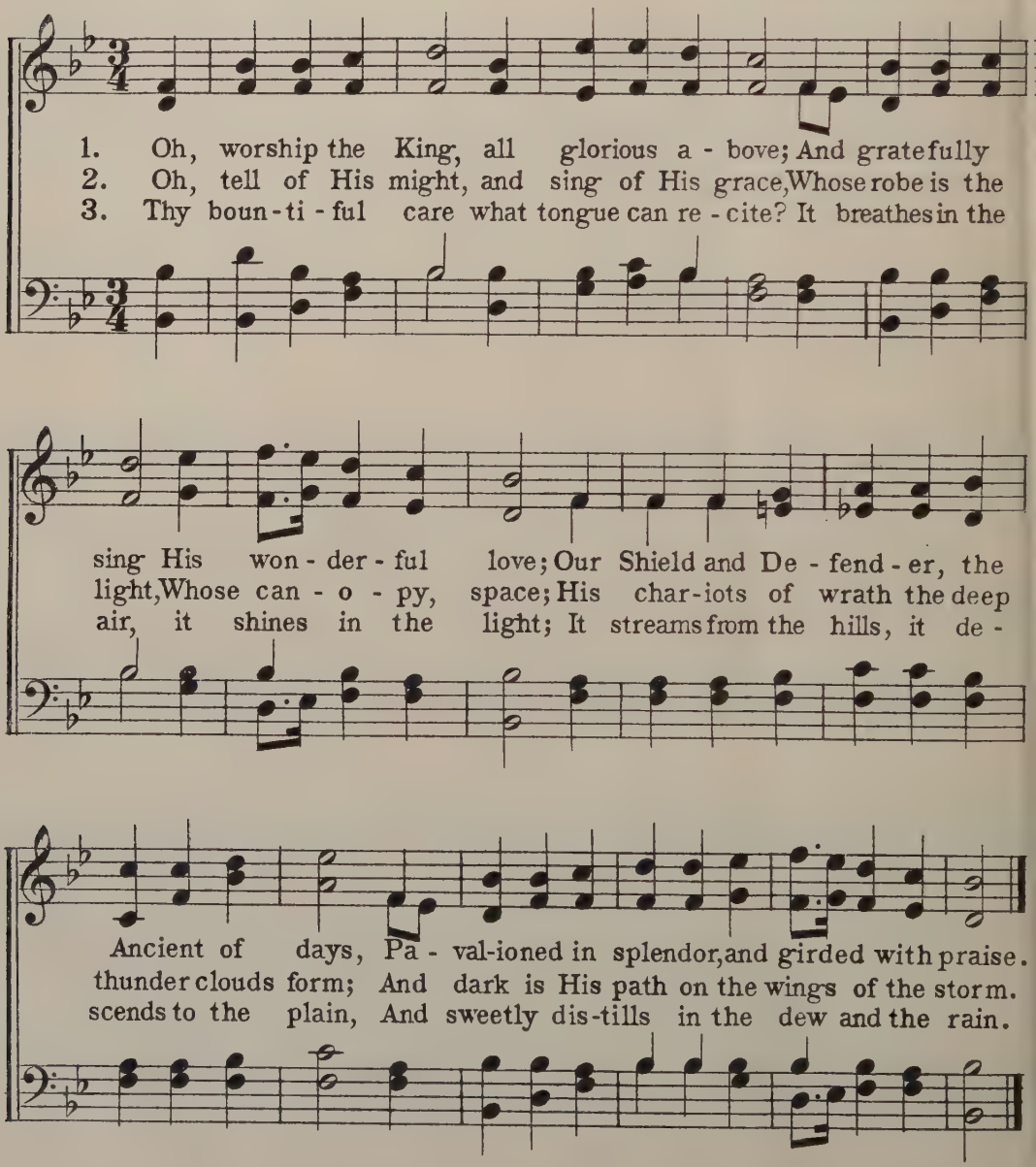
Godfrey Thring


1. All that's good and great and true, All that is and is to
2. Not a bird that does not sing Sweetest prais - es to Thy
3. Far and near o'er land and sea, Mountain top and wood-ed
4. May we all with songs of praise, Whilst on earth, Thy name a -
be, Be it old or be it new, Comes, O Father, comes from Thee.
name; Not an insect on the wing But Thy wonders doth proclaim.
dell, All in sing-ing sing of Thee, Songs of love in - ef - fa - ble.
dore, Till with angel choirs we raise Songs of praise for- ev - er- more.

Oh, Worship the King

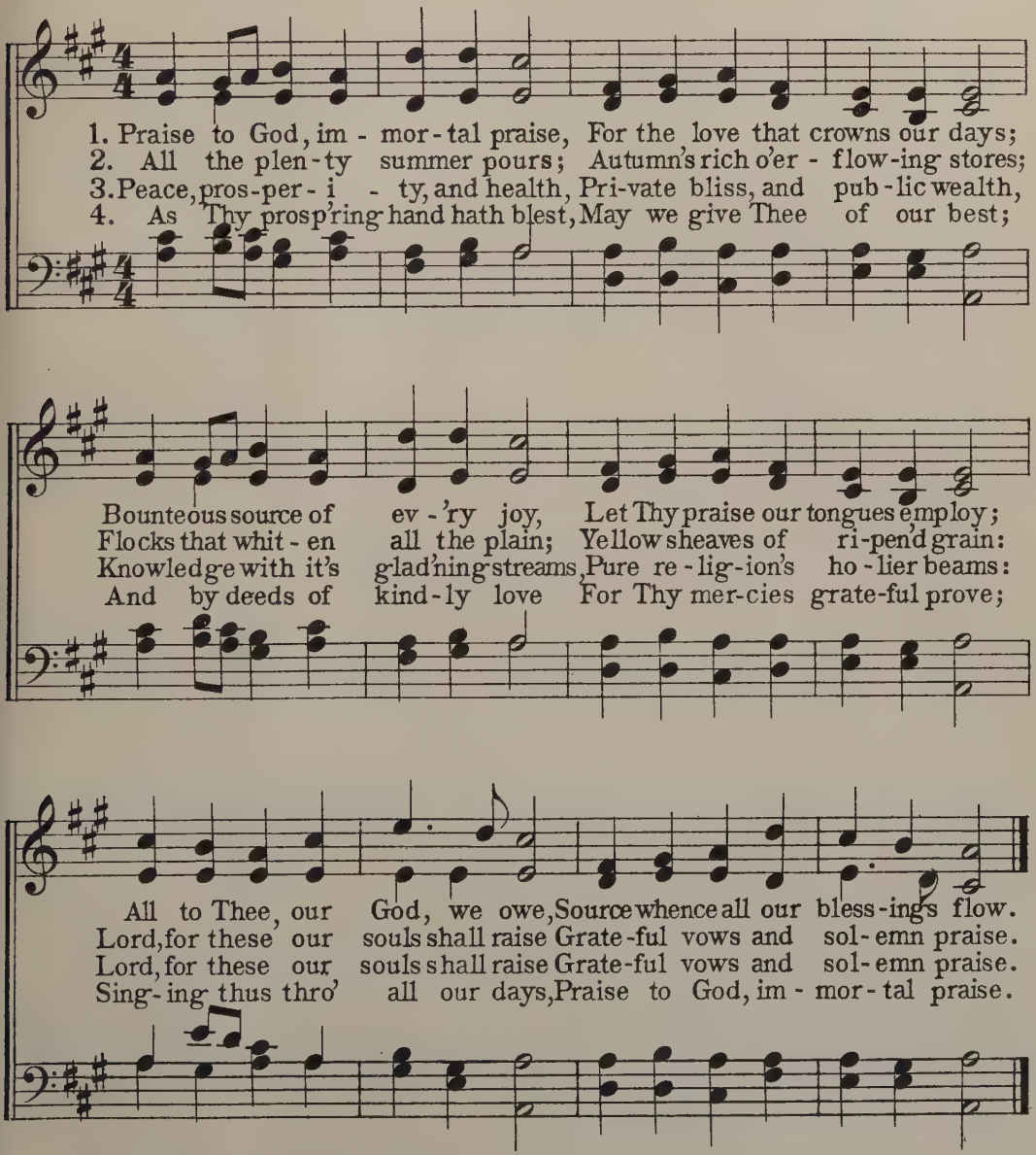
Robert Grant

Franz Joseph Haydn


1. Oh, worship the King, all glorious a - bove; And gratefully
2. Oh, tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
sing His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
light, Whose can - o - py, space; His char - iots of wrath the deep
air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de -
Ancient of days, Pa - val-ioned in splendor, and girded with praise.
thunder clouds form; And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plain, And sweetly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.

Praise to God, Immortal Praise

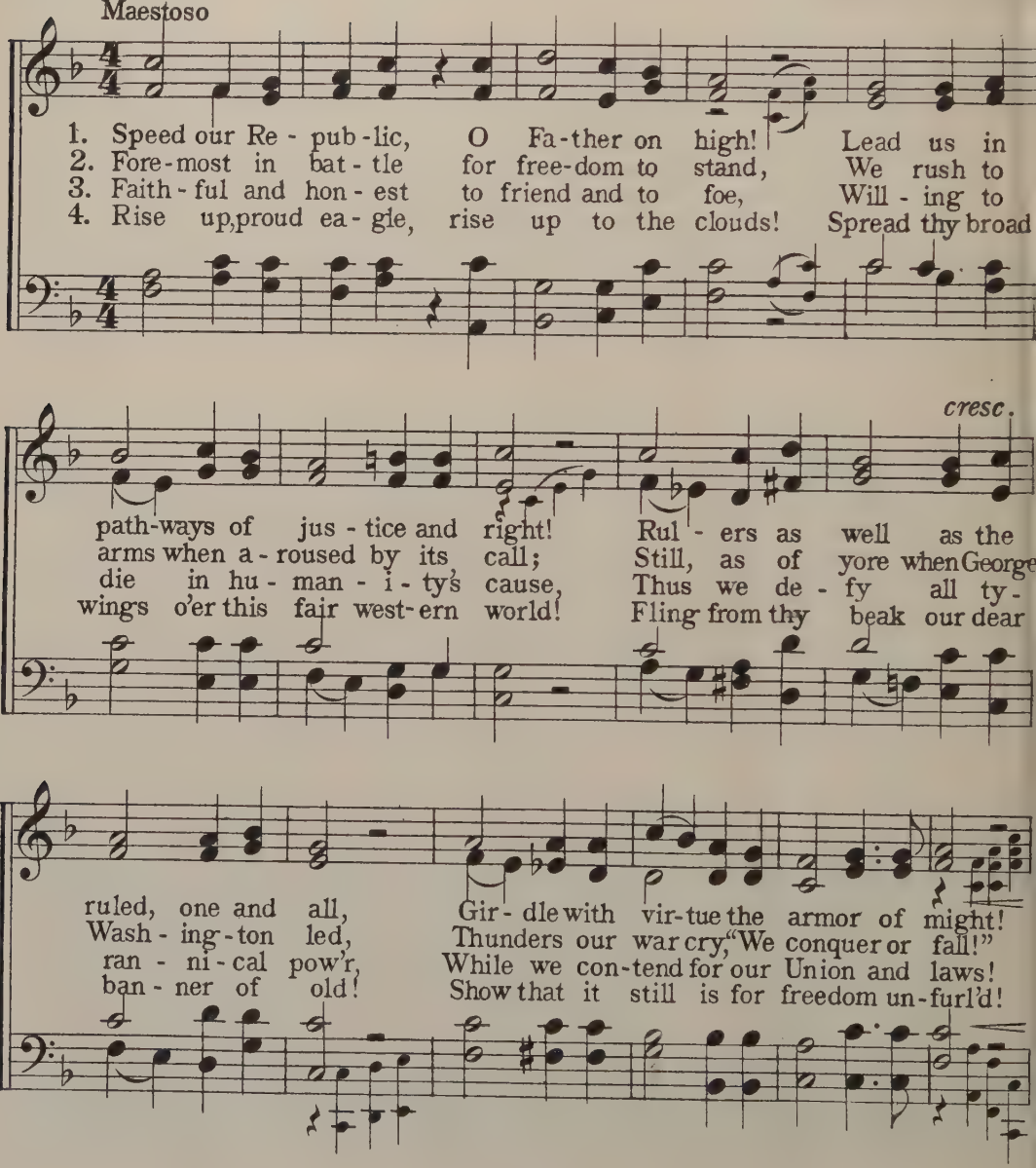
Anna L. Barbauld — Conrad Kocher

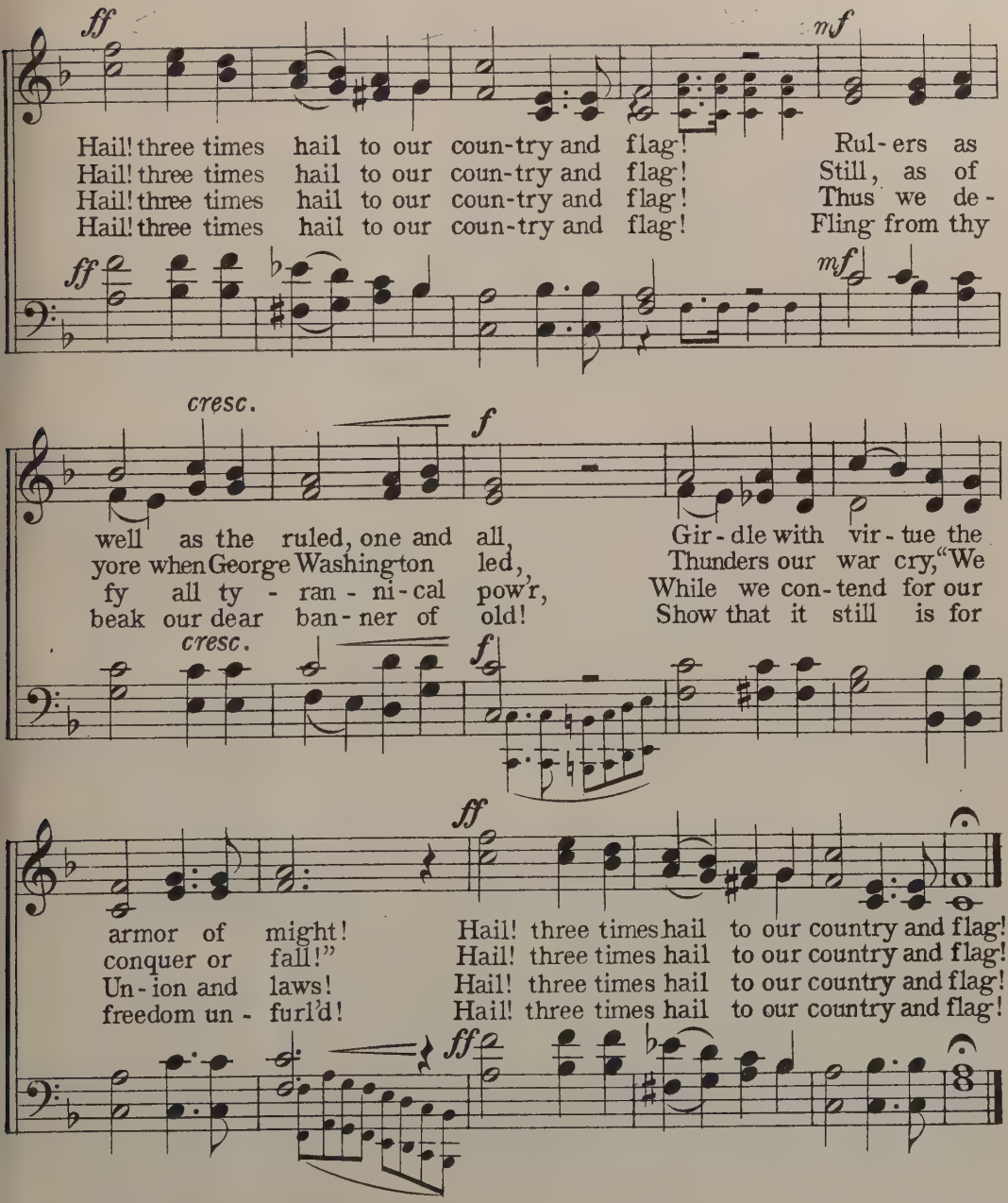

1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days;
2. All the plen - ty summer pours; Autumn's rich o'er - flow - ing stores;
3. Peace, pros - per - i - ty, and health, Pri - vate bliss, and pub - lic wealth,
4. As Thy prosp'ring hand hath blest, May we give Thee of our best;
Bounteous source of ev - 'ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues employ;
Flocks that whit - en all the plain; Yellow sheaves of ri - pend grain:
Knowledge with it's glad'ning streams, Pure re - lig - ion's ho - lier beams:
And by deeds of kind - ly love For Thy mer - cies grate - ful prove;
All to Thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our bless - ing's flow.
Lord, for these our souls shall raise Grate - ful vows and sol - emn praise.
Lord, for these our souls shall raise Grate - ful vows and sol - emn praise.
Sing - ing thus thro' all our days, Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise.

The American Hymn

Matthias Keller

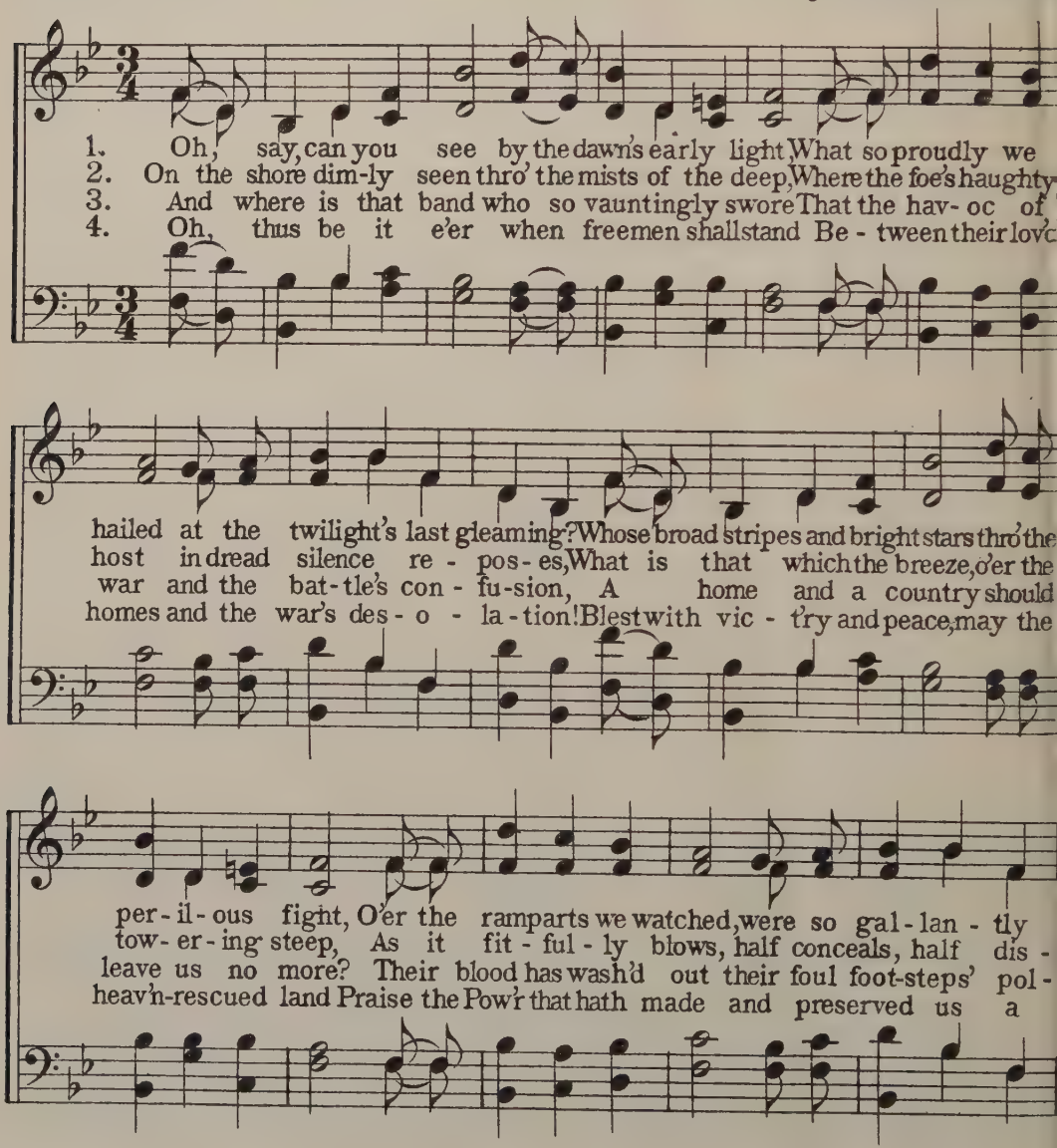
Maestoso

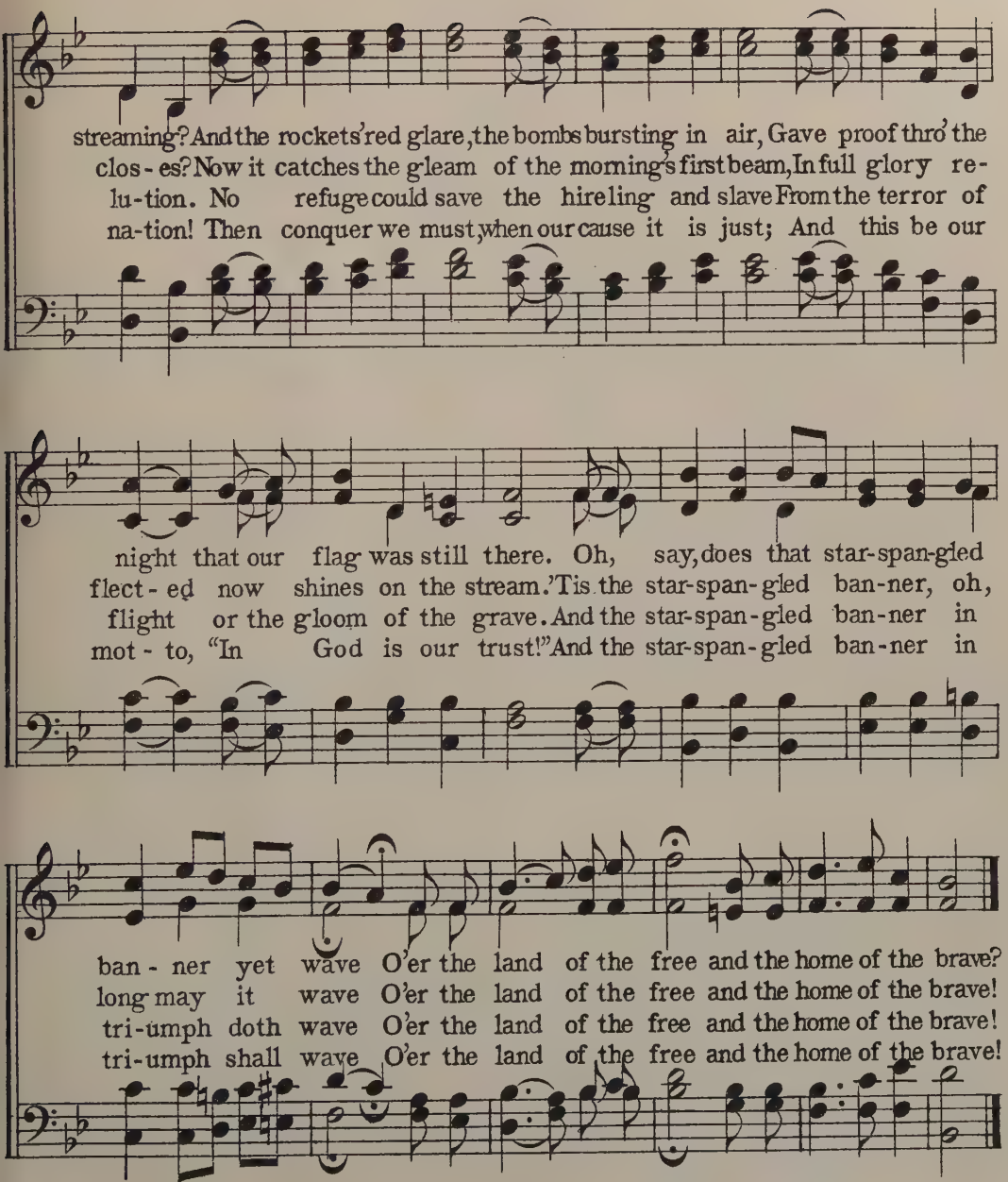

Matthias Keller
1. Speed our Re - pub - lic, O Fa - ther on high! Lead us in
2. Fore - most in bat - tle for free - dom to stand, We rush to
3. Faith - ful and hon - est to friend and to foe, Will - ing to
4. Rise up, proud ea - gle, rise up to the clouds! Spread thy broad
cresc.
path - ways of jus - tice and right! Rul - ers as well as the
arms when a - roused by its call; Still, as of yore when George
die in hu - man - i - ty's cause, Thus we de - fy all ty -
wings o'er this fair west - ern world! Fling from thy beak our dear
ruled, one and all, Gir - dle with vir - tue the armor of might!
Wash - ing - ton led, Thunders our war cry, "We conquer or fall!"
ran - ni - cal pow'r, While we con - tend for our Union and laws!
ban - ner of old! Show that it still is for freedom un - furl'd!


ff
mf
Hail! three times hail to our coun-try and flag! Rul-ers as
Hail! three times hail to our coun-try and flag! Still, as of
Hail! three times hail to our coun-try and flag! Thus we de-
Hail! three times hail to our coun-try and flag! Fling from thy
ff
mf
cresc.
f
well as the ruled, one and all, Gir-dle with vir-tue the
yore when George Washington led, Thunders our war cry, "We
fy all ty - ran - ni-cal pow'r, While we con-tend for our
beak our dear ban-ner of old! Show that it still is for
cresc.
f
ff
armor of might! Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!
conquer or fall!" Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!
Un-ion and laws! Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!
freedom un - furl'd! Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!
ff

The Star-Spangled Banner

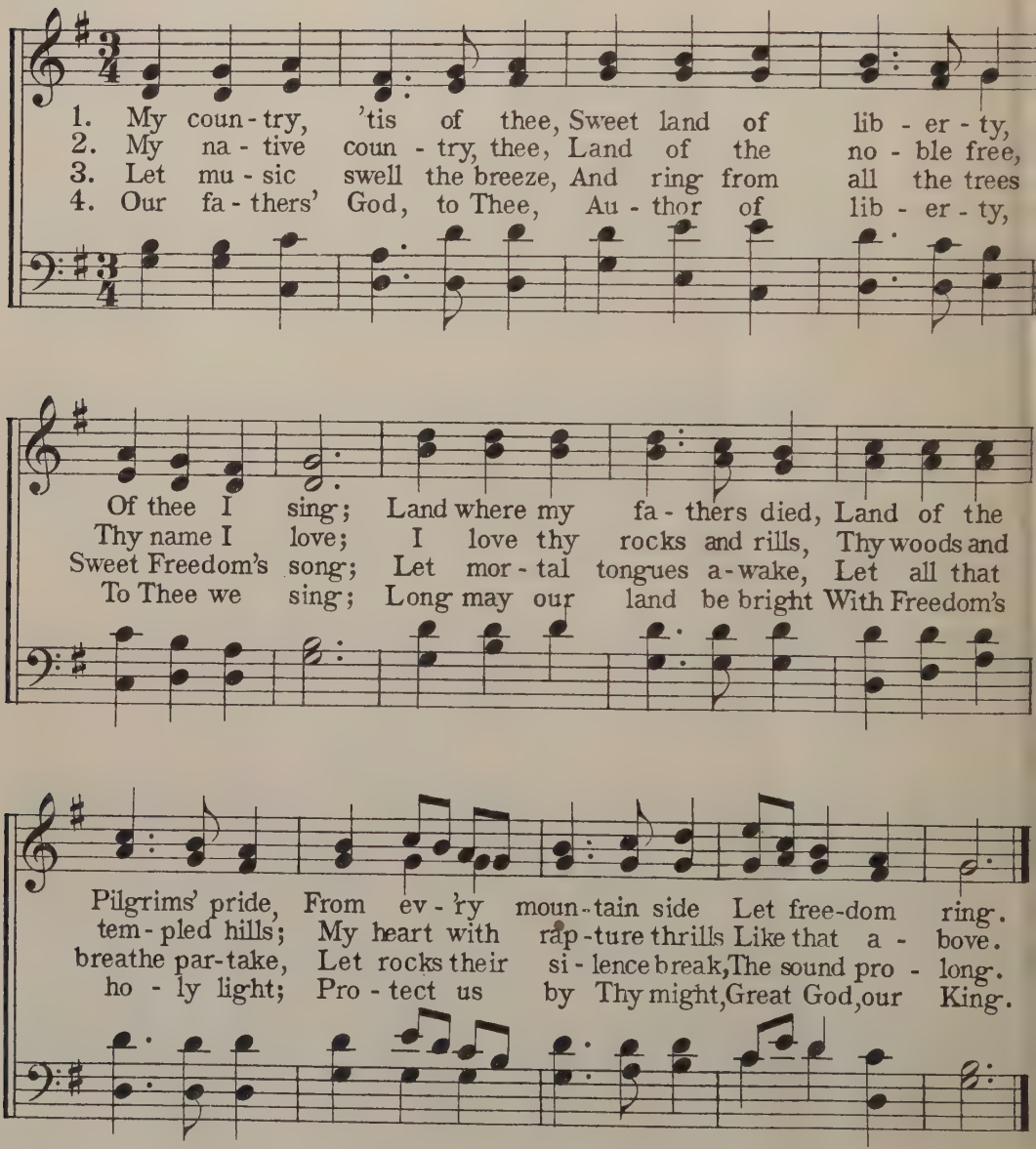
Frances Scott Key — John Stafford Smit


1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light What so proudly we
2. On the shore dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
3. And where is that band who so vauntingly swore That the hav- oc of
4. Oh, thus be it e'er when freemen shall stand Be - tween their lov'd
hailed at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the
host in dread silence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a country should
homes and the war's des - o - la - tion! Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the
per - il - ous fight, O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gal - lan - tly
tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis -
leave us no more? Their blood has wash'd out their foul foot-steps' pol -
heav'n-rescued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a


streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the
clos - es? Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glory re-
lu-tion. No refuge could save the hireling and slave From the terror of
na-tion! Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just; And this be our
night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-span-gled
flect - ed now shines on the stream. 'Tis the star-span-gled ban-ner, oh,
flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-span-gled ban-ner in
mot - to, "In God is our trust!" And the star-span-gled ban-ner in
ban - ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
tri-umph doth wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

America

Samuel F. Smith — Henry Carey


1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet Freedom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With Freedom's
Pilgrims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free-dom ring.
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par-take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

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